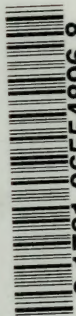


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OUR CENTENARIAN GRANDFATHER

1790—1890

A. G. BRADLEY



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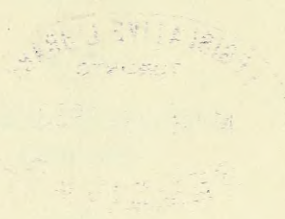
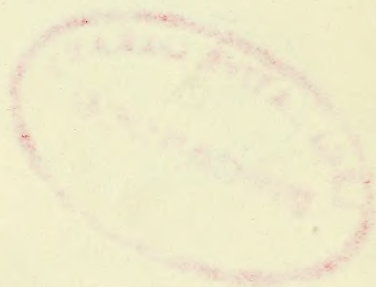
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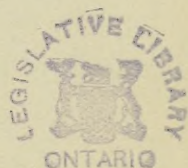
Our Centenarian Grandfather

1790-1890

From the MS. Autobiography of the Rev. B. Philpot, Fellow of Ch. Coll., Camb., Vicar-General and Archdeacon of the Isle of Man, Rector of Gt. Cressingham, &c., &c.

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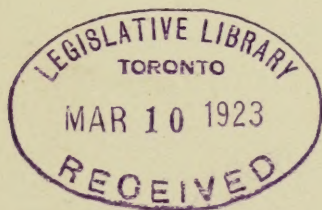
A. G. BRADLEY



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sup Philpot, Benjamin

With a Preface by MARGARET L. WOODS, and Contributions by
LADY BIRCHENOUGH and Mrs. ROBERT NOEL.

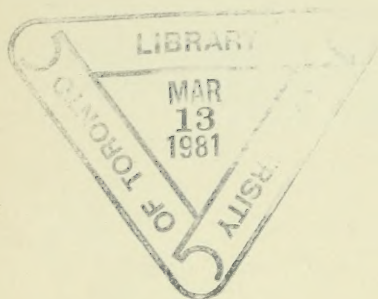


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AUTHOR'S PREFATORY NOTE.

IN view of the fact that the subject of this memoir just failed to enter his hundredth year, I trust that the technical inaccuracy involved in its title may be condoned. The wonderful vitality which distinguished Archdeacon Philpot at the verge of his century, when compared with the condition of most who reach it, coupled with the mishap which virtually terminated his life, will serve, I hope, as a further palliation of the slight liberty I have taken in the title of this book. I might further plead the temptation of its being at once brief and to the point.

A. G. BRADLEY.

Rye, Sussex.



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PREFACE.

It is told by Boswell how, late in life, Dr. Johnson met again a friend from whom he had parted when both were young men. Comparing their several lots, the old friend said to him regretfully : " I too have tried to be a philosopher, but Cheerfulness would break in."

Suppose there were really to be a Judgement Day, with a Judge such as Evangelicals a hundred years ago believed in ; a kind of Puritan Barebones-Rhadamanthus, putting test questions about the Evangelical Faith—not much about Works—and the cardiac symptoms of Conversion. Suppose that, and I can imagine my two grandfathers, contemporaries, both Evangelicals and both in Orders, standing together before him. Charles Bradley¹ would be able to plead a long life and a brilliant intellect devoted to the preaching of the Evangelical Gospel, to the exclusion of all "worldly" interests. When it is Benjamin Philpot's turn, I hear him saying with a compunctious sigh : " I too have tried to be an Evangelical, but Cheerfulness would break in." However, when it came to the question of the emotional earthquake of Conversion and zeal in propagating that, it is probable that his record would prove the more satisfactory to our Puritan Rhadamanthus. For Charles Bradley's early letters show him troubled with "cold-

¹The Rev. Charles Bradley, Incumbent of St. James, Clapham, with Glasbury, Breconshire, whose published sermons ran through many editions, and were widely read in the first half of the nineteenth century, and later.

ness of heart," and a most reprehensible unwillingness to convert his own mother.

The attraction of Evangelicalism for a highly intellectual man is indeed hard to explain. It is easier to understand its appeal to the emotional, the imaginative and adventurous. People did not talk about Mysticism—except with contempt—in those days, but any form of Religion which demands of the soul a sense of intimate personal contact with God, has in it the elements of Mysticism. The mistake of Evangelicism was to put an absurd value on mere emotional excitability. As to adventure, what greater adventure could there be than to make of the whole of life a tight-rope walk to heaven over an abyss of Everlasting Fire? Then the wrestlings with, the last-minute-rescues of otherwise reprobate souls! It is evident that a life of ardent and active Evangelicalism was not destitute of thrills, and to the imagination it offered the whole field of Unfulfilled Prophecy, in which to revel unconfined. It must have been on these sides that it appealed to my maternal grandfather, for the narrowness and uncharitableness, the ascetic rigour and the gloom of Puritanism were alien to his nature. I have heard that in the days when he was the much-loved centre of a growing-up family of boys and girls, the charm of the family group, apart from the personal beauty of some of its members, consisted in its gaiety, its atmosphere of high spirits and fun. By that time his wanderings were confined, but he was by nature a wanderer, and born thirty years later, would probably have been found pushing into Africa, or trying his luck in the Wild West. But in the early Nineteenth Century the world nearer home was not so "tamed and tutored to the will" of the tourist and the shopkeeper as it is to-

day. The favourite stories of our childhood were about the Isle of Man, where my mother was born ninety years ago. She had a picturesque gift as a story-teller, and so clear is my vision of the old Manx world in which her childhood was passed, that I have never wished to blur it by visiting the Beauty-spot Island of to-day. In my Isle of Man the old women in their white caps, sit at their spinning-wheels round the wide open hearth, telling old tales and crooning old songs. The local gaberlunzie-man, a chartered beggar, like Edie Ochiltree, comes on his regular round, eats in the kitchen and sleeps in an out-house his due time, and then moves on. My mother, a little girl in a long pigtail and longer frilled drawers, running down to the sea, stops to daringly drive her little spade into an ancient burial mound. Some people might say it was the barrow of an old pirate, perhaps a follower of Ogier the Dane. But nurse knows what it is. It is a Druid's grave, and the consequences of its desecration will be awful. She snatches up her charge and rushes back to the house, where she prepares the mind of the little girl for an apparition of the Druid at any moment, though preferably at night, to demand vengeance for the insult offered to his remains. Oh, the terrible suspense, shared retrospectively, by her children, of that little girl awaiting his appearance! But at length all is well. The Druid simply does not come.

On the eve of St. John the Beltane fires fling their ancient flames to heaven from the mountain sides. Everyone who does not wish to be haunted by ill-luck for a whole year must throw into the fire some object belonging to his house. In the good old days, which nobody remembers, it would probably have been a superfluous baby, but in the nineteenth century any old thing will do.

On that same eve, the fairies—malign Celtic fairies, not our merry English elves—are wont to walk abroad. No one could have a stronger objection to popish practices than my grandmother, but she would never have kept a servant if she had not yearly, on St. John's Eve, allowed the house to be hung with green crosses and each child to wear a green cross round its neck. Otherwise Heaven knows what the fairies might not have done.

Then there is the scene of the family travelling-carriage stuck in the bed of the swollen mountain torrent. The children, even the horses, are in imminent danger of drowning. It is the kind of adventure that to-day is not infrequently met with in South Africa, where the crocodiles add to its effect. I feel sure that if my mother had known anything of South Africa, she would have regretted the absence of crocodiles in the Isle of Man.

One of our favourite stories was that of the Great Hurricane, famous through all Manxland, when haystacks and roofs of houses were blown away.

But the story of Big Bob was after all the favourite one. Alas! I can no longer believe that when the tide went down after the fatal night which saw his end, the huge legs of Big Bob were really seen sticking straight up, like two posts, out of the deep wet sand below Douglas pier. A header so complete must be rare. But that was how, in my childhood's vision, I saw the last of Big Bob.

My grandfather was old by the calendar when I first recollect him, yet I never knew him old. He retained to the last his mental alertness and his bodily activity, his blue eye and his gaiety, together with a humour different in savour from the dry ironic humour which is native to the salt soil of Puritanism. His heart too retained its power to feel. His eldest son, William—a man with a

streak of real genius, as well as some amiable eccentricity —was in the habit of writing to his beloved father every day. William died. His father who had had the little ambition to complete his hundredth year, lost the will to do so, and did not long survive his son.

I do not claim for him any marked ability. His mind was rather active than powerful. But a man of active mind, with a keen interest in life, can hardly live for close on a century without having something of interest to relate. So at least my brother and others of us believe, and in such belief he has compiled this book from the much bulkier manuscript records left by our grandfather.

MARGARET L. WOODS.

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Our Centenarian Grandfather, 1790-1890.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

THE autobiographical notes and journals of a man of distinctly remarkable personality should gather, I think, some further interest from the fact of his having lived to be within a few weeks of entering his 100th year, with mind and faculties unclouded to the last and almost to the last with health and strength hardly less impaired. One may claim some further interest for the memories of this rather wonderful and sprightly patriarch that the present writer does not bring merely the normal boyish and youthful recollections of a grandfather to bear in his treatment of the latter's autobiographical MS. On the contrary, throughout several years of mature life and in the last decade of his, I had constant opportunities of visiting my venerable relative, and being possessed of a, perhaps, more than common love for the past, encouraged him, so far indeed as he needed encouragement in his reminiscences. Fortunately he

delighted in such talk, though always in brief and pithy fashion. He never bored, and could well measure the appreciation of his listener, but was always ready to respond to any show of it. He had a wonderful memory, too, for everything within the compass of his lifetime, and exhibited an accuracy of detail I have often tested by reference and in essentials scarcely ever found it amiss in a date or a name however remote.

Even in the 'eighties of the last century it seemed rather a wonderful thing to chat easily after dinner over a cigar with a man who was a fellow of his college when Waterloo was fought and who could recall with clarity all the hopes and fears and dangers of the Napoleon wars, as experienced in his own East Anglian home! His articulation, if on the leisurely side, was admirable; his words were well chosen and he never had to pause for one. It used to interest me, too, in the abstract, as the delivery of educated Englishmen of the Napoleon period, as he was not the man to receive new influences or to follow fashions in diction. One could feel sure that his English was that of Cambridge at any rate in the days of George III, and though we can trace the change in phraseology by the printed page we cannot hear the voices and intonation of the early Georgiana or Jacobeans. The former would be interesting enough, the latter would probably prove surprising to those unpre-

pared for it. And I am not of course referring to the provincial dialect of the ordinary squires in which there is little to guess at. The Archdeacon¹ spoke no doubt like a later Georgian purist, though without a trace of pedantry. Indeed I used to think we were most of us a sad falling off from his easy diction. He was quite unconscious, however, of any such perfection. It was no doubt the normal utterance of a scholar and a gentleman of his early years. Nor was it for this, which is quite by the way, that I and others of his family and friends so enjoyed sitting at his feet in his declining years, but for the things that he had seen and could talk about, which even in the eighteen-seventies and eighties seemed remote enough at first-hand experience.

They were not, to be sure, the memories of a celebrity, concerned with kings and courts and public men, with authors, actors and the like, familiarized by books innumerable, but those of a private gentleman concerned with things that are not often put in books, glimpses of provincial life and people, more particularly in days that had even then passed from current memory. Even the Archdeacon in the last decade of his anecdotage had no doubt many living contemporaries, some of whom may conceivably have enjoyed his mental and

¹ I believe Archdeacons retain the title for life—at any rate this one was universally known by it.

bodily vitality. But it isn't every well-preserved nonagenarian has very much to say, nor does it follow that he has been a keen observer, or taken an all-round knowledgeable interest in life as he has known it. The chances are that he has not this combination of qualities, for such people are in truth scarce.

The Archdeacon had not only been a close observer from boyhood, as his notes and memoranda would testify if such evidence were needed, but in his earlier years had been an all-round man if ever there was one. Sport of all kinds, natural history, agriculture, forestry, local affairs filled his active days, coupled with a reasonable turn of scholarship and a ready though unaspiring pen which gave completeness and finish to his activities. Indeed if it were not for these voluminous pages of MS. now in our possession, sometimes illustrated with brush or pencil, I could not have made even this little effort to entertain some readers with such parts of them as seem appropriate to the purpose. For though we have heard everything here set down from his own lips at one time or another and some of it more than once, even the united memories of his family circle would have failed utterly at this period to compass such an enterprise. His handwriting again belongs to the era of his youth. It has the character which began to show itself in the hand of educated men towards the close, speaking broadly,

of the 18th century, after the legible but rather monotonous caligraphy of the Seven Years' War period.¹

But the remarkable thing about so versatile and human a man as the subject of this memoir was the persistent theological bent which grew upon him during his twenties. Despite all such congenial occupations and amusements as life could give, short of its dissipations, and devoted to them all as he was, the evangelizing instinct became gradually the overmastering one. There was no sudden "conversion" as the phrase then went and which he himself so constantly used. It was only by degrees that he laid aside what he styles his worldly pleasures, eventually to dispose of his Suffolk property and start out in the spirit of a missionary to save souls and incidentally bodies in what seemed to him the half civilized and unregenerate Island of Man. Nor can one trace any outside influence of this kind through all that period. As a matter of fact all his surroundings were adverse to such a mental and spiritual attitude, and yet, after his Uncle's death at any rate, hardly adverse enough to repel a healthy young man of inherently sound principles and average morality and peradventure turn his mind to active revolt.

¹ The larger half of the MS. is concerned with religious experiences, reflections and activities, not suitable for publication in this book.

His inspiration must have come wholly from within and that by no emotional impulse but a slow and steadily growing conviction, which was surely the sign of rather remarkable character. Theological study and a readiness, when scant opportunity offered for theological controversy, had undoubtedly taken some hold of him in what he would call his worldly years, though I am pretty sure that the epithet on his tongue had a most harmless significance and implied little but a devotion to field sports, agriculture, travel, and the like. In the midst of all these and soon after his ordination he began to develop a strong predilection for the pulpit. He had won the medal at college for reading in chapel. It would be fair to say he plumed himself no little on his pulpit efficiency all his life, a little bit of harmless vanity, if such it can be called, that made him all the more human.

But it was not the success of a fashionable preacher he aspired to or cared a jot about, but his exceptional power, as he believed, of driving home truths into lost souls upon which he prided himself. As a matter of fact he had little pulpit fire or magnetism for the multitude as we understand it, and I should say from memory was not at his best in the gown and bands he persistently adhered to, combined with the rather pessimistic and punitive utterances of the Low Church school to which he belonged. It must be admitted that till his later

years he was not the cheerful old gentleman on Sundays that he was on all other days of the week. It was not the thing. Many of us can remember the Sunday face with which even the most benevolent of the old Evangelicals came down to breakfast, to be relaxed in favour of the normal expression after the evening meal with some, and with the more rigid only on Monday morning. But at least there was nothing ascetic about these people. They lived well and were not addicted to a cold water and vegetarian diet. They didn't smoke cigarettes innumerable and tub-thump publicly against a glass of wine or beer like one or two clerical celebrities of later years. This one drank wine in moderation like a gentleman all his life and for the last few years of it took a whisky toddy regularly before going to bed, and when he smoked, which was not a great deal, it was always I think a cigar. I append these trifles as of possible concern to those interested in hygienics and longevity or to such as believe alcohol in moderation to be a slow poison. The Archdeacon was in fact nearly cut off in his early nineties by some temperance fanatics who persuaded him to their habit under the specious plea of example. The doctor, however, interfered and he happily recovered. He had a somewhat similar experience in middle life but with a more practical aim, as will be told.

CHAPTER II.

BOYHOOD IN SUFFOLK.

BENJAMIN PHILPOT, the subject of this memoir was born in January, 1791. Orphaned in early childhood, he was adopted as son and heir by his father's elder brother who, though married, had no male issue. He had a moderate property in land and other possessions in and around the parish of Walpole, some eight miles from Southwold in Suffolk, including the advowson of the living.

The Philpots had been settled for four generations at Laxfield, in Suffolk, where they all lie buried and were direct descendants of that great city house which boasted the most famous of all Lord Mayors as its origin and gave its name to the familiar artery known as Philpot Lane, E.C. The most elementary histories of England find space for the patriotic and spacious deeds of this militant civic magnate. How in the reign of Edward III, and the failure on one occasion of the national guardians to provide for security of the realm, he fitted out fleets at his own expense and fought the French, and how his lavish banquets to the King and Court created further jealousy among the nobles, already put to the blush by the Lord

Mayor's naval activities. Perhaps something of this doughty merchant's spirit survived in the Archdeacon for he certainly feared nothing human.

The Philpots though they went into Hampshire in the generation following the Great Lord Mayor, owned various manors in the Winchester district and appear frequently as high sheriffs of the county, seem to have retained property in the Lane which still bears their name. For it was Thomas, second son of Sir John Philpot, of Compton by his wife, daughter of Thomas Arundel, Baron of Wardour, who first settled in Suffolk in 1679. He and his wife, daughter of Sir William Rither and widow of Sir Thomas Cæsar, lie buried in Laxfield church. It was this individual who brought the deeds relating to Philpot Lane in his pocket to Suffolk and his grandson John Philpot, otherwise "Old Plato" of Laxfield who lost them or rather cancelled them by gross negligence. He was apparently a character and an eccentric old bachelor, though he afterwards married in his old age. He was either too timid or too lazy to go up to London and sign the leases for renewal. He had no descendants at the time and perhaps he had enough for his wants. When urged to his duty toward posterity, of which he had none at that time, nor even relatives, but collaterals in other counties, he swore that he was not going to have his throat cut in Epping Forest for any unborn

descendants. When two sons came to him in old age, it was too late, even if he thought of it. The elder was killed, childless, in a duel in the Army in Flanders; the other only exists as the father of the "late Mr. Philpot" of these pages. The latter had all the papers relating to the lapsed property. Perhaps in "Old Plato's" time it had not been extraordinarily valuable and he had I daresay all he wanted, as he sounds like an eccentric rural person whose demands would not be exacting, but in after days its possibilities made the brain reel! At any rate they upset Mr. William Philpot, shrewd man though he was, not a little. He spent some time and no little money on the affair as it was and if he had lived expected to spend more, so perhaps it was as well for his nephew and heir, as he was a man of but moderate estate that he was cut off from such vain endeavours. The Archdeacon who inherited the documents, though he cared little for money felt it better to put such a dazzling temptation out of his way and burnt them in 1820. For if he had been persuaded that such wealth, through his means could have been applied to any cause he had at heart, such as sending out hosts of missionaries to China or Central Africa, he was just the man to have been cajoled by plausible or foolish counsellors to such a rash adventure. At any rate, the idea of it, as a conceivable, sensational achievement tickled his imagination till his dying



MR. PHILPOT'S SUFFOLK HOME FOR 25 YEARS.

Facing p. 16.

From a sketch by himself (1815).

day, and on the rare occasions when he walked through Philpot Lane I am quite sure he felt himself the rightful lord of it, in a pleasant, comfortable, Christianlike, unenvious way.

But this is anticipating somewhat. The notes and journals of their author's early years in Suffolk give interesting glimpses of rural East Anglian life in the Napoleon wars, from the point of view of a well-to-do household concerned in all local activities. They present too the rather strange picture of a lad growing up to man's estate, keenly alive to all the wholesome joys of life, mental and physical, among a rather loose society, without being in any discernable degree affected by it. For there would seem to have been no counterbalancing influence whatever in young Philpot's environment; no schoolmaster or parson seems to have come into his life outside their strictly professional duties. One can only suppose him to have been temperamentally furnished with a standard of conduct and principle that carried him, at any rate normally scatheless, through dissipations common enough with the provincial gentry in the third George's day. With a prig or a physical weakling there would have been little enough in this immunity. But here was a healthy active youth, with a passion for country pursuits, sporting and otherwise, and at the same time with no particle of that contempt for books, so common to the type in England. On the

contrary, there is frequent mention of books read even at this time with an obvious desire to acquire knowledge and accompanied by unusual habits of observation. That the Archdeacon in after life called these his ungodly days meant nothing at all from the literal point of view, but merely that he had not yet been "converted" in the sense implied by the school to which he afterwards adhered. In short he was a clean-living and well balanced young man to whom the grosser pleasures of life apparently did not appeal.

He used to say that his outdoor activities saved him from these but accounted it almost a sin of his youth that he made no protest against them in others or uttered no criticism. It is just as well perhaps that he didn't, as he would have been forced in equity, by his own account, to have begun with his Uncle, which might have been disastrous! To this individual and to our secret amusement the old gentleman always alluded as the "late Mr. Philpot," with the frequent addition of "poor fellow." His memory, too, was generally invoked with one of those deep compassionate sighs that with the old-time Evangelicals were significant of their grave doubts as to the present place of spiritual abode of a departed worldling. Gratitude and filial respect, however, made his otherwise communicative successor always comparatively reticent on the subject of the "late Mr. P—." He would praise his ability,

his integrity, and even his excellent table, and irreproachable wines, sometimes accompanied by anecdotes grave and gay of his more harmless achievements in those bad old days. But—and then came the long drawn sigh for the one needful thing lacking and at the thought of where he probably now was! “Yes, I fear he was anything but a godly man, the late Mr. Philpot—poor fellow.” I can still hear every tone of the Archdeacon’s gentle, kindly, precise, old voice as he uttered the inevitable qualification.

The old Evangelicals were rarely genial and still more rarely humorous. The Archdeacon was all of this to his dying day though he had dearly loved a fight in his prime. The “late Mr. P——” was probably no worse than most of his neighbours. At any rate he could see his guests under the table, or in the more discreet words of his nephew “incapable of joining the ladies,” without apparently turning a hair himself. He played cards for fairly substantial stakes at his own and neighbours’ houses like the rest of them, and there are sinister hints in the MS. of amours which annoyed his wife, a kindly lady on the best of terms with her adopted son. But otherwise, unless the Philpot Lane affair may be called an unpractical hobby, he was a practical man of affairs. He was a leading authority on the new Poor Law and gave evidence on it before the House of Lords. In the Invasion scare he followed

the example of his bigger neighbour Lord Huntingfield who had raised a corps of volunteer cavalry, by raising another of infantry (120 men) as a piece of presentation plate still testifies.

He had moreover a great passion for music and performed with skill upon a Stradivarius violin which he treasured as his life. He had a music room attached to the house equipped with an organ and adapted for large gatherings where the talent of the neighbourhood gathered in force, followed by suppers in which the exalted mood of some of the performers gave way to less uplifting pleasures. The nephew relates how at a tender age, when he ought to have been in bed, he was sometimes impressed at these gatherings as organ blower and on one occasion he brought the whole orchestra, while in full blast to a dead stop, by falling suddenly asleep over the handle, to be hunted round the room by the irate Uncle, fiddlebow in hand. Perhaps this is why the Archdeacon never counted music among the many accomplishments of his maturer years! He tells of one rather tragic incident, in this little card-playing world that he condemned so characteristically in the retrospect. In the great House of the neighbourhood, as is not surprising, a good deal of high play as well as other jinks not specified, that may or may not have been normal to the place and period, went forward. The "late Mr. P——" seems to have taken a pretty frequent hand

in the former if not in the latter. On one occasion when the house was full of guests during the shooting season, its owner missed sums of money on several almost successive nights from the locked desk in his library where he kept his cash. Assuming one or other of the servants to be the thief, an exhaustive inquiry was made which satisfied their master that the culprit was not among them. So he took private council with the "late Mr. P——" as to clearing up the mystery, when it was decided there was nothing for it but to keep a watch in the room through the night and that someone should secrete himself for the purpose.

Mr. William Philpot probably from his local knowledge, volunteered for the job. The rather difficult question of protracted concealment was a good deal simplified in this case by a roomy recess in one wall entirely covered by a large portrait. The happy idea was conceived of occupying this and loosening one corner of the canvas so that observations could be taken through it. On the first occasion the watcher sacrificed his night's rest in vain, for no one came. A second attempt however, was more fortunate, for in the small hours a man crept stealthily in, with a bedroom candle and proceeding to the desk prized it open and abstracted some coins. Mr. Philpot at once sprang out of his corner and to his amazement found himself confronted by a neighbour of his own who was also a

guest in the house. There was nothing of course to be done but leave the matter to the host, who decided not to expose or prosecute if the culprit would immediately leave England for a prolonged absence of years. The offer was of course accepted.

Many years afterwards Mr. Philpot's widow happened to be living in the house formerly occupied by the incriminated fugitive, and her nephew, the diarist, then married, was paying her a brief visit. One night, just after the servants had gone to bed, a rap came at the front door and on opening it my grandfather found a mysterious stranger, who asked for the lady of the house. Whereupon his aunt, being still presentable, came out, when the visitor disclosed his identity as that of the unfortunate exile and former occupant of the house. He had just landed in England and paid this stealthy visit under cover of night to discover how the land lay and whether his guilt had ever been disclosed by the only two people who had knowledge of it. Satisfied on this point he disappeared into the night and was seen no more by them at least. This incident, I need hardly say was of no little value to the dear old Archdeacon all his days as illustrating the iniquity of card-playing which his school held as an unshakeable article of faith.

Thus mixing among the ungodly, though some of their ways may have irked him, he quaintly

deplores in his after days that he had soared no higher than indifference to their backslidings, and perhaps it is just as well for his peace that his disapproval, if the term is not too strong, was kept in check by some saving instinct. After various local instructors he was sent at ten to Bury Grammar School, at that day greatly patronized by the well-to-do of East Anglia. Public schools as we understand the term, though in truth its application has now become so widely claimed as to have well nigh lost all meaning—had but a limited appeal. Only a few of the great foundations, such as Eton, Harrow, Westminster, and Winchester had any national character or social significance, and even that I fancy was far less regarded than later on in the century. Rugby as a preserve of the Midland squires and leading clergy had long enjoyed some distinction of the sort. But the modern idea that it is incumbent on a gentleman, or one who aspires to be such, to pass through a public school had simply no existence in 1800.

The very few schools that bore the rather vague claim and had social value, would not then have held a twentieth of the gentry class, even had their parents all wished to utilize them and many most assuredly did not. Travelling difficulties again were one great deterrent. Another was a lively dread of these establishments in the paternal and

more particularly in the maternal breast. And when one realizes what some of the famous schools were like in those days, when boys went to them very young, this aversion is hardly surprising. The school *esprit-de-corps* of comfortable modern days, fostered by organized athletics and other amenities, had no existence in those. A majority, probably, of all school boys disliked or worse their school life. Bullied by seniors, flogged by masters, ill-fed and often ill-lodged, what scant compensation must the desultory, limited, irregular activities of the playground have proved to the average boy. The grammar schools no doubt were just as fearsome though their propinquity and scantier numbers, gave perhaps a greater sense of safety to the paternal mind. Moreover the Reverend Whackem, who was generally a scholar and a gentleman and often an admirable teacher, was for local reasons far more in touch with his boys' homes and relations than the pundits who ruled in awful state over Eton or Westminster. At any rate it is quite certain that to the boy of those days on entering the Army at 16 or the University at 17, the usual ages, it was a matter of comparatively small moment to his new companions so long as his personal and social equipment was sufficient, where or how he had been educated. This is not to say that pride in their school, and a certain amount of *esprit-de-corps* did not exist among those who had been at

one or other of the great foundations, but the larger mass of boys of more or less the same class who had not enjoyed or possibly endured the same experience were not conscious as they would be now, without some well-known school to their credit, of lacking something in their lives.

After all this it may seem strange that young Philpot was sent to Bury as a step to Eton, but as we shall see, the then common terror of a great public school took hold at the last moment of the maternal breast and the "late Mr. P—," though a fairly masterful person, was thwarted in this design by an otherwise gentle and submissive wife. There are some brief sketches of Bury school as it then was in the MS. The headmaster was an Etonian, "a good scholar, but self-satisfied and ungenial." A copy of original Latin verse, done there by my grandfather at 14 and now in my possession, seems to justify the teaching and suggest the facility in that particular art in which Eton boys of former days were supposed to specialize. Baron Alderson and Bishop Bloomfield were sixth form boys in young Philpot's dormitory, and the least of the fagging duties imposed upon him was that of turning out to do a "warming pan" for their beds on cold nights pending the later hour at which the seniors turned up. Some obligations of a fag were much more serious and led incidentally to the removal of young Philpot, and a great uproar generally. In

that drinking age the commonest form of schoolboy misdemeanour everywhere was an attempt to imitate their seniors and make shift to carouse in bedroom or study, on smuggled-in liquor. This exhilarating practice prevailed, of course, at Bury but the brunt of the risk fell on the juniors who were dropped out of the windows after dark and dispatched to the town for the stuff.

Young Philpot being active and handy was a popular messenger on this dangerous service. The descent from the window of exit seems to have been an especially delicate operation. And one frosty night when the ledge was coated with ice the lad's fingers lost their grip and he fell on to some iron railings beneath and hurt himself so severely that concealment was impossible. There was then a great row, a meeting of the governors was held and all kinds of new regulations made. The innocent cause of it all in the meantime was blighted entirely of his Etonian prospects at the moment of their fruition; not because of his injuries which a few weeks saw cured, but if such tragedies, thought his aunt, could happen in a Suffolk school close to home, to what enormities might not a lad be liable in the far away inaccessible vortex of Eton. Not merely limbs but life itself, it seemed to this good provincial matron, might be in daily peril for all she knew. If the Bury boys thus caroused at night, what orgies

might be expected of the more modish Etonians! She would run no more risks and her lord's plan having thus foundered, to the boy's disgust he was removed from Bury and consigned to the stagnant security of a little grammar school at Dedham.

The bathos of Dedham *vice* Eton seems incredible to modern notions, but was really not uncharacteristic of the pre-Waterloo parent. The clerical headmaster who was no use at all as a scholar or teacher, had no doubt impressed the lady with the advantages of his sheltering care and his own domestic circle, as was always the way of pedagogues with nothing else of any value to offer. Young Philpot was head boy the whole three years he was there! a humorously significant school record for a lad of 14 to 17, with no pretension to particular brilliancy. He would have forgotten all the excellent teaching of Bury, he declares, if he had not persuaded or paid a more competent usher to do some private reading with him, and when his Cambridge time approached he took the precaution of demanding a private tutor for a time and read with one at Dover for several months. Here was the further excitement of the French war at closer quarters; the movements of French troops on the opposite shore being easily seen through glasses from the Kentish cliffs, and furthermore there were the great camps along the Kentish coast itself. Tutor and pupil, while im-

prudently sailing too far out in the Channel one day, were chased and nearly captured by a French boat. In the autumn of 1808 Philpot, then nearly 18, went up to Christ's College, Cambridge, where a year later he won a college scholarship.

CHAPTER III.

CAMBRIDGE.

IT is unfortunate that the Archdeacon's Cambridge journals have been lost, as even the day-to-day details of undergraduate life at that early period might be interesting to many university men. He has left, however, long extracts from them, while in conversation he was accustomed to relate the salient facts which remained in his memory. He looked back on himself as a thorough worldling in those days, though the term on his lips, I must again repeat, had probably no very heinous significance. He used to recall the names of certain gay young men who had been his friends, but always with the affix of "poor fellow" uttered with the heartfelt sigh, which we always looked for and knew precisely what it signified—as in the case of the "late Mr. P—." There is more than a hint that the diarist was very far from grace among his undergraduate friends and the loss of the diary is alluded to without regret as containing "little of interest." However, he read, he says, because he liked it, which we can well believe, no small tribute to the mentality of a man so fond of shooting and hunting and out-door life. Boating and cricket

as we know them had then no place in university life. The latter was the unorganized desultory amusement of the few, the former meant pulling in a heavy tub, often with a gun or rod in the boat, and generally a riverside tavern in view. Philpot's relaxations were occasional hunting and above all wild-fowl shooting, and in after life none of his Evangelical friends could ever get him to admit that field-sports were godless though they tried hard, not usually being bred to such pursuits themselves.

As the tripos of 1812 approached, a fellowship seemed probable. How much to classical scholarship or personal qualities this prospect was due I do not know, but the mathematical tripos was incumbent on each and all in those days and position in it no doubt influenced such other claims to a fellowship as there may have been. At any rate Philpot, who was also a pretty fair mathematician, was working hard for it, with a reading party under a tutor at Hastings in the long vacation of 1811, when the first of three attacks of brain fever, the only serious ailments of his long life, overtook him and nearly upset his chances. The incident is also worth noting as illustrating the joys of "the good old coaching days." He and his friends had been playing in a cricket match all day at Hastings when in the evening a message arrived from home to say that his only sister, an inmate of

the Suffolk household, was lying dangerously ill. He had just time to secure an outside seat on the night coach to London, though without any adequate preparation for the journey.

Almost from the first rain fell in torrents. Reaching London wet to the skin in the small hours, he just managed to catch the first coach for Ipswich and sat through another long day's down-pour, only to find his sister, who was about to be married, already dead. This ordeal brought on a chill which terminated in a brain fever and a sadly broken term at Cambridge without any chance of serious reading for the tripos. So much so that he was anxious to take an *aegrotat* degree. But the College authorities urged him to go through with it as he was marked down for a fellowship.

In his weak condition it was a rather formidable undertaking and proved the more so as in the winter of 1812, the coldest on record, the temperature of the Senate house was arctic. Inspired no doubt by the encouragement of the Christ's dons, he pulled through with the creditable result of being bracketed 9th with four others in the *senior optimes*. A now long obsolete and curious but quite usual custom, known as "challenging the bracket" was taken advantage of by Philpot. "I expected that none in the bracket had read the 11th Section of Newton or Cotes' Spirals, so I exercised my privilege and reached the top place."

This sifting out of the numerous "brackets" left by the examiners, apparently by designated tutors, must have been a great bore for some of the men just liberated from their last final adventure in the Senate house. But it seems to have been a recognized aftermath of the tripos. What the victor got by this little bit of extra excitement I cannot think, for the fellowship, which by the way was not awarded him at the first vacancy, could hardly have depended on the position of a candidate below the wranglers, though this particular one would no doubt have been somewhere among that worthier body but for his illness. Doubtless his fellowship prospects were due to a fair measure of scholarship with possibly some more than average turn for theology. At any rate he won the college prize for reading in chapel and a strong theological strain from quite early days went curiously hand in hand, as I have said, with his passion for horses and guns and dogs. Finally he was obviously a good fellow and popular, and these qualities counted for much in old days in a Cambridge common room. He was assuredly not, nor for some time yet, "converted" in his own later sense of the word. Had this been so, he would have belied his nature had he failed to try his prentice hand on members of the college, and in such case it is not unfair to assume that there would have been no talk of a fellowship! These

were then very valuable at Christ's, and were usually reserved to members of the college, while the gentlemen who held them liked their ease, their leisure and their port wine, and would have had no use whatever for an ardent evangelist in the combination room. But for the moment their ease was sufficiently upset by disturbances of quite another kind and probably the worst scandal that has occurred in any college at either Cambridge or Oxford in modern times.

It is indeed a highly interesting incident and may be given here partly from the college history and Gunning's memoirs, and partly from the notes of Philpot himself who was all through it, as he remained off and on in residence between taking his degree and getting his fellowship in the autumn of 1814. The sole culprit, the villain of the piece, was no less a person than the Master of the college himself and incidentally it was owing to the war which waged between that functionary and the Fellows backed by other members in residence, particularly, and perhaps characteristically, by my grandfather, that lost the latter his election in 1813. This harrowing epoch in the history of the college is known as "The Captivity," though I never could understand why, and here is a brief summary of it.

The said Master, Dr. Browne, had been now some years in office, and had also served a year as Vice-Chancellor. He was a handsome showy man,

and an egotist of great assurance. He was, or thought himself, a clever business man, and engaged for some years with a partner, unconnected with Cambridge in various enterprises associated with land improvement and farming of which he knew a good deal. With the mastership he held the living of Bourne near Cambridge, and spent most of his time there engaged in agricultural works, presumably for the improvement of the college lands, but with a keen eye undoubtedly to his own advantage and that of his partner. The Fellows after a time grew suspicious of his operations and began to give him hints that a return of his expenditure would be in order. It so happened, however, that the Master of Christ's in those days was also its bursar, and had practically the power of the purse in his own hands. Still the Fellows had the right of scrutinizing the accounts and when their hints were not taken, they proceeded to more definite requests for a proper audit. All previous approaches had been airily met by a statement that his labours would result in great benefit to the college. The more definite demands were now met with an arrogant refusal, even to personal rudeness. Moreover the Master's domestic goings on at Bourne, though he was married and to a lady of good family, were reputed as not free from scandal.

So the breach between the Society and their

chief became complete. The easy-going, wine-drinking community was stirred out of its normal calm. The Master on his part sprang all sorts of annoyances on the Fellows, fetching the non-resident ones up from the country and their various occupations to meetings at inconvenient moments with scant notice, in hopes that failure to attend might give him the right, according to statutes obsolete but never revoked, of depriving this or that one of their membership. One popular tutor, paying a customary week-end visit in Hertfordshire, on being warned by a colleague, had to ride all Sunday night to a meeting to save an attempt to thus deprive him of his fellowship. My grandfather performed a much greater feat of horsemanship from Suffolk, on much the same account, as will be noticed later. The Fellows ultimately appealed to the Visitors of the college, the supreme authority. The matter was then investigated, an audit of the accounts ordered and a defalcation of some £1,300 on the part of this egregious functionary was exposed. Upon this Browne was dismissed. The College treated him tenderly, much too tenderly, in regard perhaps to their outside reputation. He was not even called upon to refund the money; yet more, when his wife's family gave him the living of Gorleston, and the Bishop of Norwich, wishing to refuse his sanction to such a scandalous appointment, applied to the college for a statement

of their late Master's conduct, they refused to give it, declaring that the matter was a purely private one. So this shameless cleric had charge of the spiritual needs of an important parish for about twenty years, posing as a persecuted martyr, till his parishioners, as they quickly did, found him out on their own account and fought with him, it seems, to the bitter end.



CHAPTER IV.

CAMBRIDGE.

OF social life at the universities in the pre-Waterloo period, few people nowadays know anything at all. And the epoch may justly be so designated, since the close of the Napoleon wars, like the late upheaval, marked the beginning of a fresh era in most departments of life, or at any rate paved the way for the vast changes of the nineteenth century. Oxford and Cambridge and their doings became more and more a topic of public interest. Their clientèle became much wider. Literature both in fact and fiction dealt with undergraduate life and made it more or less familiar to the outside world. There was more in short to take hold of. Boat-racing, cricket and athletics, which had formerly no existence, alone made a vast difference, not only to the life of the universities themselves but to the notice they attracted from outside. Scholarships too were thrown open and competition became keen. The almost monastic seclusion, in a social sense, of the great majority of college dons was broken into soon after the middle of the century by facilities for marriage and the gradual influx of wives and families into university life; Oxford, however, in

this respect taking a long lead of Cambridge. As an undergraduate myself at Cambridge fifty years ago, but with strong family connections with Oxford, I can well remember the difference as most marked in this respect. At the former ladies as a social element scarcely existed. At Oxford the "perambulators were already in the parks" as the Tories complained and there was quite a large society.

Yet with all this the universities, great as have been the changes, far more nearly resembled the conditions of to-day than they did those of fifty years earlier. Railways of course had an immense effect, not merely in bringing visitors and strangers to the universities, but in breaking down the sectional characteristics of either. Formerly the West of England was overwhelmingly Oxford and the East to the same degree attached to Cambridge. Circulating about a good deal in my youth in the western and south-western counties, I remember that even then "College" almost always meant Oxford unless otherwise specified, and I well recall my surprise on first visiting in East Anglia on finding nearly every one Cantabs and talking "Cambridge" almost as a matter of course, as if Oxford didn't exist! Tradition had outlasted the causes that made for it, though these of course had their roots not merely in the old difficulties of travel, but no little in the landed and church property, possessed by the various colleges, which naturally

helped to give Oxford a western and Cambridge an eastern flavour. I do not suppose for a moment that these traditions or affinities are dead. They could not be, but nevertheless they are faint when compared with what they were, even fifty years or sixty years ago, while in the 18th century they must have been far more marked.

We have in truth uncommonly little to tell us of university life in the reign of George III. There are college histories in abundance, but they touch little on social life, being no doubt pressed for space to cover the long periods and the mass of facts that have to be dealt with, even if the historians themselves had always a turn for this sort of thing, a taste by no means common. Scraps in various autobiographies give us brief glimpses of Georgian Oxford or Cambridge. My grandfather's notes taken from his journals since lost, of his eight years, more or less, spent at Christ's as undergraduate, B.A. and fellow would be interesting enough were they not overshadowed by the illuminating record of his fellow collegian Henry Gunning, who for twenty years previously and twenty years afterwards was a member of Christ's and for most of the time Esquire Bedell to the University.

Gunning was a Cambridgeshire gentleman of small fortune and obviously high character and principles, and his university gossip, using the term in its better sense, is that of a man who knew the

neighbourhood and county as well as the university which gives a certain completeness to the picture. There is an old tag applied I think to both universities and various persons and periods. But my grandfather who was at the same college and knew Gunning well, though his junior, states that it was he in his capacity of Esquire Bedell, who was responsible for the oft quoted remark: "I have been compelled to listen to the university sermons at St. Mary's for years but am still a Christian." When my grandfather went up to Cambridge there were, by the latest census only 807 persons in residence and lest the French wars should seem in part accountable for that it may be noted that twenty years previously the figures were almost identically the same. They included moreover all the Heads of Houses with their families, their domestics and all the resident fellows and staff, with porters and any other living-in servants. With eighteen colleges 200 would be assuredly not overstating this total. Of the 600 undergraduates at least half belonged to Trinity and St. John's, which far exceeded any other colleges in numbers. This leaves an average of from fifteen to twenty apiece for the rest. Christ's seems to have been just over the latter figure in Philpot's third year but increased a little after that and particularly after Waterloo when, as was the case a hundred years later, numbers of young men exchanged the sword for the

gown. Some of the colleges had less than a dozen undergraduates including of course the scholars who were on the foundation. One would think that the opportunities in those days of winning scholarships and exhibitions and proceeding to Fellowships and to college livings must have been great !

There is no sign indeed that colleges worried themselves much about the number of undergraduates in residence, as they would assuredly do now if their figures sank to zero, and they disappeared from the class lists, the river and the cricket field. Landed property was flourishing and rents were high. The Master and Fellows enjoyed their comfortable and sheltered lives, sometimes mentally active, perhaps more than often the reverse, but always consuming huge meals and drinking vast quantities of wine. The Fellowships at Christ's, under the then flourishing state of agriculture had risen to £300 a year, a handsome sum in those days for a bachelor who had his quarters and other emoluments free. The paid college lecturers seem seldom to have lectured at all ; all the teaching was done by the one or two tutors, who received fees from the men and they must have been about the only college officials seriously interested in increasing the numbers in residence. With such small societies, apart from other reasons, college life must have been an utterly different thing from what it became later. Probably

this is the reason that in those days men seemed to have mixed more than now with those of other colleges. Fifty years later scarcely any Cambridge college had under fifty men in residence and not many were as small as that. The whole organization of river, cricket-field and running-path as it is known to-day, if on a smaller scale, was in operation. The mathematical tripos tyranny was abolished. Life in all real essentials was very much as it is to-day—college feeling, *esprit de corps* and all the rest of it. One seems to find little of this in the pre-Waterloo Cantab, unless for some inter-college rivalry in the mathematical tripos or in competition for a university prize, the very last thing it is to be feared that would cause say a Pembroke man of to-day to look with jealousy on a Johnian!

Philpot read pretty steadily at Christ's for, though he was a man of good parts, he had been as related at some disadvantage as permanent head boy of Dedham Grammar School. He won a college scholarship soon after going up. But in his leisure hours his natural pursuits were shooting and hunting like great numbers of other men; particularly shooting. It is curious to learn from Gunning, a keen sportsman himself, that the immense facilities for shooting at Cambridge formed a most serious drawback to the industrial life of the university and ruined the career of many promising men! An ardent sportsman and naturalist

like my grandfather, already well accustomed to the fens and marshes of East Anglia naturally took to it kindly, though much too level-headed to let it interfere with his prospects. Besides he had a taste for books and read "because he liked it."

"Going over the land now occupied by Downing terrace you generally got five or six shots at snipe. Crossing the Leys you entered on Cow fen, which abounded with snipe. Walking through the osier bed on the Trumpington side of the brook you frequently met with a pheasant. From thence to the lower end of Pemberton's gardens was one continued marsh which afforded plenty of snipe and sometimes other birds. If you kept on that side of the river you came to Harston ham, well known to sportsmen and at no great distance from this arrived at Foulmire mere which produced a great variety of wild fowl. The heavy coach changed horses at *The Swan* and would set you down between seven and eight o'clock at the *Blue Boar*. On the other hand if you started from the far corner of Parker's piece you came to Cherry-hinton fen; from thence to Teversham, Quy, Bottisham and Swaffham fens. In taking this beat you met with a great variety of wild fowl, bittern, plover of every description, ruff, reeve and not infrequently pheasant. If you did not go near the houses of the few country gentlemen who resided in the neighbourhood, you met with no interruption.

You scarcely ever saw a gamekeeper, but met with a great number of young lads, on the look out for sportsmen from the university, whose game they carried and to whom they furnished long poles to enable them to leap the wide ditches which intersected the fens in every direction. The news of a great arrival of snipe in Bottisham or Wilbraham fen caused quite a commotion in the colleges." Thousands and tens of thousands of acres which produced to the owners only turf and sedge now bear luxuriant crops of corn. By removing a number of locks, then considered essential to the navigation of the Cam and deepening the channel of the river, the lands were drained for a long distance on either side of it, with the help of large steam engines which flung the surface water into the rivers and dykes.

In summer time boating and fishing expeditions into the fens would be arranged, guns even then being a part of the outfit. The parties often planned to meet at Clayhithe, at a public house on the river, "where fish were dressed to perfection and the ale good." Fishing it may be noted as here implied, was done with the casting net, an art of a kind to itself though hardly one to recommend itself to the modern dry-fly school! It was a recognized institution at the time, however, among young sportsmen. When Apperley was at Rugby about this same period he tells us that it was one

of the duties of a fag to carry his master's casting net to the Avon, the master in this particular case being the eccentric and brilliant W. S. Landor. Some of these publicans on the banks of the Cam had private ponds well stocked with pike and perch. Here any sportsmen inclined for a gamble were allowed to try their luck at the rate of from half-a-crown to a guinea a cast with the privilege of keeping any fish they caught. But there was generally an innocent-looking rustic on the bank wearing a detached air, who misdirected the efforts of the sportsmen under the guise of experienced advice. So that in the long run the innkeepers came out easy winners in the venture. "The long pull home against the current in the unwieldy boats then in use was an arduous task and we used to return home more fatigued by our day's pleasure than a bricklayer's labourer after the hardest day's work."

Such were some of the simple adventures of these old-time Cantabs. What a different world from that in which their successors, some five times as numerous, concentrate in their highly organized pastimes upon a mile or two of river, or a few acres of turf here and there within the precincts of Cambridge.

Commencement, at the end of the May term was a much greater function than it became in later days. The May week, boat races, balls and lady

visitors from all parts of England has been established as the Cambridge festival ever since even the older among us can remember. But a hundred or more years ago the fêtes that accompanied the taking of degrees were largely local if no less gorgeous. In fact the dinners, banquets and suppers were of a bountiful and sumptuous kind, undreamed of in modern times, though distinguished by amenities that modern manners would hardly tolerate. For men ate and drank in those days with a heavy deliberation that would terrify the stoutest among us to-day and left their more temperate successors, we are assured, to bear the gouty load of their almost incredible indulgences. At Christ's as elsewhere the men who were taking their degree entertained the dons at dinner and the latter returned the hospitalities. It was not all bachelor conviviality though by any means. For the County of Cambridge and even the fringe of the adjoining shires came in crowds to dance and make merry. Couriers were dispatched to every eligible family within thirty miles with invitations to the balls, and family chariots bearing all the fair of Cambridgeshire with their chaperons, who could obtain cards, came driving or riding over the country roads which by that time had become in summer at any rate pretty good. All the clergy too and those who could manage it bringing their women folk thronged to the festival.

Nor was it only dancing, for there were concerts and oratorios with famous singers brought from London, while special services and sermons were provided for the more serious. Pot-fair held on Midsummer Common was in all its glory. Raffles for pictures, china and millinery took place every evening which seemed to have attractions for the simpler tastes of the smart and gay of those old days. Every one promenaded in their bravest attire at certain hours between the fair and what was then Barnwell Abbey, a locality hardly suggestive to the modern Cantab of either fashionable or official patronage! Doctors of Divinity loomed large in their scarlet robes. The noblemen of the University in silk gowns of various bright colours, purple, white, green or rose colour, now long discarded for a soberer hue, added gaiety to a scene already bright with the smartest millinery that Cambridgeshire country houses and rectories could turn out. It was not all decorum. "For groups of masters of arts, and even fellows of colleges and clergymen who had dined too well could be seen linked arm in arm pushing their way through the crowds with slight regard for those about them." It seems to have been left to the ladies to select one or more of the noblemen who were taking their degrees to be steward or stewards at the commencement ball. For a lord in those days was still a lord indeed! There were sometimes as

many as a dozen sprigs of the Peerage to receive the *imprimatur* of the University in the Senate House, so easily earned in their case under the statutes of privilege which have been long either modified or abolished.

When the term ended the University was far from being deserted. "No college was entirely without resident members during the long vacation." So it will be seen the long vacation system peculiar to Cambridge till quite recent times is of very old date. "At King's and Trinity a certain number of scholars were obliged to reside during the summer and many Fellows of colleges never slept out of the University for years together."

Change of air and scene was not regarded as indispensable in those days. The bursar of St. Catherine's was said never to have travelled further in his whole college career than the Senate House, except on one occasion when the Master of the College prevailed on him to walk half way to Grantchester!

There was a great deal of hunting, and scarlet coats were familiar enough in the streets and colleges. A scene was recalled at Christ's when an entire hunt, hounds and all, had promenaded round the larger court. Dinners and suppers and wine-drinking being such important ceremonies in those days there were many clubs for the purpose, consisting of a dozen or so members who dined

together on specified days and boasted of special customs often eccentric ones. The smarter of the clubs too had gay uniforms for wear on these official occasions. Dinner was usually about two o'clock. The difference in fare between the high table in hall, where the noblemen if any and fellow commoners dined with the dons, and that of the ordinary undergraduates was conspicuous and that of the table furniture still more so. The Fellows and their friends or guests drank wine in the Combination room till about half-past four when tea was served. The undergraduates who could afford it followed suit. At about eight, supper claimed the serious attention of all ranks. Those who could not run to more wine, or to any wine, drank punch which served the purpose of conviviality equally well. And so to bed! Those under the shadow of the examiner read no doubt, with or without their tutors, in the morning or after tea, though even then the wet towel and strong tea were not unknown in the small hours to the ambitious or the nervous.

It is a curious thing that while duelling was still prevalent in the outer world and had been yet more so a few years earlier, there had been only one case in half a century, of a fatal meeting, at any rate, in Cambridge, on which occasion a Pembroke undergraduate had shot another on Newmarket Heath. The survivor and his second seem merely to have

been expelled! With all the drinking and consequent quarrelling that went on in the University the then code of society did not hold good. Perhaps the certainty of expulsion had something to do with this?

Nearly all the churches for miles round Cambridge were then served by fellows of colleges acting as curates who rode out on Sundays and having despatched their two or even three services apiece, sometimes in as many different villages, returned with sharpened appetites to supper and port or punch at the "Curates' Club" as their convivial Sunday evening gatherings were called. One such club was known as the *Apostolic*, another as the *Tripe*, another as the *Neck-or-nothing*, in allusion to the necks of mutton there consumed. Magdalen strangely enough, so famous in later generations for laxity and fox-hunting was in these days associated with methodism, temperance and tea-drinking! Trinity and St. John's, where the mathematical tripos overshadowed everything, were real rivals and not merely on that arena. For though Trinity even then was the more aristocratic, numbers of prominent families still held traditionally to its neighbour and it was not greatly inferior in numbers. Indeed there was almost certainly less social discrimination between this or that college than half a century later, when the public schools had become a more influential element and rather

concentrated on particular foundations. This to be sure has been greatly re-adjusted in the present century, with the wonderful expansion of some and the improvement of all those that were classed as "small colleges" in the eighteen fifties, sixties and seventies. And the epithet implied more than mere paucity in numbers in the mouth of say a Trinity man or an Oxonian, as every university man over fifty, speaking broadly, well knows!

Far smaller in actual numbers and much slacker in intellectual life as were most of the colleges in the pre-Waterloo period than those which came under the head of "small college" later in the century, there does not seem to have been that marked line in prestige drawn between this or that type which arose later. Contemporary letters do not suggest anything of the kind. My grandfather states, to be sure, that "the best scholars from the most noted schools," meaning probably classical scholars, went to Trinity, and that competition there for fellowships was naturally the keenest. No doubt too, Trinity was the popular college for the scions of distinguished families. King's was of course purely the preserve of Eton "collegers," an element that in those days had very little of the Etonian smartness about them, and indeed, had suffered at school as "tugs" from the stigma of their free education and often humble birth according to the social ethics of those days. Virtually

provided for life, most of them at King's seem to have outlived ambition and their little Society to have been tolerably lethargic. Judging by certain passages and by the lists of men who joined the University Volunteers in the French War, Jesus and Caius would appear to have come next in strength and vitality to Trinity and St. John's. Queen's stood much higher in estimation than it did in the second half of the century when it had dropped right to the bottom, almost to be bracketed with "Cats," which rather gloomy little college was through all time, I fancy, and certainly in mine, adjudged rightly or wrongly the last place.

Apropos of the decline of Queen's, a Cambridge contemporary of Philpot's, a dear old gentleman whom I knew well in my youth and who at a remote period had been a fellow of that college and since held a living in the East-end, cherished the illusion that it was still one of the leading colleges in the University. He had been out of touch with all such things for some two generations and was wont to sound its glories to us of a quite different Cambridge, with pathetic fervour over the port, which he stuck to though in greater moderation, with the true allegiance of an old Georgian don. I can still recall him vividly in the large gloomy dining-room of his East-end rectory, where he kept little company but his churchwardens or the like; a tiny little man with snowy hair and a

pale, clever face, but just lifted above the mahogany. Curiously enough, he was a most advanced ritualist for the 'seventies, he being then in his eighties. He was possessed too of the dignity one so often sees or used to see in very little men who had been always in authority in academic or clerical walks of life. For he had been, I think, headmaster of a grammar school at some former day. But however advanced in church ritual, his ideas of Cambridge had not progressed one iota since his own day which was that we are now concerned with. But the point of it yet remains. For of course he sent his son (of his old age) unquestionably to Queen's. The said youth combined a real genius for music with an utter contempt for the classics and a talent to put it mildly for getting into scrapes. It was assuredly not a serious crime being absent from hall on a Newmarket day, though it apparently broke some special college legislation. Possibly it was repeated. At any rate the authorities, probably in consideration of his ancient connection with the college reported to the old rector as a kindly warning these vagaries of his talented but unorthodox son. The old gentleman's reply caused some flutter in the tutorial dovecotes of a college that had long ceased to have any trace of sporting flavour about it and had probably lost even the tradition of it—for the missive ran as follows:—

“ Dear Sir,

“ I do not understand the tenour of your communication. When I was an undergraduate at Queen’s (about 1808-11) it would have been accounted a disgrace to the college if any man had been present in hall on a Newmarket day.

“ Yours faithfully,

“ ——— ”

From an ancient ritualistic cleric of unimpeachable character in the eighteen seventies this link with a dead past should have appealed on reflection to the Combination room. Let us hope it did and is treasured among the college archives. The Queen’s of my grandfather’s day must in truth have been a lively society ! But the young chip of this old block was too lively for it in its days of virtuous and smug depression. Though he had played the organ regularly at twelve years old through his father’s ornate church services, he had no use for college examinations and was at length constrained to repair to Downing, then a gentlemanly, rather sumptuous and bowery retreat, where a fine table was kept under the regime of the famous “ Perkins ” of the big red beard, and there were no tiresome restrictions or obligations to speak of. A musician of recognized genius, his perversities prevented him from ever rising in his profession above the status reached by ordinary talent, though so much perhaps is irrelevant here.

The vitality which attaches to the stock jokes, even the poor ones of a University, is astonishing. In connection with the little shallow sluice of fresh water that runs, or did so recently, beside the pavement outside Pembroke, Cambridge freshmen for all living generations (and I heard a youth repeat it only the other day) have been told the hardy chestnut of "Save the rest, I can swim." The cry was supposed to emanate from an inebriated undergraduate returning from a supper party who had collapsed in the gutter. As a matter of fact the story has its origin in a quite dim past, namely the end of the eighteenth century. But in those days the little stream ran in broader current down the middle of King's parade and was protected by a strip of boarding on either side, a matter of great inconvenience both to the heavy traffic and to foot passengers. It was crossed by two bridges more or less opposite Pembroke. The actual hero of the perverted tale was a senior wrangler, afterwards a distinguished lawyer. Unfortunately it was on his way to a supper, on the evening of his degree day, not on his return from one that he fell into the stream. He acknowledged throughout his life that he had rejected the assistance of the bystanders on the plea that "he could swim," probably a mere pleasantry, but stoutly denied the inference drawn from it which in due course crystallized into the immortal legend of the

rowdy Pembroke undergraduate and the modern gutter which we all know.

Just across the street where is now the Pitt Press there stood in those days *The Cardinal's Hat*, the chief hotel in Cambridge. It was in my grandfather's early days at Cambridge that the first town improvements were brought about in face of a good deal of strong opposition. The new lamp-posts were objected to on the plea that as the undergraduates had invariably broken the few that there already were, they would quickly demolish the rest! Another curious argument held that fights between "town and gown" would be more frequent, as an illuminated town would reveal these ancient enemies to one another, whereas now men passed without recognition in the black darkness that shrouded the streets in the winter evenings and nights. Even the University was lukewarm on the subject. In 1810 a great sensation was created in Cambridge by the re-appearance of Kidman, originally a small farming freeholder at Grantchester who nine years previously had been concerned in a noted burglary of college plate and been transported for life. He was re-arrested but had to be at once released. For it appeared that the Governor at Botany Bay had been so struck with his skill and industry in gardening and fruit-growing at Government House that among other favours granted at the King's Jubilee and the release of other prisoners, Kidman

was selected, though he had already once escaped to the natives, but given himself up again having gone through strange adventures. He was now offered his choice between land in Australia or a free passage home and chose the latter to the indignation of the Cantabs. A Christ's don, living out of the town however, braved public opinion and made him his gardener and never repented it.

In 1811 there were two interesting elections ; both the Chancellorship and the University seat in Parliament, falling vacant. Philpot though not yet a voter was keenly interested in both.

The abolition of the slave trade was then a living issue in the University as in the country at large, and Wilberforce's efforts found wide sympathy in the former. Lord Palmerston, a member of St. John's was elected by a substantial majority. The Chancellorship was contested and won from the Duke of Rutland by the Duke of Gloucester whose advantage over his popular opponent lay partly in his consistent advocacy of the suppression of the slave trade and still more in the fact of his being, as nephew of the King, the first member of the Royal Family educated at either University. Perhaps the election of Dr. Browne, the notorious master of his own college, most interested our Suffolk undergraduate, now trying to read for the tripos during a slow convalescence from serious illness, interested him still more.

The inauguration this year of the Cambridge Auxiliary Bible Society does not sound at this day a very epoch-making event. But as an enterprise of entirely undergraduate promotion at a time when Evangelicism was a wide and powerful influence, it raised a considerable storm. Political considerations as in every other University movement were a strong factor, and the permission of the late Vice-Chancellor Milner had been necessary to the meeting of University, town and county which inaugurated the society. This had been given, though reluctantly. No head of a college had come forward, though Lord Hardwicke, the local magnate of that day, had taken the chair. Curious reasons were put forward against the enterprise, though the Master of Trinity was actually president of the Bristol branch, one being that it was dangerous to circulate the Bible without the prayer book! The real objection seems to have been that an institution run by undergraduates would develop independence of opinions and actions, subversive of discipline. Pitt who till his death had represented the University had hated the Evangelical party, but then Wilberforce whose following were strong in Cambridge of course supported them, so the academic big-wigs were in a sore dilemma and the Bible Society went forward unmolested.

CHAPTER V.

SUFFOLK.

BUT through all these college years, Philpot was naturally a great deal at his home in Suffolk, where his days were full, following field sports and natural history, helping his uncle in county business, reading to some extent and mixing in local society with an eye no doubt more critical in the retrospect than at the moment. The "late Mr. P—, poor fellow" was an active authority on the new Poor Law and was summoned from time to time to give evidence before committees of the House of Lords. His nephew who helped him in collating his material used to accompany him on some of these occasions and took advantage of such opportunities for hearing debates in both Houses at this momentous period when the American War had been added to the nation's struggle with Napoleon. But his youthful impressions of the famous orators and statesmen who took the floor at this period would be hardly worth recording.

Down in Suffolk they lived constantly amid war's alarms. In the Boulogne scare preceding 1805 and Trafalgar, they had all sent their plate and valuables to Weedon in Northamptonshire. Always

the East coast seems to have been from the East Anglian point of view the object of the ogre Bonaparte, though at headquarters the South coast of Kent then as ever was regarded as the chief danger spot. All the farmers in Suffolk had their instructions for flight inland; horses, waggons and transport were all under definite orders, with the points to make for, while the volunteer corps locally raised, have been already alluded to. At one time there was a dangerous run on the local banks. Young Philpot, as a boy of fifteen had been despatched by his uncle, who probably had an interest in it, at full speed on horseback with a bag of gold and notes to the support of the Halesworth Bank. The valise was strapped to his waist and he found some difficulty in forcing his way through the excited crowd which surrounded the building.

Several people of the neighbourhood too had been entrapped in France at the sudden termination of the Peace of Amiens by Napoleon's harsh edict, detaining all British subjects who happened to be in the country at the moment. Every one knows how these unfortunate *détenues*, several thousand in all, were severed from their homes, friends and country for years, save such lucky few as could effect an exchange. They were well enough treated to be sure as regards the better sort, by the various communities among whom

they were lodged, but that was small consolation. Save for the period following Waterloo, French and English, hereditary foes in war as they were, rarely allowed that fact to interfere with the cordialities and amenities of private life. The *détenu*, when so disposed, or sufficiently in funds, was accepted and even welcomed in French social circles. The MS. journal of an intelligent medical student, thus trapped during a brief holiday, was in my possession for some years, a most illuminating record of personal experiences, that were pleasant enough, but for the overshadowing fact that his professional prospects were ruined.

A naval captain belonging to a well-known East Anglian family who had already served in that capacity under Nelson and lived not only to serve under him again but to die High Admiral of the Blue in the present writer's childhood, had an escape from Napoleon's grasp, so curious as to be worth recording. Here it is as he used to relate it to my relatives. He had served as post-captain at Copenhagen and elsewhere, and after the Peace at Amiens, when the English flocked to France, took over his newly-married wife, whom I also remember as a deaf and aged lady, on a pleasure jaunt to Paris. While there he attended one or two of Napoleon's receptions and furthermore had a French friend highly placed in the Bonaparte

entourage. Meeting the latter one day, and after interchanging the usual courtesies the Frenchman remarked: "When are you leaving France?" The English captain replied carelessly that he didn't quite know as he and his wife were much enjoying their visit. Two or three days afterwards his French friend on finishing a chat, repeated the question with a certain significance that puzzled the unsuspecting English sailor but nothing more. Soon afterwards they met again, and the Frenchman without more ado, and with marked emphasis said: "*When are you leaving here?*" There was no mistaking this and the captain, who may have heard rumours but with little idea that they portended such urgency, at last "caught on." He hastened back to his hotel and told his astonished young bride to have everything packed at once as they must be off for England that night. The lady, immersed in the joys of new frocks and hats in the making, made futile protest. The couple crossed the Channel next day, and on the next all the English in France were trapped. It was to this old sailor who had known Nelson well and, as related, had seen Napoleon at close quarters several times and preserved till death the hatred of him felt by that generation, that a near relative of mine, in holy orders by the way, made the infelicitous suggestion through an ear trumpet that the great man must have been very handsome.

“Handsome!” shouted the veteran in quarter deck tones. “Bonaparte handsome! d——d scrofulous little devil.”

Many Suffolk stories grave and gay appear in the MS. Among the latter is one of Dr. D—— of Bungay, “a vulgar man but greatly addicted to ornate language,” who after visiting a sick patient, a highly respected middle-aged spinster, replied to various inquiries after her that she was doing nicely as he had found her in the arms of Morpheus. The doctor’s bulletin coming to the lady’s ears she raised a tremendous row and threatened libel action, but with some difficulty she was persuaded that Morpheus was the heathen god of sleep and not a Bungay Don Juan. A wealthy but inhospitable brewer too was neatly scored off by an officer of the 10th regiment, then quartered in the neighbourhood and to his own profit. It was said that no man had ever dined at his table, and this sporting captain made a bet of £5 at the mess that he would get a meal out of him by invitation. The brewer, it seems, had social ambitions, and despite his parsimony had let it to be known that he would give a dowry of £10,000 with his daughter. The captain timed his call shortly before the dinner hour, excusing his intrusion on the plea that he had discovered a means by which the brewer could make absolutely certain of saving £1,000. The other’s cupidity was instantly

aroused and he suggested that as dinner was almost on the table the officer should stay for it and they would discuss the tempting subject over a glass of port. So when the ladies, mother and daughter, had retired, their glasses were filled. With the dinner safely under his waistcoat and the fiver practically in his pocket, the captain propounded his scheme. He had heard, he said, that his host intended to settle £10,000 on his daughter at her marriage, but that he himself, having just had the opportunity of vastly admiring the lady would take her with £9,000. The narrative stops here but it is doubtful if the ingenious captain sampled very much more of the outraged brewer's port.

The neighbourhood was greatly stirred, too, by the famous fight between the English frigate "Shannon" and the American "Chesapeake," as Captain Broke of Nacton, commanding the former was of a local family. This famous naval duel was fought, it may be remembered, within sight of Boston and viewed by thousands of Americans on shore. The American frigate, like the rest of them, was larger and more heavily gunned and manned than her opponent. Broke's victory reflected glory on the neighbourhood, which delighted to make merry over the untasted banquets said to have been prepared by the Bostonians for the prospectively victorious crew of the "Chesapeake."

The year 1814 was a happy one enough in this Suffolk countryside. All fear of invasion had ceased. The French were being driven out of Spain, Napoleon hard pressed by the central powers. The trade depression caused by the American War did not touch the Suffolk squires and farmers who were getting bumper prices for their produce. Wellington's army was released by the Peace of Paris for the defence of Canada and the relief of the heroic handful of regulars and loyal colonists who for two years had repulsed the ceaseless efforts of a nation already numbering seven millions to conquer them by force of arms. The only vital issue of this war was now secure, and there was nothing left to the Americans but to count the terrific commercial loss to their people of the contest they had provoked and their unnatural alliance with Napoleon. English trade was hard hit enough, but our Suffolk friends with their high rents, soaring tithes and booming markets had assuredly nothing to complain of. Possibly the labourers had, though with nearly half a million men in arms by land or sea, there was still plenty of farm work at such price as they then got for it—about 2s. a day.

For the new Poor Law, which was so greatly exercising the "late Mr. Philpot," and even his heir, was not yet the pressing scandal it became in the great post-war slump after Waterloo, when the

poor rate rose in some parishes almost to the rental value of land, only to dissatisfy and demoralize its intended beneficiaries. It was late in this spring of 1814 that Philpot, while down in Suffolk, was urged to an achievement that is or was quite recently a still living if dim tradition in the common room of Christ's known as "Philpot's ride." This is the more strange as the hero of it only held his fellowship for some two years and on vacating it at marriage was permanently severed by circumstances from all further connection with the college. Here are the details often told in the family circle and left in writing by the Archdeacon. While expecting a fellowship at the next vacancy, he had made with many others, perhaps as a junior by his very tendency for outspokenness even more than others, an enemy of the peccant Dr. Browne, not as yet removed. There was some rule as to keeping a certain number of chapels, doubtless now obsolete for a B.A. in his expectant situation, a failure in which could be made a technical obstacle to his election. At any rate Philpot got an urgent message and reminder one evening from a friendly college official, otherwise "Billy Moule," the college barber, that if he were not in chapel next morning the obnoxious master would have a hand's wherewith to block his fellowship election when the moment came and that he would certainly use it. Here is his own account of his procedure on getting the message.

“I had been riding nearly all day, but luckily not on my favourite horse *Marmion*. So after a good supper and an hour's rest I started at 9 o'clock for Cambridge. Chapel was then at seven and I had seventy miles to ride. I did not pull bit till I got to Bury (forty-two miles) where I called up the ostler of “The Bull” on Hag hill and gave my horse a good feed and ultimately rode into Evans' stable yard in Cambridge at 6.30. I took my place in chapel, confronting the Master with as much unconcern as if I had just come from my bed and was pleased to fancy at any rate that his face looked even more sour than usual. Next day I found poor *Marmion* stone blind. I afterwards drove him in double harness for some years, but one day he broke away from the groom while cleaning him at Sibton park, and rushing against a brick wall killed himself.”

Dr. Browne, however, had no opportunity for venting his spite on this particular one of his many enemies, who by an irony of fate stepped into the fellowship in August, 1814, made vacant by the expulsion of the Master and the election of his successor Kaye, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln. By another coincidence not wholly devoid of irony from the point of view that college endowments were primarily intended for ill-endowed scholars the election took place on the very day on which the nephew succeeded to his uncle's property. “I

was shooting partridges near Newmarket with T—, when my uncle's steward arrived, having posted all the way from home, with the news that his master was lying dangerously ill. We returned with all speed but too late to find him alive."

Left principal legatee and co-executor together with a local lawyer whose family firm having long ago expanded into a thriving position in Whitehall, were nearly a century later performing the same office for the aged Archdeacon and his abounding progeny, the junior fellow of Christ's had his hands full. He doesn't appear to have seen much of Cambridge during the last two years he was connected with it, though the records of Christ's show that he lent the college £2,000, a matter he never alluded to or made note of. This it seems was to relieve the temporary inconvenience occasioned by the defaulting master. On vacating his fellowship by marriage in 1816, he seems to have almost lost touch with the University though living in the next county. So it is the more singular that a century later the echo of his name in connection with "Philpot's ride" should still remain in the Christ's common room and may do so yet for aught I know, when his personality with its brief, remote, and in no way distinguished association with the college, was lost to memory generations ago. For I am pretty sure that such measure of public notoriety as he gained in his

closing years by his astonishing vitality, if it ever penetrated within the purlieu of Christ's, was never for a moment associated with the dim hero of that far away ride.

As a matter of fact, though quite a fair scholar, he despised the life of a college don as he then saw it. He was far too active a man both bodily and mentally for such a career. There are some characteristic letters from two or three of his friends at Christ's on his early marriage, deploring his decision to give up the cultured ease and bodily comfort of academic life (as then followed at Cambridge). The most insistent was from Shaw, a young Fellow who banters him on his "rash act," meaning marriage in the abstract, for there was nothing rash in this one, but quite the reverse. Shaw, who remained for life a don and bachelor, was in fact almost the only personal link with his Cambridge contemporaries retained by the Archdeacon, for he used to meet him on and off for fifty years on Great Eastern railway platforms and always held him up as a terrible warning and example of a dreary life and the tendency of its followers to run to seed. With everything he professed to believe made up the perfect life, he saw in his old friend after each long interlude, only a growing victim to dulness, discontent and ennui. If the Archdeacon had read Byron, which he would not have done on any consideration, he

would doubtless have quoted him on poor Shaw and his friends.

“By sluggish Granta’s banks supine they lie,
They live unhonoured and unhonoured die.”

But Shaw, as a matter of fact, according to another of his contemporaries, never missed a Newmarket meeting and at the same time got a great many pupils. When his turn came, as the MS. states, he was elected master, but resigned in a year, apparently from boredom.

But these conditions have long passed away and when the Archdeacon, at the age of ninety, trotted cheerily and bubbling over with reminiscences all over Cambridge and revisited his own college after about sixty-five years, he knew very well, even then, that it was not the Cambridge of his youth, as we in turn know it was not the Cambridge of to-day; far from it. In some of the smaller colleges, with their still close fellowships even fifty years ago, the slackness and self-indulgence of the dons was proverbial. Oxford had, I think, shaken off these abuses by that time, though a college “Gaudy,” if my memory serves me, was even then tolerably convivial. But a relative of my own, familiar with these things at Oxford as Fellow in the ’seventies, and afterwards Head of his college, was fairly staggered and even scandalized by the prolonged convivialities and etceteras he was called upon to face on a festive

occasion in the common room of a small Cambridge college which shall be nameless. For it is now, I believe, quite a model institution, though shorn of these picturesque accessories.

Philpot found his uncle's affairs in something of a tangle, which cost him nearly £1,000 in legal expenses to straighten out. He came into possession, however, of a nice little property, with two farms in hand, which, at the excessive price of grain in the Waterloo period, he was glad enough to carry on. The next year was a disastrous harvest and the price soared still higher. By a lucky hit, however, he saved his own crop in good condition and got the highest price for his wheat, so far as I know, recorded in the annals of British agriculture, and the way of it was this:—

“In July my bailiff, old Tom Doddington, came and begged me to begin cutting early, before the usual time at which the harvest men were hired, as he said he was quite certain it would be a wet harvest. ‘Them spiders, rot ’em, are running about and filling their webs,’ was one cogent reason given, besides many other portents of weight with the country folk. So we began on the first of August and got all our grain stacked in good condition before the rain came, which continued with few breaks till Christmas. Most of the grain sprouted in the ear. I never saw such a sight as the fields. Bread was frightfully dear. I sold my

wheat for £5 a coombe of four bushels (200/- a quarter) to Sam Wilkinson of Huntingfield mill and it was of great service to him. He was a Christian man."

The finale, though purely parenthetical, is delicious, as it reads, so utterly unconscious as was the writer of any *double entendre*. He had for long intended to take Orders and was ordained deacon at Norwich in the summer of 1815, and preached the ordination sermon in the Cathedral. The living of Walpole, with a population then of about 600, was included in his inheritance and he lost no time in creating a vacancy there upon terms as advantageous for the other and out-going party to the transaction as was every bargain made by this soft-hearted, though high-couraged soul throughout his long life. Doing duty at Walpole and a thousand other things elsewhere in the neighbourhood, he continued to live at his old home at Huntingfield. In 1816, as already mentioned, he contracted his first marriage. The lady was a sometime inmate of the household, and a ward of the "late Mr. Philpot," and possessed of a snug little fortune settled on her children to be. It was a most successful and happy union for the three years it lasted, but after bearing three children she died soon after her third confinement in her husband's arms, while he was carrying her downstairs. One child only, a girl, survived, to reside

on her father's second marriage with his uncle's widow and ultimately to elope with a young doctor, and incidentally her mother's fortune, to Gretna Green. One would fancy that this first marriage must indeed have seemed like some far away dream to the Archdeacon in his later years surrounded like a patriarch by the immense connection his prolific second venture in matrimony had provided. To us it appeared simply as a pre-historic event. But though I don't think he often alluded to his first wife, to the end of his long life he observed the anniversary of her death by a subtle but quite observable change in demeanour throughout the day, which those about him understood, though no allusions were ever made.

Precisely when the Archdeacon was "converted" would be hard to say. There was assuredly no sudden transformation, no thrilling incident, nor again is any outside personal influence traceable at this period. He was too well balanced, perhaps, to provide material for those spiritual somersaults that most of his school so dearly loved to provoke among the ungodly, though himself an active worker of these miracles. He never, so far as I know, suggested any date for his own awakening, though in his sense of the word it had certainly not occurred when he married and took holy orders, clean as was his life and obviously strong as was his bent for theology and the pulpit. For at this

time he had a half share in a pack of harriers, promoted a cricket club in Southwold, playing actively in its matches, while he shot and bird-collected as much as ever, besides continuing his poor-law activities and subsequently sitting on the Bench at Southwold and elsewhere. He had a natural talent, too, for drawing, and the present writer has half a dozen large crayon hunting scenes executed by him as early as 1807 of quite considerable merit and of further value as giving every detail of hunting dress and saddlery as well as the type of horse and hound characteristic of a provincial pack of that period.

One could guess at the years antedating his "conversion," for after some cheery anecdote laid in one of them he would pull himself together as it were and emit one of his long, heart-felt, though quite comfortable sighs; and we knew what that meant and I am afraid we should have been inclined to mirth if we had not realized his prodigious honesty and profound sincerity. Quite often too he would add parenthetically that all this happened before he had seriously turned to his Maker. But there was assuredly with him no sudden crisis and it is pretty certain that he was not fully converted when, soon after his first marriage he took Sibton park for the sake of the shooting and resided there for three years. Nor I think in his later frame of mind would he and his keeper have kept midnight watch with

loaded guns in a pheasant cover for expected poachers! The latter turned up right enough, but running prematurely into some spring guns, fled at their loud explosion in the frosty winter night and averted all chance of a tragedy.

A curious shooting incident, worth perhaps the telling, occurred at Sibton. While crossing the park one day gun in hand with the keeper, a stray partridge came suddenly out of space rocketting high over their heads. My grandfather shot, and his gun missed fire, but at the click of the hammer the bird turned over and fell dead to the ground. "I was glad to have a witness," he writes, "to such an incredible affair and can only account for it by supposing that the bird had been just shot in the wing bone on B.'s land near by and in starting at the click of my hammer beneath it had dislocated the wing in some way, while the fall on the hard ground had killed it." He had a wonderful retriever, too, at this time, which used regularly to fetch the house letter-bag from a hollow tree in the park where the postmen for some reasons of mutual convenience used to deposit it. The marshes by the sea, particularly the then famous one at Aldeburgh, were all these years a favourite haunt of our sportsman. For here, besides ordinary wild fowl he secured many rare birds. These he stuffed himself with the help of a skilful keeper, presenting a collection of specimens to the rooms of the Philosophical Society at Cambridge of which

he was a member. Some of them were afterwards shifted to the Fitzwilliam Museum on its erection where they may be still. Among his trophies were a hoopoe, a Bohemian chatterer and a lesser bittern.

But all this time he was serving his church at Walpole, never missing a sermon, I will undertake to say, and preaching for his clerical neighbours whenever his services were needed, we may be quite sure, even had we not his statements to that effect. He had already a quite venial vanity for his gifts in the pulpit and recounts many cases of sudden conversion effected from that vantage point. I am not in a position to state in what the excellence and the moving nature of his sermons lay. He had, I remember, a quiet and scholarly delivery, with a well chosen vocabulary. But his discourses were unflinchingly orthodox of his school and wholly Biblical, mainly from the Old Testament, particularly the prophets, for which he had a lifelong predilection; for prophecy and the second Advent were always favourite subjects with the Archdeacon. They were also uncompromising as to eternal punishment by fire. In later years he frightened the life out of various rural congregations more than once by setting the briefest limit and in the most convincing manner to the further existence of the world. I remember, as a panic-stricken child, the victim of one of these terrifying Sunday announcements, wondering how the old gentleman

could subsequently smoke his after dinner cigar with such cheerful and contented assurance. But then I did not understand that Gabriel's trump had no terrors for him.

"It was in 1820 that I became acquainted with Dr. Whately, the future Archbishop. His relations gave him the living of Halesworth and Dr. Coplestone, Bishop of Llandaff, wrote a note to me at Walpole, as an introduction, requesting that I would induct him. He was indeed a very remarkable man of great talent and in conversational power I never met his equal. He locked himself into the church on induction and rang the bell with great energy. He was a little rough in his denials and wanted humility. While staying with me he offered to preach at Walpole and I consented on condition that I should choose the text. I selected the words of Christ: 'Learn of me, for I am meek,' etc., and he preached a suitable and clever sermon on it."

His clerical neighbours of those days seem to have been mainly sportsmen or hard drinkers, often both. There were two or three who did none of these things and in the local phraseology earned the high distinction of being rated as "respectable clergymen." The Archdeacon recalls one or two who were "true Christians," quite another thing. His manifold activities were no doubt greatly facilitated by the fact that he was always a very early riser and required wonderfully little sleep.

CHAPTER VI.

TOUR IN THE WEST COUNTRY.

ON his wife's death, which he felt deeply, Philpot gave up Sibton park, engaged a curate for Walpole, handed over the infant to the care of his widowed aunt, with whom she remained till her marriage, twenty years later, which cast a passing cloud over her father's peace of mind, and started on a tour on foot through the western counties of England. He was an admirable tourist, as the surviving portions of his journal kept during this expedition testify, even were such testimony needed by those who knew him. He travelled after the manner of Arthur Young, his fellow-countyman of the preceding generation, and of Pennant the Flintshire squire, with a dash even then of sectarian prejudice to spice his writing here and there. Agriculture, wages, rents, buildings, timber, natural history, local usages, vernacular, nothing escaped the observant eye and inquiring mind of this young squarson. One would wish for a great deal more than the fragments preserved to us. Rural England just after Waterloo, before railroads and travel had transformed English life, has an abiding fascination in the retrospect. How the

semi-mountainous West of England then looked to an observant but untravelled East Anglian, is perhaps not easy to realize for a generation who have been everywhere and, after a fashion, seen everything.

The taste for rugged and wild scenery was still young. The vogue for Switzerland had but just come in for the few who could compass the enterprise. Scott's works had begun to open out the Highlands, North Wales had ceased to be "The horrid spot of hills" of earlier writers. An artist colony, fathered by Wilson had gathered at Bettws-y-coed, and a large hotel had arisen at Capel Curig in the pass to Snowdon and quite aristocratic honeymooners posted along the new coach road through the mountain fastnesses where the Wye and Severn rise to Aberystwyth. The English lakes had already their votaries for whom Wordsworth himself condescended to write a quaint little guide book not easy to come by. The East Anglian and the midlander of those days must indeed have had something of a shock when they were suddenly transported into these imposing and still unsmirched wilds. But their eyes had been opened by some subtle shifting of taste and outlook to admire what their grandfathers looked on with horror and disgust and fashion settled the matter. But Devon and Cornwall were still unknown to tourists, when in 1820 the young

East Anglian with knapsack and staff set out to explore them. He entered them by way of Dorset, with eyes for everything; crops, timber, geology, architecture, wages, customs and oddities. The journal of this tour has interest as an impression of the West country over a hundred years ago. Extracts from it without their context would not perhaps justify the space required for them here. Sidmouth apparently preceded Torquay as a resort of consumptives to which the churchyard inscriptions bore ample testimony as well as to the futility of a long exploded fallacy. Wages were fifteen pence a day. Even the better houses seem to have been frequently thatched with reeds. Everything here was totally new to East Anglian eyes. An admiring sail down the Dart from Totnes to Dartmouth "a low dirty little town." More admiration for the pellucid trout streams, which poured down from Dartmoor through the South Hams, as he crossed their ivy-covered bridges on his way to Plymouth. Here in the docks he saw frigates building of that larger size to which the unequal combats of the late American War had urged the Admiralty, and hiring a boat he enjoyed the "glorious and unforgettable spectacle" as he rowed out to the breakwater through no less than fifty battleships, among which was the *Chesapeake* captured by his Suffolk compatriot, Captain Broke of Nacton.

Knapsack on back, our traveller plodded on through Cornwall, mostly in the rain and descended into copper and tin mines of which there is a minute description. Suffolk seemed to him almost a temperance country compared to Cornwall, the unusual thirst of whose inhabitants he considerably attributed to the continual periods of excitement incidental to the sending of forty-four members to Parliament. The parson of a mining parish told him that he never saw most of his parishioners till they came up to be buried. Returning over the granite moors of Brown Willy he next crossed the upper waters of the Tamar, beheld Clovelly with its umbrageous cliffs then unknown to tourists. He marvelled, of course, at the steps, which constitute its steep narrow street dropping to the sea, and would have marvelled still more could he have foreseen that forty years later a local parson (well known to the present writer in childhood) was to drive a four-in-hand down it without mishap. This particular parson, strange to say, if the parenthesis be permissible, though a famous whip, was a gentleman of the highest respectability and clerical zeal, a scholar and educationalist, and not in the least like so many of his local brethren for whose unedifying exploits the county and particularly this side of it was famous till within living memory. Crossing this humpy and even yet secluded country between Cornwall and the Torridge by way of its deep

perpendicular lanes, our East Anglian marvelled at the waste of ground occasioned by the huge bank fences dividing the little fields. He would have been still more surprised and properly scandalized had he known that many of these small enclosures had been used as card counters by the little rustic squires of this isolated Arcadia, now long wiped out, to leave the "north-west," as this section back of the coast is locally called, a social desert. But the estate maps still show these patchy outlying fragments, relics of far distant carousals by men whose names have long vanished or at any rate ceased to bear any territorial significance. "Tall Gothic churches with their little hamlets crowned the top of bare hills," as in truth they do, as in much more of Devon, contraverting the trite convention of lady novelists and cockney essayists that the typical Devonian village snuggles under thatch roofs amid apple blossoms in bowery vales. Crossing the infant Torridge, here running due south, to be rebuffed twenty miles away by the granite hills of Dartmoor and driven back whence it came to the North shore, our traveller two hours later crossed its broad glittering stream, and footsore and weary mounted the hill above it on which Torrington is perched. He had walked from Weymouth almost all round Devon and Cornwall and stored his receptive mind and filled his notebook with every detail of a country as far removed

in character from Suffolk as any two portions of South Britain could well be. It was early May too, and the mossy walls of the deep lanes were aglow with a varied plant life but half familiar to our Suffolk botanist and the valley woods were carpeted with a radiancy that no East Anglian spring can hope to rival; while the country folk who passed him on the road took off their hats with a "Your servant, Sir."

This "North-west" country has superficially changed nothing in these hundred years. Even the farming which to our East Anglians' eyes seemed primitive enough, is still relatively backward. But the little squires have all gone, the parsons no longer drink, sport, or cock-fight, but lead dull, solitary and blameless lives amid the far spread labyrinth of steep stony lanes over which even a bicycle is almost useless to help them out occasionally to Bideford, Launceston or Torrington. Much of the land has been bought by the small farmers who occupied it from the large absentee owners whose predecessors bought out the small broken squires. These fifty acre freeholders, whose greatgrandfathers went to church and took off their hats with a "Your servant, Sir" to a travel-stained unknown gentleman on foot, have now for long been rather off-hand, dissenting radicals with no particular manners to speak of, despite their Arcadian environment. Being now, however, often

landowners, and anything but altruists, they and their sons may assuredly be counted upon as cast-iron conservatives and bitter opponents of any social upheavals that may be attempted. The small farming freeholder does not long remain a real radical. He would be an astonishing phenomenon if he did. You might as well expect a bricklayer's labourer to be a Tory. Like the latter he is out for himself alone and his Toryism, unlike that of a Tory duke, admits of no compromise and no qualifications. But in the halcyon days when this young Suffolk squarson praised their civilities these terrible questions were not yet, at least not in North Devon, where labourers were few and small farmers many, and the new machinery which raised such a temporary racket in Suffolk and elsewhere was unknown. They voted with their landlords and all was well. Their few workmen had fifteen pence a day and as much cider as they could drink, believed like their masters in witches and goblins and all was peace.

But to our traveller. He had had his fill of walking by this time so he hired a horse at Torrington to take him on to Barnstaple and another for a boy to bring it back. He was all his life of a sanguine and adventurous disposition but was really perturbed when, after paying for his horse, he found himself at *The Golden Lion* at Barnstaple with just three and sixpence in his pocket.

It was not possible in those days to wire to your bankers and cash a cheque on the reply, nor I suppose did he know a soul west of London. But fortune favoured him, for he ran perchance into the arms of a dissenting minister from Southwold itself who had recently been transferred to Barnstaple. Already his theology had taken the turn which led to more than toleration for anyone who preached the Gospel truth, and this Wesleyan acquaintance proved a welcome friend in need, and vouched for his identity in the proper quarters. So the traveller, his purse replenished, enjoyed the hospitalities of *The Golden Lion* with a mind at peace, and next morning hired another horse and rode with glimpses of the finest bit of sea-coast in England to Lynton, the very crown of it all. The gorgeous beauty of its high mantling woodlands, its gleaming torrents and stupendous cliffs, fairly staggered the East Anglian as they did his grandson at a tenderer age fifty years later. Indeed after another half century of all that is to be seen at home and much elsewhere, I have never forgotten the first impression made by Lynton, on a rather susceptible boy seated behind a Devonshire parson, driving three horses, at what to an "up-countryman" seemed quite a reckless pace, down the long hill from Brendon.

But at this point we will leave the traveller and his journal, merely noting that he rode across

Exmoor, its very name in those days unknown to the world; that he marked the herds of ponies and though no deer were in sight he saw what he believed to be grouse on the wing for the first time, though in actual fact of course, black game. The ride ended at Dunster and another stage landed the horseman at Bridgwater, where he took coach on his return to London, rather ashamed of the condition to which his limited wardrobe had been reduced by his long pedestrian tour. Indeed, he had cause to be at Bath where the landlord of the hotel required the lengthiest explanations before he would accept so battered a wayfarer as a guest.

CHAPTER VII.

TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

AFTER nearly a year in Suffolk, of farming, gardening, tree-planting, shooting, county business and preaching, not merely in his own church at Walpole, but at Southwold, Walderswick and elsewhere, the *wanderlust* seized my grandfather again. This time his programme was far more ambitious. For in June, 1820, leaving his farms to his bailiff, his daughter to his aunt and his church to his curate, he started off for a four months' tour in France, Italy and Switzerland. Of this he has left copious extracts from fuller journals that have disappeared like the rest, which I venture to think may be not uninteresting. For there was nothing conventional in my grandfather's method of seeing the world for himself. He was nothing if not original, and furthermore carried abroad with him an excellent grasp of current European events for a provincial Englishman under thirty.

After all, England had been at war through most of his life and for part of it in imminent danger. A lively interest in continental affairs had been almost forced on the nation through the

long struggle with Napoleon, and it is curious to note in these recollections of a merely intelligent country stay-at-home how aptly past and current events associated themselves with the places visited and the notables encountered. With it all too, a certain touch of naïveté that only those who knew the man, even in later years, could thoroughly appreciate, crops up here and there in his narrative, while a quiet invincible John Bull prejudice typical of his day and period makes on occasions for delightful passages. But we must make allowance for these post-Waterloo Britons, when the "Duke" gave the law to most of the crowned heads of Europe and their really grateful subjects. It is true that after Chatham's war our despoiled enemies the French, had admired us vastly and generously and been uncommonly civil to the English aristocrats who almost alone visited Paris and that too, in a social way. After Waterloo, on the contrary, the French, or most of them, didn't like us at all, for many reasons too obvious to need comment, while British travellers of a less exalted type were pouring over in thousands to Paris, unconsciously rubbing in the humiliation of defeat. But that didn't affect our rather thick-skinned compatriots whom all the rest of Europe at any rate combined to exalt.

But our East Anglian was not of a boastful nature or supercilious mien. He went abroad,

not to do Paris but to observe men and things, in byways as well as in highways, though all his byways are sufficiently highways to us now, while if he retained his prejudices and opinions to the last, he never flaunted them, save occasionally when confronted by the scarlet woman in her innermost haunts, and then he sometimes let go! For this with him was no mere national prejudice or commonplace bigotry; he really felt an honest obligation to his Maker when he got a fair chance at a cowled monk or contentious priest. For there is no doubt by this time that he was nearing "conversion," though his worldly tastes were not yet wholly discarded.

He was eventually to join a Suffolk friend, then in Italy, and he took with him a Suffolk rustic from his own place as a servant, who must have encountered a good many surprises before he got back!

They crossed from Dover to Calais in four hours and proceeded to Paris by a two-wheeled long-bodied diligence, of which weird conveyance he gives a sketch. Twelve unfortunates were packed inside and as many above as the luggage left room for. Philpot characteristically got leave to sit on top of the luggage so as to command the passing scene more effectively. We may pass over his impressions of scenery, buildings and agriculture as they jolted on at the rate of five miles an hour to Paris, with inspection of their passports at every

fortified town. He did not think much of the agriculture or of the buildings by the way and a reference to that illuminating progress of Redhead Yorke, along this route a few years earlier would fully justify the strictures of the much more critical Suffolk traveller. The personal description set down on his passport ran as follows: "Agé de 29 ans—taille d'un metre 76 centimetres—cheveux chatains—front haut et decouvres—sourcile chatains—yeux bleux—nez moyen—bouche moyenne—barbe chatainé—menton rond—visage ovale, teint un peu coléré :——" His height was in fact five feet eight.

On this two-day journey, during which they were fleeced at all the inns, our traveller made friends with three Spanish gentlemen, Don Gillardo, librarian to the Cortez at Madrid, Don José de Roblez, editor of the Madrid Gazette and Don Garrido, a member of the Cortez, "learned and gentlemanly men and great admirers of England." They were returning exiles from the hostility of King Ferdinand, Garrido having been in the Prison of the Inquisition. The young Englishman spent his week in Paris more or less in their company, which was considerate of them, as on the very first day, being Sunday he undertook to remonstrate with them for going to the Opera, in terms at which we now smile, but they were really part of a serious Briton's equipment, and common enough in those days.

He had not been a day in Paris before the "surface *politesse* of the French had convinced him of the depth of immorality which lurked beneath it." Our diarist is frankly bored in Paris, though he worked hard at sight-seeing with his kind Spanish friends, conversing with two of them in English and in Latin with the third, though he seems himself to have had a moderate command of French. But he really did have in their company one adventure worth recording. For one night, as the four were dining at Prevots, half-a-dozen Frenchmen at the next table began indulging in abuse both of Spain and England in such a pointed manner as could not be mistaken. "Upon this, Don Roblez started suddenly from his seat and stamping violently called out in French, 'Sirs, you must be aware from our conversation that we are a party of Spaniards and Englishmen and your rude remarks must have been intended as an insult to our nations.' He then threw down his card on their table and declared that if they would repeat as a serious opinion the remarks they had just made he and his friends would call on them for a meeting in the morning in the Bois de Boulogne. I felt greatly relieved, for the Vicar of Walpole and 'minister of the Gospel' (as he was beginning to describe himself in the phraseology of his school) would certainly have cut a strange figure as principal or second in a Parisian duel, to see the elder Frenchman rise and

and fill a bumper calling on his companions to do the same and drink to the Constitutional Kings of England and Spain. 'Well, Gentlemen,' said Gallardo, 'we accept your *amende honorable* but remember, the heads which have planned and affected the Glorious Revolution in Spain will never want strong hands and bold hearts to maintain it against foes abroad and traitors at home.' The younger Spaniard, Don Garrido's nose bled as we left the restaurant from the violence of his indignation at the Frenchmen."

But our diarist was "sick of Paris in a week," and I am not in the least surprised. He was annoyed too at prints in the windows representing the English running away from the French at Waterloo. The vice and gaming he saw, or thought he saw, stirred him up to patriotic comparisons hardly justified, but then he knew little more of the British than of the French capital. His Paris journal is an interesting revelation of a certain British attitude common enough among even intelligent men a century ago, and in truth much later towards all things foreign. The *Farrington Journal* recently published shows much the same attitude on the part of even experienced Londoners and men of the world.¹ He worked hard, however, saw all the historic sights and scenes with due appreciation, but for the Parisians he had small

¹ In the *Morning Post*.

admiration! He also realized the false relation existing between the restored monarchy and people and was moved to tears at Versailles as he looked at the old quarters of Louis XIV and his Queen who had suffered within his own lifetime. What the rustic William thought of Paris is not recorded!

But out in the country posting through France the traveller was himself again. Here he could understand and sympathize with all he saw despite the shadow of the scarlet woman. A three days' journey by diligence to Lyons found him walking during much of the way. The postilion in huge boots, fastened to the saddle and a fantastic pig-tail, rode the near wheeler, with three horses in front. Despite the constant cracking of his whip and a wealth of strong language, four and a half miles an hour was the utmost speed he could get out of his team. The English coaches were making eleven by this time and the Englishman does not forget to note it. On Sunday the men were playing bowls on the road and the younger people dancing in the fields. But during a wild stage of the journey and at two o'clock in the morning a great adventure happened. For a huge wolf suddenly bounded out of a field of standing wheat and springing at the horses caused them to leap to the side of the road. Scared by shouts from the coach, the wolf contented himself with the postilion's dog which he seized and disappeared

into the forest. My grandfather dashed at his pistols but his single shot misfired, and his chance of bagging a wolf from the top of the Paris-Lyons coach was lost. It was a weird scene. "The horses reared and snorted, the passengers shouted, the captured dog shrieked as the wolf bore him off into the forest, and when all was over the poor postilion lifted up his voice and wept aloud. 'Ma pauvre fidèle, elle était si sage et si très chère. Mon dieu, quel sauvage!'" The London-Ipswich coach with all its velocity couldn't have provided an entertainment like this!

"I drank a glass of *vin-de-pay* at a village *bush* and vomited for more than a mile. At La Charité a young man joined us who had been in Buona-parté's army. He was very entertaining and said that if I would go to his father's house at Lyons I should have every accommodation. Being greatly fatigued I consented and he took me to a narrow alley, whence we ascended some stone steps into an open passage and he showed me into a rude chamber with a brick floor and a heavy bed without curtains. But there was now no remedy and I felt a trifle nervous in this strange place. There was no bar to the door and this wild-looking Buona-partist well knew I had money about me, that I had not viséd my passport and knew nobody in the place. So I drew the bed across the door, lay down with my clothes on and a loaded pistol under my pillow."

Nothing dramatic, however, occurred and our traveller, having sought more eligible quarters and seen the sights of Lyons, was joined by William Buckland, the well-known Professor of Geology at Oxford.

“We travelled together for some time very much to my pleasure and profit. I shall never forget our journeys for we always rode on top of the diligence strapped together and sometimes when we sat on very high luggage it was necessary to cling close to one another. Buckland had sealed letters to Mr. Greenough which were rudely taken from him and posted. We began to ascend the Alps from Pont de Beauvoisin amid scenery of increasing beauty, the bell from a monastery in the valley sending out solemn tones. The road was very dangerous. In another part of it another diligence came suddenly upon us with its driver asleep and ran into our conveyance. It was a most alarming moment to us two strapped together on the roof, for we were on the verge of a tremendous precipice. Fortunately the entanglement of the wheels kept us steady. After a long ascent we suddenly entered a hole in the mountain, about three hundred yards long, cut by Buonaparte. We slept at Chambery and thence took Hannibal’s old route. A fox crossed our path; heavy clouds rolled along the mountains. Vineyards reached far up the slopes with a hut

in each for watchers. Buckland discovered traces of coal on which he meant to write. We began to ascend Mt. Cenis at Modani, and I noticed the sign on an auberge of 'Le Père éternelle.'

"The road here winds up at an angle of 15°. The Professor and I climbed straight up through the bushes. The clouds were rolling beneath our feet and the scene magnificent. The coach took four hours getting up with eight horses and we reached the top an hour before it arrived. The monastery here was a barracks. The descent to Suze was grand, the road a mere shelf cut in the rock often at an angle sloping to the brink with no protection. We here entered a thick dark cloud and on emerging from it the view was so inexpressibly imposing that Buckland and I, strapped together as we were, nearly rolled off the coach in our emotion. Indeed our position seemed precarious in the extreme, for the horses appeared to have little control over the diligence which ran down the narrow twisting road at about ten miles an hour. We were moreover wet through and I was once nearly knocked off my precarious perch by a walnut bough which hit me hard and left a nasty wound."

The travellers spent a short night at Suze and on July 14 started at 2 a.m. for Turin, perched as before on top of the luggage and buckled together. At Turin they had the usual passport difficulties

and stopping at the Hotel Univers were fiercely assailed by bugs which were said to reserve all their energies for strangers. To our Englishmen the priests appeared dirty and unshaven. They called, however, in the interests of science on a Professor Bonelli, "a little ill-looking man, but good naturalist, who on shewing me a plant asked if it grew in England. I replied for lack of a handier medium, 'Crescit in vicinitate Londinii,' at which the Italian shrugged his shoulders but Buckland repeating the sentence with the Italian pronunciation was more successful."

They saw the sights and the pictures and then journeyed on to Milan over roads rendered good by the late war, the travellers apparently no longer under the bondage of buckles and straps. "We crossed the Tezzia where Hannibal fought his first battle with the Romans and thence to Milan, the country looking like a garden." Everywhere the natives were playing cards (always a red rag to the Suffolk traveller) and sometimes "mora" a pure guessing and gambling game with the fingers which had, however, the saving grace of recalling Cicero's estimate of an honest man: "You might play mora in the dark with him." Here at the coach office at Milan, Philpot met his Suffolk friend W—— who had arranged to join him for an extended tour and here he parted with regret from Buckland.

At Milan my grandfather, determined to see

everything, permitted himself a brief plunge into the gay world and having secured a suitable attire attended a ball given by the Viceroy on his marriage at which the decorations were the most costly and sumptuous he had ever beheld, though he had something of course to say against the waltzing, an obsession of his school. He had taken the precaution to be presented at a levée before leaving England in case his fancy should lead him to sample the manners and customs of foreign courts. The host on this occasion was Archduke Ranier, "a sickly, heavy-eyed, discontented-looking man who seemed in purgatory all the evening." Milan was still humming with the scandal of Bergami and Queen Caroline. "The wretch Bergami, kept by the Queen, sent to take quarters at this hotel but all the English declared they would leave if he came. The Milanese laugh at there being any doubts about the intimacy, only they think she might have gone a little higher than a courier and kept it more secret. She has given him (they say) large sums of money by cheque on the banker Mariatti and he has bought an estate near here."

Our traveller's remarks on the conventional sights of Milan need not detain us, though always interesting as a revelation of the John Bull complacency of the period, particularly as to morals. But he is more in his element when characteristically

he strikes out into the country to inspect a Parmesan cheese farm. "Quite a little village, with cottages, chapel, pigeon house, &c., all exceedingly neat. But the interior of the farm house and the people themselves look filthy and uncared for. The labourers' accounts are kept on sticks or tallies strung together and their wages are about eightpence a day in English money. This farm had 100 cows, sheds for those in health and full milk and another for a hospital. Terrible storms, with devastating hail, one of which I was fated to see a day or two later which produced utter desolation, were the curse of this district, the hail cutting the vines and every crop to pieces, maize, mulberries, walnuts, rice. Sparrow houses surmounted the farm roofs like dovecotes; the birds are marketed by hundreds and roasted on skewers, with a slice of bacon between each.

"We went to see Leonardo de Vinci's *Last Supper* at the Dominican convent. Buonaparte's soldiers made a target of Our Lord's head but no bullet had pierced it. The Emperor entered the room accidentally on one occasion, caught sight of the picture and instantly ordered every soldier out, locking the door and putting the key in his pocket."

Next to Monza where they saw the "Iron Crown" covered with precious stones given by Pope Gregory and used at the coronations both of Charles the Great and Bonaparte; actually it was

of solid gold with a narrow iron rim. When the latter was crowned he presented the church with models of loaves in gold and silver.

Here the priest showed the visitor a sampler worked by the Virgin Mary which tested his civility severely and indeed occasioned a slight passage of words. They also visited the palace of Monza, made one of the finest in Italy by Eugène Beauharnais, the English gardens particularly exciting their admiration.

Hiring a boat and two men they next set out to explore the villages along the shores of Lake Lecco the end that is of Como. "At Thomaso (Asso?) we found the inn horrible, a combination of stinks which I shall never lose the memory of. They rarely catch an Englishman above Cadinnabia and when they do they fleece him thoroughly. After this our boat travelled slowly owing to the current of the river Tressci which runs in here. We got out and towed it over pavements of rock. We were urgently warned not to proceed further as the air became poisonous from decaying vegetation brought down by the river and lodged in large masses about the head of the lake. Our boatman kept taking snuff and sucking lemons and pressing snuff on us as a precaution. I had heard in England of the malarial district at the head of Lake Lecco and was anxious to explore it. All the inhabitants lock up their houses and seek the high Alps with their

goats and provisions for some months when the poisonous valley is almost deserted. The few poor wretches who had remained below at this season looked scarcely human and regarded us as madmen. I myself felt rather queer and sleepy before landing, but the boatmen noting it, kept calling 'Signor, Signor l'aria catavissima at Cholico.' The atmosphere was very bad.

"From the head of Lake Como we started on foot for Chiavenna (9 miles) the mountains which communicate with the Splugen rising sharply on either hand.

"We had not long started when the most awful storm broke out that had ever been known in this country. It is alluded to in the guide books as accounting for the havoc of rocks and stones still everywhere visible. Heavy dark clouds began to roll down the mountain sides and there were curious orange tinges here and there and strange noises issuing from within like giants wrangling. Before the storm burst and while we could contemplate it the scene was one of indescribable sublimity and grandeur. Presently, however, large drops of rain fell and thunder was heard in the distance. W—— and I hastened on to seek shelter in some of the stone cottages. But all were deserted and closed and fortunately we could not get in, as we found afterwards that all were carried away in the torrent. The storm had by now increased. We had crossed

one of the two mountain torrents which ran down the valley without risk and now hastened to get over the other while yet possible, when we saw a man on horseback on the other side turn back towards Chiavenna. We could not make him hear and our only alternative was to stay and be beaten to death or to plunge into the torrent. We chose the latter and by God's mercy got through.

“The thunder roared and the lightning flashed without intermission. Three large eagles flew screaming close over our heads as if they enjoyed the fury of the storm. Several large chestnut trees were blown flat around us. Some little huts above us were shattered and strewn down the mountain side, but we saw no human being. We now kept close to the foot of the hill and among some trees we found the ruins of an old castle. Brushing some bushes aside we descended some broken steps into a subterranean set of chambers. For a time we felt relief, though broken pipes and other signs of occupation were uncomfortably suggestive of the brigands which still flourished in these parts. At anyrate we judged it best to make an effort to reach Chiavenna. After a long and tedious struggle, described at length in my journal, we heard the various church bells tolling. For everyone had retreated to them thinking the day of judgment had come. One solitary watchman was in the tower over the gate and seeing us coming

he hurried out to help us in. We repaired to an hotel and having stripped to the skin before a blazing fire, were supplied for the moment with dry garments of a strange nature. The next morning, July 24, the whole town was early astir to see the ruinous effects of the awful storm both in the town, the valley and the mountains. The road was not yet made over the Splugen but we took a walk of many leagues over it, quitting the path about ten miles from Chiavenna. We took some risks in getting to the summit, sometimes crossing the torrent by a single pole and in one case a cascade actually falling over our heads so that we were in the focus of the parabolic curve and its rainbow colours. After twelve hours' heavy walking we got back to Chiavenna."

A few days later, when at Milan, the pair visited the Villa d'Este recently occupied by Queen Caroline, or Caroline of Brunswick as the writer prefers to call her. For whatever his prepossessions had been in England his contact with this unfortunate lady's haunts in Italy had hopelessly prejudiced him against her. We all know that the perils and the triumphs of the Napoleon wars had bred a loyalty to the reigning family more or less impersonal. Even the iniquities of the Prince Regent were in a measure overlooked by what he stood for. My grandfather seems to have been a case very much to the point. He was particularly in-

tolerant of loose living in high places as was natural enough in his case. But the Prince seems to have made an impression on him at the levée which he had attended. For with his characteristic enterprise in the pursuit of experience he had secured a place near The Regent after his own presentation, where he could both see and hear the rest of the interviews and was greatly struck by the ease, facility and tact exhibited by the "first gentleman in Europe" in dealing with all and sundry. Such admiration may of course be discounted in the case of a young Suffolk squarson. At any rate, he accepted the anti-Caroline evidence unquestionably and all the stories told him at the Villa d'Este. "The paintings here are very indecent, one of Juno being led back to Jupiter sitting on his throne after he had put her away was evidently applicable to herself being taken back to the Regent from whom she was separated. (This is hardly fair!) Professor Mochetti of Como had been called in to the Palace by the Queen but after two or three visits he declined going any more on account of the iniquity of the house. At the Queen's trial in the House of Lords they tried to get Mochetti over as a witness but he would not come. We heard on all sides testimonies to the truth of the charges. The rapid rise of Bergami in her service, the manner in which she surrounded herself with his whole family except his wife, the

distinction made between Bergami and all other members of the Household.

“She and the Baron (as she made him) were always coupled together in household life. Their bedrooms were only separated by a small bath-room, all open to each other. This I *saw*. The expressions of fondness which passed, uncontradicted familiarities, large sums of money given him and many other things proved the wickedness of Caroline of Brunswick. At Monza where they sometimes passed the night, people laughed at anybody doubting it—but enough of this!”

“Byron was living at Boulogna or near by at this time like a prince, ruining his fortune and his character, for he was leading a very profligate life. He would swim out to vessels at a great distance and sometimes sit on a buoy to rest.”

The travellers then passed to the Swiss frontier at Capo Lago on the way to Lugano, where they inspected the Capuchin convent, and afterwards my grandfather sat in the garden with the abbot. Something was bound to happen at such a tête-à-tête and it did. There was a certain ingenuousness about the former as already stated which remained with him throughout life, wholly loveable in the abstract. But coupled with his lack of self-consciousness and fearlessness in stating his convictions often made for situations that touched the humorous. His perfect courtesy

always saved them from the offence associated with this sort of thing. In fact in relating such long past adventures he often laughed at them himself but in a sort of way that detracted nothing from his sincerity at the time. On this occasion he opened the conversation with the abbot by alluding to the "joys of the world to come and its glories." The abbot, who no doubt had very definite ideas of what sort of world his heretic visitor would occupy, "turned the subject and spoke of his rheumatic pains while a fat monk (who was less polite) stood by laughing. They showed me St. Veronica's handkerchief which wiped the sweat off our Saviour's brow at the Crucifixion. I replied that I had already seen several of these handkerchiefs." So the visitor, as it were, got a little of his own back, or at any rate reckoned that he had!

"On July 29, we left Baveno at 4 a.m. and in four hours arrived at the Simplon on foot. Its passage is finer than that of Mt. Ceni. We walked all the way up to the Hospice and there hiring two guides ascended the glacier of the Fletzhorn, reaching the summit at noon, the hardest day's work I had ever done. Some eagles swooped above us and the air was so clear and rarified we heard the whistle of chamois from below. The descent was perilous, for we were continually disturbing rocks often of great weight that leapt

in gigantic bounds into the void beneath. I found at length that my toe was frozen and taking off my boots had to beat it back with much pain into circulation. The guides forbid us to talk, as the rocks above were continually coming down, but we had always time to get out of their way. We had intended to get up the glacier of the Simplon but had mistaken the Fletzhorn for it which is far more difficult." Our East Anglian it may be remembered had never surmounted anything more formidable than a Devonshire hill, and a hundred years ago Alpine climbing was not as yet a fashionable pursuit. "We finally reached Brieg in the Rhone valley by a fine road. Next day we passed the baths of the Loeche (Leuk) where men and women sat in the water playing chess or drinking tea."

Stopping at Martigny the travellers started with mules for the Great St. Bernard. One of the latter kicked Philpot on the knee and bruised it badly, but he wasn't easy to damage. At a former visit of their guide a lake in the Diane valley temporarily formed by a mass of fallen rock had suddenly burst and swept down the valley. An artist from Geneva was with him at the time and his mule hearing the roar approach took fright and dashed into the river and up the opposite bank carrying his rider out of the others' sight. In a couple of minutes the deluge came down

carrying rocks, houses and cattle before it. The guide and an Englishman with him just managed to save themselves though their mule was lost, but the artist was not seen again. "Going up the St. Bernard the path cut in the mountain was in places so narrow that I dismounted and let the muleteer, who in any case was tired, take my place. Sitting sideways to keep his legs clear of the rock, he kept falling asleep and just recovering himself as he was pitching forward to what looked like an imminent dive down 1,000 feet. Twenty years ago Napoleon passed 62,000 men over the snow clad pass in six days. There was a house here for dead travellers found in the snow and there were now about thirty bodies inside preserved by the cold. We arrived at the Hospice, the highest inhabited house in Europe, at noon, wet through." He was here provided with a monk's garb, which was surely heaping coals of fire on our stout Protestant's head! Indeed it became a time honoured family joke with generations then unborn.

He was greatly taken, however, with the geniality and intelligence of the brethren. He went out with one of them, inspired no doubt by Buckland's recent companionship, to look for traces of coal which the monks thought was to be found. This monk proved to be of a rather sporting temperament and challenged the Englishman to a stone throwing competition down the mountain

side in which, much to his surprise, he was entirely outclassed, but the victor presented him to his delight with his ivory handled razor. The dogs were of course duly inspected. The year before one of these faithful creatures had been found dead upon the corpse of a man he had discovered. Some robbers too had recently got into the monastery at a moment when it was almost empty of occupants. The sole monk in charge, on being requested to produce the money, answered that he would fetch it from a chest in the chapel. But he slipped round and quickly unloosed six dogs which set the thieves running for their lives. The first night at the monastery Philpot was nearly suffocated by a pan of charcoal in his small room, but awoke just in time. The pair got back to Martigny quite done up.

Leaving there by way of the Col-de-Balme they saw the skeleton of a horse which had recently dropped from the path above leaving its rider, a girl of 12, suspended in a bush and but little damaged. They met here, too, some hunters with a couple of chamois. A few days after this their two guides, with Dr. Hamil, whom they met, and made acquaintance with, were lost in an attempt to ascend Mt. Blanc. The snow on the Dom de Goute was too soft, and they were carried down by a slow avalanche. Professor Forbes had said that they would come out of the glacier in forty

years. Their clothes alone came out in thirty! From here the friends descended to the Lake of Geneva, stopping through much of August at the various lake shore towns. There is nothing in the account of these to detain us, save the rather curious fact for that early date of my grandfather playing in an English cricket match at Lausanne—a performance which surprised the natives—gendarmes being told off to watch the ball lest it damage the spectators. They then spent ten days at Berne, which was duly explored, and the results duly set down, and incidentally they visited the agricultural school of Count Fellenburg, five miles away at Hofwyl, giving some offence by doubting either the possibility or the advantages of ploughing two feet deep! “The streets of Berne were then kept clean by criminals known as galley-slaves, the worst chained to the pole of a cart which they drew about to collect the dirt or carry goods for government. Others walked by the side of a cart with leg or arm chained and carrying brooms or spades. This punishment was said to be dreaded more than death.” They attended the Protestant service in the cathedral and inadvertently sat down on the women’s side of the aisle from which they were promptly removed among ill-suppressed amusement. “The preacher stood in his high pulpit amid acanthus leaves, wearing a huge ruff round his neck and over his shoulders,

with an hour-glass by his side, stopping the moment the last sand fell. He paused every now and then during his sermon, as was the custom, to allow the congregation to cough and spit and blow their noses. The instant he gave the signal for this, there was a grand *feu-de-joie* of every kind which ceased as he began again."

On August 29 the travellers with knapsacks and sticks started for Thun, botanizing and incidentally inspecting the making of Shabzeiger cheese, which owed its flavour to a herb called Shab-cROUT (*Melilotus corulia*), and some of which Philpot sent to his home at Walpole later on. Next day they started for the Gemmi, by Frutigen and Kandersteg, without a guide in cold, misty weather. "It was about 15 miles to the top of the pass, but we were in good wind and condition, and pushed stoutly up a rough and pathless track. We met a fine-looking woman dressed like a man with her long hair hanging down behind, driving goats from one crag to another. She stood in amazement to see two strangers without a guide, and finally burst out laughing. The fog increased, but I had my compass, and we reached the small chalet at Schwarrenbach, inhabited by a couple who get a small toll for the rest it may afford to weary or exhausted travellers. Our way lay over frightful rocks; the fog was thick, and we stumbled on in great uncertainty. The little lake of Daube

had swelled beyond its usual limits and covered what there may have been of a track. At last, however, we safely reached the summit of the pass and began to descend through a narrow defile or gully cut between cliffs about 2,000 feet high, like a turret staircase, only much rougher. About a third of the way down we saw a small box propped up against some rocks across a deep ravine. Here we heard two chamois hunters were concealed during the late wars, and as the French soldiers came in sight, picked them off one by one and held up their march for quite a long time. The ladder by which they got into the box still remained. The clouds all this time had been beneath us, but in due course we got below them and had a beautiful bird's-eye view of the country. On reaching the baths of Loeche we found most of the visitors driven away by the bad weather, the remainder in grey flannel gowns were sitting about in the warm water around floating tables. The neighbouring village of Albenin can only be reached by ladders affixed to the face of the rock. Wolves were plentiful about here, and we saw thirteen skins stretched against one cottage."

The pair reached the lake of Brienzi some two days later without adventure, rapt in admiration of the Blumlers Alp "lifting its cupola shape against the morning sun, the breeze above blowing the snow into the air in streams of the most weird

and fantastic form like silvery clouds." A pair of young Englishmen at Loeche, who could not get guides, joined our travellers by request, but broke down half way as I can well imagine in the company they had so rashly courted.

At Interlaken, even in those early days, the travellers were in civilization again, but hardly such as yet dressed for table d'hôte dinners. Here they met and in their excursions and climbs to the notable points round were joined by the Genoese Marquis Pallavicini travelling with a wife and small son, who became a well known general and had the distinction apparently of wounding Garibaldi. Two Miss Kings also arrived from Italy and joined their party, full of stories about Queen Caroline and Lord Byron whom they knew. As the Victorian age had not yet dawned these ladies were perhaps able to do justice to the subject. Possibly too the strong prejudice entertained by the diarist against both these individuals may have reconciled his rather rigid views with levities aimed at them. Indeed on one occasion during the various adventures in the mountains, he found himself in the most embarrassing situation with one of these young ladies, the track lost, horrible rocks all round, night approaching. But his instinct for surmounting physical difficulties finally prevailed, though both were soaked to the skin.

Our friends' wardrobes, from untoward accidents

and hard wear had by this time assumed, as one may imagine, a rather primitive appearance. On returning from a long day's climbing with Pallavicini they were all seated silent and exhausted in the *salle à manger* at Brienzi. Some English tourists in the room took them for local chamois hunters and remarked with some disgust in English: "Are these men going to have supper with us?" followed by other uncomplimentary comments on them. Philpot approached them and with a low bow asked for the latest news from England, which overwhelmed the unfortunate tourists with shame, but the matter was soon turned good humoredly into a joke.

From thence, parting company with their friends, the two travellers, who seem to have long since deposited or despatched home their Suffolk servant William, no doubt to that worthy rustic's great relief, worked their way to Lucerne. There is nothing much worth recording here of their exploration in that district, unless to note that even then it was the custom to ascend the Rhigi and see the sunrise. The ascent, however, had to be made at night as there was no accommodation at the summit. They heard a sermon in a lake shore village in which the preacher especially recommended Joseph as a source of intercession "as he had great influence over his wife and she over her son." The whole side of a mountain to the

south of the Rhigi had fallen a few years previously and left a great scene of desolation, destroying a beautiful valley and three villages, their inhabitants and cattle. Seven ladies and five gentlemen had been visiting the valley on that occasion. The ladies were all buried, but the men escaped through the accident of having remained behind to dispute their fares with the boatmen.

From Lucerne they walked on to Zurich, and afterwards to Rapperschwyl, Laken and Glarus, where their landlord manufactured that Shabzeiger cheese which seemed to have had a fascination for my grandfather, for he purchased four large ones and shipped them off viâ the Rhine and Harwich to his own home and those of friends. None of them arrived till the following April and by then in such a condition that the recipients thought a practical joke had been played on them, one declaring that even the rats wouldn't touch it! At Bildhaus they came across the blacksmith who acted as public executioner for the Canton. He showed them the short sharp sword with which he did his work and declared that he had never once failed to sever the neck at one blow. His nerve had only once failed, on which occasion he had to fortify himself with a bottle of wine before he could operate on two officers for treason who had fought nobly for their country and refused to be bandaged.

Proceeding to St. Gall they took the diligence to Constanz. The road and conveyance were so rough that "an old Suffolk turnip-cart on an old Suffolk bye-road would be travelling on velvet by comparison." Almost everywhere too the travellers seem to have been horribly bitten by insects. In a country church they saw a painting of Voltaire and Rousseau being struck by a thunderbolt from heaven. The sentiment at any rate was acceptable if the execution was crude. There was a good deal of trouble in the country at this time with bandits, one or two noted murders having taken place and some of the company the two friends had been at times compelled to keep, in what were then the by-ways of travel, had been a little disconcerting. They had to knock at doors half the night before they could get a bed, even at Constanz, which is recorded as at that time in rather a dilapidated condition. Thence they walked along the south bank of the Rhine to Schaffhausen, and in the last days of September through Wurtemberg, noting among many other things the big hoops of the countrywomen and cocked hats of the men, the duelling students, the soldiers drilling everywhere and the children imitating them. On by stage or on foot through dreary plains of small Scotch fir to Darmstadt, near which, to the disgust of our clerical sportsman, the Duke was shooting or about to shoot pheasants and capercaillie sitting in the

trees at night by the light of lanterns. Thence to Mayence, Coblenz, Cologne and Dusseldorf, how travelling is not stated. At the latter place they hired a boat, were nearly drowned in a storm and had to land, but embarking again, had a fearful passage to near Wesel. "It was near morning but pitch dark when we reached it, floundering through a marsh full of ditches and a timber yard." They slept in damp beds and caught bad colds. And indeed those happy-go-lucky, hardy young Suffolk wayfarers might well have been thankful to have staved off what they so often seemed to invite to the end of their three months' trip. They went on by boat, however, next day to Arnheim, reaching it as usual after midnight, and the following day to Utrecht by a long post-waggon without springs, which pitched 'fore and aft' like a man-of-war's long boat in a gale of wind and was full of Dutchmen smoking bad tobacco with the windows insistently closed, Thence by Amsterdam and Harlem they took ship for Harwich at Helvaetsluys. Not even now, however, were they free of mishaps for the Harwich packet bumped on the bank and the pumps were going the whole night of October 11th, till on the next day they once again set their feet on the soil of their own county.

And one of them at any rate was East Anglian to the tips of his fingers and the soles of his feet, and

fairly far and wide as he wandered through his long life never lost his love for the drained fen country, the slow moving streams, and the big wild fowl-haunted marshes by the sea. That is why probably even at the end of this first continental trip, he fell in love with Holland, and visited it repeatedly through his after life, not for its buildings and picture galleries, like most people, but for its country side and the people, gentle and simple, who lived their lives upon it, and with whom he made wide acquaintance.

CHAPTER VIII.

EDINBURGH.

IN 1822 Philpot married again. The young lady who captivated him, while a guest in a neighbour's house, possessed both beauty, elegance, talent and blood. She was Miss Charlotte Vachell, daughter of the late rector of Littleport, near Ely, and six years previously she had been the heroine, and in a sense the victim of a great adventure.

Her father, now paralysed owing to this same unfortunate catastrophe, was residing with his family at Aldeburgh, and it was there in January, 1822, the wedding took place. The adventure above mentioned was concerned with the great "Bread-or-Blood" riots which broke out in various parts of England owing to the distress prevalent in the years following the peace of 1815. That at Littleport was about the worst in the whole kingdom. There was no particular grudge against Mr. Vachell personally. It was merely as a man of substance and the nearest county magistrate that the mob attacked his house, just after dark on a May evening and gutted it. The rector himself faced the mob at his front door with his pistols, but several men jumping on him at once he was quickly

overpowered and secured, while his wife¹ and two daughters in their teens (the boys being away at Harrow school) had to run for their lives, as it may well have seemed to them, in evening dress and satin shoes. Having nowhere to fly to, the mob being in possession of the whole neighbourhood (according to Watson's "History of Wisbeach and the Fen Country" published soon after the event), the three ladies ran all the way to Ely to rouse the military. But at any rate they hid for a time in a shrubbery at the edge of the grounds. Then it was that the second daughter, my grandmother, bethought her of some particular treasure, a small clock, and heirloom, I think, which for the moment outweighed in her girlish mind all the other valuables in the house. Being a maiden of high courage, she determined to make an attempt to rescue it. So stealing away from the shelter of the shrubbery she crept back to the house, every room of which was now lit up by the rioters, who were busy raiding, and the lawn deserted. She was therefore enabled to get unseen to the open French windows of the particular lower room in which lay the object of her attempt. Crouching down outside in the dark she could plainly see the men going and coming through the room and at the same time was also able to observe that the bracket on which the little clock stood had not yet been disturbed.

¹ Né Jenyns, of Bottisham.



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M^{RS} Vachell (née Jenyns).

With surprising coolness she stuck to her post, till after a while the room became for the moment empty, when she dashed in, seized her prize, and got safely back to her mother and sister in the wood.

It was the mere sentimental impulse of a plucky maiden and though the relation of it was the joy of her numerous children in after years, as may be imagined, it might hardly be worth the telling here, but for the consequences it led to, and the result it had on the lives and liberty of a good many Littleport men whom she knew and recognized while secreted at the window. For it was a most serious affair. After destroying everything in Mr. Vachell's house, including his library and many valuable papers and stamping his plate under their feet, the mob then turned on the small town, looting its shops and public houses. They next proceeded to Ely with all the arms they could find, broke open the jail and did a good deal of harm in the town. Returning with their plunder to Littleport they were at length attacked by yeomanry and dragoons from Bury. A pitched battle took place, the rioters firing from the windows and doors. But at length they were routed and seventy-three made prisoners. A special assize was then held at Ely and my grandmother was summoned as one of the principal witnesses. The French Revolution was still fresh in the memory of the English gentry in those days and the dread of its example on the

forces of disorder often led to what would seem nowadays an extreme of harshness in the punishment of prisoners in all the trials following such outbreaks. If no innocent men were actually hung it is to be feared many found their way to the oversea penal settlements for no worse crime than being seen at the edge of a crowd which portended turbulence. Many an Australian family with the convict brand on them have really no cause whatever to be ashamed of their ancestry.

In this case, however, there was no doubt about the gravity of the offence. Twenty-four of the prisoners were condemned, nineteen were let off the death penalty and sent to penal servitude and five were hung. My grandmother's evidence was of a conclusive kind as regards the looting of her father's house. One of the victims was, unfortunately, a brother of her old nurse, and the faithful domestic created a terrible and dramatic scene with her young mistress, whose long examinations in public court, for the Assizes lasted a week, had reduced her to a condition of nerves which left a slight twitch in her face till the day of her death at the age of 73. However, she bore fourteen strong and healthy, and mostly long-lived children, as was the way with these early Victorian ladies whose physical inactivity is often the gibe of a generation of athletic matrons whose contribution to the most desirable element of the population is



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M^{rs} Philpot (née Vachell).

by comparison negligible. Soon after the birth of her last child (at this moment in full vigour in her seventy-eighth year) Mrs. Philpot took to her room.

To her grandchildren she was, I am afraid, an object of awe, as once only as a rule during each of their fairly frequent sojourns under the good old Archdeacon's roof was she prepared to endure the fatigue of an interview with each or any of them. There she lay, with the remains of her former beauty obvious even to a child, and surrounded by stores of tracts, many of which, and I am bound to say from later inspections the most eloquent of them in matter of style, if a tract can be stylish, were written by herself. After a brief but searching examination of our infant souls' welfare, we departed, bearing little books, and, the ordeal over, breathed again in the genial downstairs atmosphere of the Archdeacon, which on weekdays was cheeriness itself, and vastly enriched by reminiscences to suit all ages.

But in the days we are now concerned with, the severe old lady was a light-hearted, pleasure-loving girl, not yet of serious mind though very soon to be. The honeymoon had been spent in London and it was during this that Sir Andrew Haliday, an old friend of the bridegroom and now one of the Court physicians, tried to persuade him to accept an offer, arranged by himself, of Private Chaplain to the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV. The

endeavour was singularly ill-advised, yet it would have succeeded but for some *contretemps* at the last moment in the lease of a house. The opportunity of telling Royalty in general precisely what he thought of their high jinks, from the pulpit, which Philpot most assuredly would have done, might have been tempting to his theological side. But I do not think the tame-cat life at Hampton Court made much of appeal to his active temperament. Six months later Sir Andrew made another proposition to his old friend, of a purely temporary and far more exhilarating nature which was eagerly accepted, for the roving spirit seems to have seized on him again.

Now every one knows, or should know, of the famous visit of George IV. to Scotland. Old prints of it still hang in every second Scottish mansion or hotel. It was a historic event; the first visit that a British monarch had paid to his Northern kingdom since the Union, extraordinary as such Royal aberration may seem to our modern notions. Sir Andrew was to accompany the Squadron conveying the King to Edinburgh and had got leave to pick up his friend and wife off Southwold, where the flotilla was to show itself on its northward journey. All plans were laid, the sea was calm, the squadron duly arrived in Southwold Bay, and the supplementary yacht which bore Sir Andrew and others lay-to awaiting my grandfather. The

latter and his wife in the meantime put out in a boat from their Southwold house, where they were now living, according to plan, but unhappily a sudden east-wind fog fell like a shroud over the sea, and effectually baffled all attempts to find the ship, which naturally could not wait.

Nothing daunted, however, the pair returned to shore, packed their luggage on their own carriage and started for Scotland, posting all the way. For the romance of Scotland had by this time seized the fancy of the British public through the magic pen of Sir Walter Scott. Even our Suffolk squarson had been bitten with it. Though he shied at Byron, the lays and the novels of Sir Walter were of another sort altogether, and had stirred his soul. Scottish theology, too, had obviously aroused his interest and curiosity. Moreover the drive to Edinburgh along the great North Road was of prodigious interest to so perspicuous a traveller. In these days of rapid and frequent travelling, more often than not, when through our own country, of a quite unobservant kind, it requires an effort to realize the zest with which a well equipped wide awake rural Englishman made his leisurely progress through a dozen strange counties a century ago.

In traversing the Cambridgeshire fens near the Bedford level, not far from the scene of the lady's youthful and harrowing adventure, they ran by mischance into a crowd of navvies on the road,

watching a fight between two men stripped to the waist and covered with blood. The crowd opened to let them pass, but the sight of these gory combatants, awakening memories of the Littleport tragedy, was too much for the young woman, and to the consternation of her husband she fainted dead away. It proved rather more than a mere swoon, for when they reached York she was in the doctor's hands for one or two rather precious days. After this they hurried on at the best pace along the North Road, from post to post, by Darlington, Durham and Newcastle. On over the eastern levels of Northumberland where the great well cultivated farms delighted the agricultural eye of the East Anglian. The long line of the Cheviots on the western horizon, the embattled heights of Alnwick with Holy Island presently gleaming seaward on the right, and finally the broad shimmer of Tweed as they rattled over its many arched historic bridges into Berwick; all brought him within the glamour of Scott's magic wand.

And the last fifty miles to Edinburgh, what a delight they evidently were. The uncouthness of the country people, to be sure, such a dourness as the traveller had never encountered in England or abroad disconcerted him. There was no "Your servant, Sir" of the West country, nor the friendly hat touching of East Anglia, nor the "bonjour M'sieu" of the continent. There was not even

a "good day" or a "good evening." There is in fact no such form of greeting in the border country. It seemed to him inhuman. His attempts at way-side converse provoked curt replies that whether in Durham, Northumberland or Scotland were absolutely cryptic to this genial Suffolk gentleman. How well we can see it all. Probably they didn't understand him! But everything else was glorious. His own North Sea, so constantly in touch with the old North Road, beat here beyond the Berwick Liberties on ragged red rocks and fearsome cliffs with a resounding voice never heard upon the shingle beaches and mud ramparts of East Anglia. As he crossed the high and bleak six miles stage over Coldingham Moor (now little used) he saw the red grouse springing from the heather for the first time, a moment ever to be remembered by such a sportsman and naturalist.

And as the carriage dropped down again from the uplifted moor, exposing one of the finest views in Scotland, on to the ruddy, sea-washed levels of East Lothian, everything was forgotten in such high farmed fertility as the traveller had never seen or dreamed of, though in 1822 the Lothians had by no means yet reached their agricultural zenith. An intelligent post boy whose Doric he made means to grapple with was no small comfort on this stage, as at Broxbourne he passed by the scene of Cromwell's victory at Dunbar. Berwick-Law and the Bass

Rock were pointed out in due course, and he took his hat off, as he would do to John Knox upon the cobbled streets of Haddington. Here as at Berwick they changed horses and from the tops of succeeding ridges towards sunset saw that matchless view of Edinburgh crouching under the lion-like mass of Arthur's Seat, with the Pentlands rising high in the background and the broad Firth expanding away to the hills of Fife.

Passing through Preston Pans he required no post boy to explain the significance of the spot, where the clansmen in '45 had won their first victory, and in due course rattled into Edinburgh after a drive of nearly four hundred miles. Here they were fortunate in finding quarters in George Street, just out of Princes Street in the then new town; above all too, they were in time for the King's great doings in the city. It was an original sort of achievement for a Suffolk parson at that time of day, this packing his wife and traps into a carriage on the spur of the moment and driving all the way from Southwold to Edinburgh to see the Scotsmen honour their King; but then this one was nothing if not original. Perhaps he had regarded his London honeymoon as inadequate and reckoned this as a further and more worthy celebration of his marriage! Indeed he hints something to that effect.

He went with the intention of spending about a month in Edinburgh and ended in staying till the

following Spring, which must have surprised his neighbours, his curate and his steward. But he seems to have made the most of his time. "We witnessed within the castle gates the most wonderful and gorgeous procession. The day was bad but everything adverse was forgotten amid the grandeur of that inspiring display, of which we had a close and uninterrupted view. The procession extended for about half a mile and chiefly consisted of the Highland Clans, Officers of State, a troop of the Scots Greys on 'ces terrible chevaux gris' of the Waterloo charge. The archers of Scotland splendidly accoutered formed the body-guard, followed by the Mid-Lothian Yeomanry. The clans were distinguished from each other by the colour of their tartan dress and the emblem in their bonnets, the chiefs of the Breadalbane (I think) clan wearing the eagle's feather. Each was preceded by a pair of bag pipes playing their particular airs. This music appeared hardly up to the grandeur of the scene but to those who from infancy connected scenes of ancient prowess with these uncouth strains it seemed to arouse the charms of early association in which it was not easy for us to participate! The faces of the men seemed lighted up with enthusiasm at the martial scene and the honour of conducting to their ancient castle a King clothed in their own regalia, a ceremony not witnessed for over two hundred years.

“One sight seemed for a moment, to my mind at least, out of keeping with the harmony of the scene. It was the appearance of Walter Scott in Highland garb, with the short jacket, so ill-suited to his aldermanic and unmartial figure. It was said, with what truth I do not know, that it was a sly joke of the King’s.¹ The seats on either side the approach to the castle were arranged with a kind consideration for all, especially those coming from the country. One long range was reserved for the clergy. The Societies of Cordwainers, Tailors, &c., were lined up the path along which the King passed, and up the High Street the royal carriage was drawn by six splendid blood horses. Every class seemed moved by the deepest and most devoted loyalty. . . . But the grand scene was to come when the King, after disappearing during the ascent of the castle stairs, suddenly appeared at the top with all his glittering company around, but slightly below him. The trumpets sounded and his portly figure looming against the dark misty sky seemed to assume gigantic proportions. The guns of the castle now fired a royal salute, answered by the shipping in the Firth and the King taking off his plumed hat waved it above his head, bowing right and left with great air and dignity. The whole

¹ The visitor obviously mistook on this occasion Alderman or Baillie Curteis, who out of complement to the King had donned Highland garb, creating thereby some amusement, for Sir Walter.

scene left an impression on those who witnessed it which will never be forgotten. In the crowd coming away I overheard an old Scotchman say: "Weel — hae ye seen 'um." "Aye mon an he's bonnie fat an muckle weel conditionit." "Ye may say that for his work is nae sair an I'm thinkin after a' he's jist a mon w'i claes on."

All this was in August. My grandparents found everything so much to their liking that they stayed on in Edinburgh all the autumn and winter. Princes Street had been quite recently built and living just off it as they were, everything behind was then country. A Scots maid they engaged, stipulated for "three sacrements and all fairs." One hired by a neighbour had demanded and apparently got "three evenings a week to go a-ladding." This suggests the post-war domestic or so-called domestic of to-day! They got to know a good many people and were introduced to Sir Walter and his wife and the great man's conversation greatly delighted my grandfather. "Of his lady I shall say but little—very *respectable*." That wonderful pre-Waterloo phrase. What a world of meaning there was in it, though I don't quite know what the writer means by it here! He heard all the waggish stories of the town, then still in the heyday of its intellectual pre-eminence. How Erskine whose accent was very broad had once begun a speech before the Lord Chancellor "In plain English, my Lord," and how the latter

interrupted "Pardon me, Mr. Erskine, you mean in broad Scotch." How the famous lawyer when sueing a man for a heavy account for drink at Omans' hotel, proposed to read a list of the eatums (items) of the bill, and his opponent's rejoinder: "Perhaps my learned brother means the 'drinkems,'"—and many more. My grandfather took rather kindly to the Scotch church—he would! The theological atmosphere of the town interested him enormously. He attended lectures at the University and went to meetings where learned theologians held forth or disputed. He thought the preaching in the churches admirable and frequently attended that of Mr. Ritchie, who had been hunted out of Glasgow for introducing music. He had been caricatured riding out of Glasgow on a highland pony turning a small barrel organ and singing with a backward look over his shoulder at the city: "I'll gang nae mair to *yon* tocn." It was not all, however, quite so serious with this South countryman. He used to go grouse shooting on the Lammermuirs with Sir John Boileau (then Major Boileau) of Kitteringham in Norfolk, at that time stationed in Edinburgh. This was an experience not often granted to a provincial Suffolk sportsman in those old flint lock days and he enjoyed it thoroughly behind setters in the long heather that clad those beautiful hills till within my recollection, before regular burning and driving quadrupled the bags.

CHAPTER IX.

ISLE OF MAN.

IN the course of time my grandfather's religious ardour and his desire "to spread the light of the Gospel in dark places," overmastered his pleasure in the lay pursuits that had hitherto so amply flavoured his life. He began to feel urged towards a wider sphere of action than his own countryside seemed to offer. Probably a love of travel and adventure had unconsciously something to do with this. But of his deep and single-minded sincerity, then, as always, there was not a shadow of doubt. That side of his nature which now prevailed began to feel cramped. He longed for a wider field, and greater difficulties to overcome, and was ready to give up a comfortable life if need be and a good position in his own neighbourhood for any other, to use his own words, "to which the Lord's work might call him." If he had been unmarried it is quite possible that some remote heathen country would have secured his services. But, after rejecting various fields of action as not sufficiently stimulating, he was at length attracted by one that seemed to offer as many difficulties and sacrifices as his ardent soul could desire within the bounds of

the United Kingdom to which his increasing family practically tied him. Its very strangeness and remoteness possibly touched the impulsive and imaginative side of his nature which was so oddly blended with his literal interpretation of religious truths and uncompromising attitude towards any other point of view. At any rate Bishop Murray of Sodor and Man now made him an offer which promised sufficient difficulties to a Suffolk man to gain its acceptance at once by this particular one.

The Duke of Athol as will be seen later had just completed the gradual sale of his feudal interests and his suzerainty of the island to the Crown, though the family were still occupying Castle Mona, near Douglas, in after years converted into a hotel. Bishop Murray was a nephew of the Duke and at this time living at the castle with his noble relatives. The Bishop's invitation to my grandfather gave him to understand that the Manx clergy as a body lacked social and educational qualifications and that he was anxious on that account to enlist the services of a gentleman and a scholar who would be a congenial coadjutor in his episcopal labours. His actual office for the present would be incumbent of St. George's Church at Douglas, one of the three chief rectories; the other fourteen parishes being vicarages and of less consequence.

So my grandfather settled up all his affairs in

Suffolk, bestowed his Walpole living on "a true Christian and preacher of the Word" and sold some of his property, preparatory to disposing of all of it later on. Why he should have done so we never could quite make out. Moreover he was one of those people who consistently through life sell at a low price and buy at a high one, as his journals indicate if such reference were necessary. He was much aided too in this amiable failing by the various imposters that find the profession of religion an admirable cloak for extorting money from the upright, the kind-hearted and the unsuspecting. Like so many great-hearted and honest people he was slow to believe evil of others. It was really a severe wrench for this thorough-going East Anglian, as he remained in spirit to the end of his days, to break with it all. But convinced that he was called to a more laborious and spiritually profitable field, he left Suffolk for the Isle of Man with a stout heart in 1828. His wife had brought him six children in six years, five of whom were living. So with nurses, servants and a selection of household gods, this adventurous champion of the Gospel truth and incidentally of many other desirable gospels to a wild island in the northern seas, started in two carriages to post once again from one end of England to the other. The long journey was naturally a period of much excitement, and doubtless no little discomfort to this uprooted Suffolk house-

hold. The head of it, however, took these trifles with coolness, unconcern and philosophy, being as always, deeply interested in the farming, flora and fauna, the customs and dialect of the hitherto unknown regions traversed between Suffolk and Lancashire. The whole company crossed to the Island in a sailing packet from Liverpool to Douglas, whose custom it was to go straight on to Glasgow its ultimate goal if weather conditions proved unpropitious—a pleasant alternative for a migrating household! There was then apparently no direct service to the island. If there was anything of the kind it plied from Whitehaven. In this case, however, the wind proved favourable, but they were met in the open sea off Douglas by boats on a pouring wet night and there dumped out on the quay to find such temporary quarters as were available. For there was no rectory attached to the living at that time and after an interlude of domiciliary makeshifts the new incumbent found a suitable house facing the sea and there for a couple of years as it proved set up his *lares* and *penates*.

The Isle of Man in these days is chiefly suggestive of trippers to most of us; though like many other popular resorts it will be found on experience that these exuberant visitors stick a good deal to the coast places. But some of the then wild glens, that the subject of this memoir used to tra-

verse on horseback, with a sense of adventure in storm or darkness are now provided with tea gardens at an entry of 6d. a head! A hundred or more years ago it was estimated that an average of fifteen persons crossed by the "weekly packet" from Whitehaven that alone linked the ancient little kingdom with the mainland. The authorities of the island in those halcyon times, as represented by the Lieutenant-Governor, had the priceless privilege not only of rejecting the entry of persons considered undesirable, but of summarily ejecting any that made themselves or were likely to make themselves a nuisance. They possess it, I believe, still. Many communities must envy them at the present moment if the power be still a living reality.

But the trippers who are said to be an intolerable nuisance to the residents, and even to the more serious tourists, are an important part of a trade which nowadays forms a leading feature in the industrial life of the island, greater even than its herring fishery, agriculture, or mining. And if they strew the shores at Douglas and other points with empty whisky and ginger-beer bottles, conveyed from Lancashire, and with papers that have enclosed sandwiches cut in Liverpool or Manchester, as the more fastidious natives complain, they, at any rate, remove themselves by the evening steamers, even if some of them have to be assisted on board. But the resident, or even

the summering population, has increased out of all reckoning since the year 1827, when my grandfather landed his family and household gods at Douglas quay on a dark and stormy night, and found quarters hard to come by. For you couldn't wire ahead and make arrangements in those old days.

Now, as every one knows, the Isle of Man, like the Channel Islands, still enjoys a modified Home Rule, which, though of the purely loyal and picturesque kind, has quite sufficiently substantial advantages for the native—enough, at any rate, to compensate him, if he needs compensation, for the inconveniences of a long sea journey when pleasure or business call him from home. I need only mention the almost entire freedom from income tax, for nothing else at the present moment would seem to matter much. But the origin of this quasi-independence is a long and tangled tale of which nobody but Manxmen; and if Manxmen have as little sense of the past as most other people, very few even of them could give a lucid account. Not for a moment that the island lacks historians and patriotic antiquaries. My grandfather himself was very well up in its lore when he left it, and retained much of it, and was fond of talking over it to the last. But then it had fallen to him to assist in administering its laws, and, furthermore, for a long time to act on his own responsibility as a sort of

deputy bishop. "Such laws," wrote the famous Lord Coke, "the like whereof are not to be found in any other place." This was particularly in relation to the connection between Church and State. Burke, discussing its interesting code with Dr. Johnson and Boswell, wittily quoted Pope's well-known line: "The proper study of mankind is Man!" The late Mr. Edward Callow, member of one of its ancient families, who has carried out more thoroughly Pope's injunction as paraphrased by Burke than any other recent historian of the island, declares it to be the birthplace of Constitutional and Representative Government and the cradle of England's Parliament, possessing in the House of Keys the oldest Legislative Assembly in the world. Though it has belonged in turn to England, Scotland, and Ireland (the claim of the last must have been a confusing one to all concerned), it was never actually absorbed by any of them.

If trial by jury and a representative Parliament in the House of Keys and Court of Tynwald were introduced by the Norsemen in the tenth century, ages before those free institutions were known in Britain, the little island took the lead of the greater neighbouring nations in cutting themselves free from the Papacy by a hundred years. The Manx also claim to be the only Protestant nation in Europe never to have been excommunicated by a

Pope. Whether their comparative insignificance caused them to be overlooked by His Holiness, and thus immune, we may not inquire, having no equipment whatever wherewith to confront the local experts. It boasts, moreover, of the earliest bishopric in the British Islands—Germanicus having been instituted to that dignity by St. Patrick on his way to Ireland. The Welshmen might dispute this for aught I know, for Wales was full of bishops by the time Augustine landed in Kent, as the Latin saint found to his annoyance when he ran up against them on the banks of Severn. The reader would not, I am sure, put up with a list of the Kings of Man, interesting though the earlier story of the island is. But the line dates from King Gorree or Orry, who, with his Norsemen, conquered the island in 938, built Castle Rushen, still standing at its southern extremity and used for official purposes, and instituted all the chief good and wise customs that in modified form are the pride of Manxmen to-day.

A long succession of his descendants, despite occasional disputes among them, ruled the little kingdom for nearly three centuries. Their people were hardy navigators and fighters and were continually in the thick of most of the wild work going forward in these northern and western seas. Sometimes they owed allegiance to the Kings of Norway or Orkney; later on, when the Norse

powers had to cease from troubling Britain, to England or to Scotland. They fought under their King with the Norwegians against Harold at Stamford Bridge, just before the battle of Hastings and succeeded in getting their beaten remnant back in safety to their island. When the ninth and last genuine King of Man, Magnus IV, after doing homage to Scotland died, the Scottish Kings, having purchased the hereditary overlordship of the island from Norway for cash, proceeded to govern it by Viceroys. But the Manxman resented the sale and indeed fought a battle against King Alexander's invading army at Ronaldshay to their great loss. The Scottish Viceroys continued to oppress the islanders and they rose again, till ultimately it was decided to settle the matter with thirty champions a side. Five Scotsmen alone of the whole company survived this bloody fray and so the Manx submitted peaceably, according to agreement.

But when the great Edward I appeared in the north as referee between Bruce and Balliol, he annexed Man, and handed it back to a female descendant of the ancient Kings who had married one of his knights, De Montecute. This young blood not relishing the prospect of an exile in a remote island and being moreover, hard up, mortgaged his kingship to his uncle the Bishop of Durham. At the latter's death Edward II got

hold of it and gave it to all his court favourites in succession, none of whom, however, though drawing the revenues, felt more inclined towards setting up house there than Montacute. This gave Robert Bruce his opportunity and after a long siege he annexed the island, but only for its re-capture in the avenging days of Edward III.

To shorten the story, in 1344, the Earl and Countess of Salisbury were formally crowned with the golden crown, King and Queen of Man in the Church of St. Germain's in Peel Castle. This nobleman's son, however, sold the island and its Kingship to the Earl of Wiltshire fifty years later, who being one of those many rash persons to cross the path of Henry IV at his usurpation, lost his head. The then favourite Henry Percy was now made titular King of Man and we all know what a mess he and his son Hotspur made of their later lives. So in 1406 King Henry made a firm grant of the island to Sir John Stanley "to him and his heirs for ever" to be held from the Kings of England subject to an annual tribute of a cast of falcons. This fixed matters definitely, for in their descendants it remained, under slightly modified terms of ownership till the time when my grandfather first set foot on its soil at Douglas. Since the advent of the Stanleys, however, the title has been *Lord* not *King* of Man. In the Civil War, the Lord Derby of that day, the noblest of the

whole worthy line, after the sacking of Lathom, his English house, pluckily defended by his French Countess, repaired to Man which was strongly royalist and one of the last places to give in to Cromwell.

Scott, it may be remembered, deals with this period in "Peveril of the Peak." The Earl was offered not only his pardon but the restitution of his English estates if he would deliver up the island in 1649. He replied in an eloquent letter, indignant at the suggestion that he should prove traitor to his sovereign. With a company of Manxmen, he joined in the unfortunate rising of 1657 which terminated at Worcester and was there captured and executed. His widowed Countess, however, put Castle Rushen and Peel Castle in a state of defence and prepared to fight for her dominions. But as soon as the Parliamentary fleet appeared, the commander of her troops played her false, and gave up the keys of the fortress. The lady was imprisoned in Castle Rushen till the Restoration, when all the Derby estates were restored. William Christian who surrendered the island, was at the moment, its treasurer and chief official. He was ultimately convicted of fraudulent practices and after the Restoration was executed on the island, casting a passing slur on the name of perhaps the largest and most notable of Manx families.

The Stanleys had always been popular, but in the early eighteenth century, the island passed by marriage through a female to the Murrays, Dukes of Athol, who earned a very different reputation. It was only now, on account of certain Imperial excise measures, needless to elaborate here, that smuggling, for which the island became so notorious acquired formidable dimensions. It became in fact a vast depot, having no import duties to speak of, for foreign produce, which was run from hence to every part of Great Britain. Fast cutters and schooners that could outsail all pursuers, were built cheaply from untaxed Scandinavian timber. This "Free Trade" at length reached such a pitch that the English Government tried the same scheme they had attempted on the shores of Kent and Sussex and blockaded the coast with armed ships. But this as in the other case merely added a further spice of danger to a trade that exercised an enormous fascination over its adventurers, as well as bringing them immense profits. Upon this the Government, and very naturally, in view of the losses inflicted on the Treasury, thought it would be desirable to get rid of the quasi-sovereignty of the Athol family, who seem to have regarded the island rather as a place for serving their own interests than as an honourable appanage. The islanders strongly objected to being thus bartered away, but the Duke was quite ready

to accept £70,000 and an annuity of £2,000 for his sovereignty and revenues. But the Government, that of North and Grenville, now free of vested interests, imposed much higher duties without any legal warrant and though less than those of England they were high enough to put a considerable spoke in the wheel of the smuggling business, which had gradually become the chief occupation of Manxmen. The latter were still further disgusted by only receiving a small portion of the largely increased revenue.

The lordship of the island was now vested in the Crown, though its laws and independent form of government were left intact. Nor had the Athol family parted with anything like all their rights. On the contrary they were active for the next half century in endeavouring to dispose of the manorial and mineral rights and church patronage which they still held, to the Crown. They succeeded in getting a large increase to their pension and in the end the British Government, in other words the tax-payers, who seem to have been almost born to be bled through all time, bought them out for the trifle of £416,114. The appointment of bishop had always pertained to the Duke and he signalized his final exit from power by appointing his own nephew George Murray to the post in 1823. This, in a way, brought to a head the growing unpopularity of the family in the island ; not so much on account

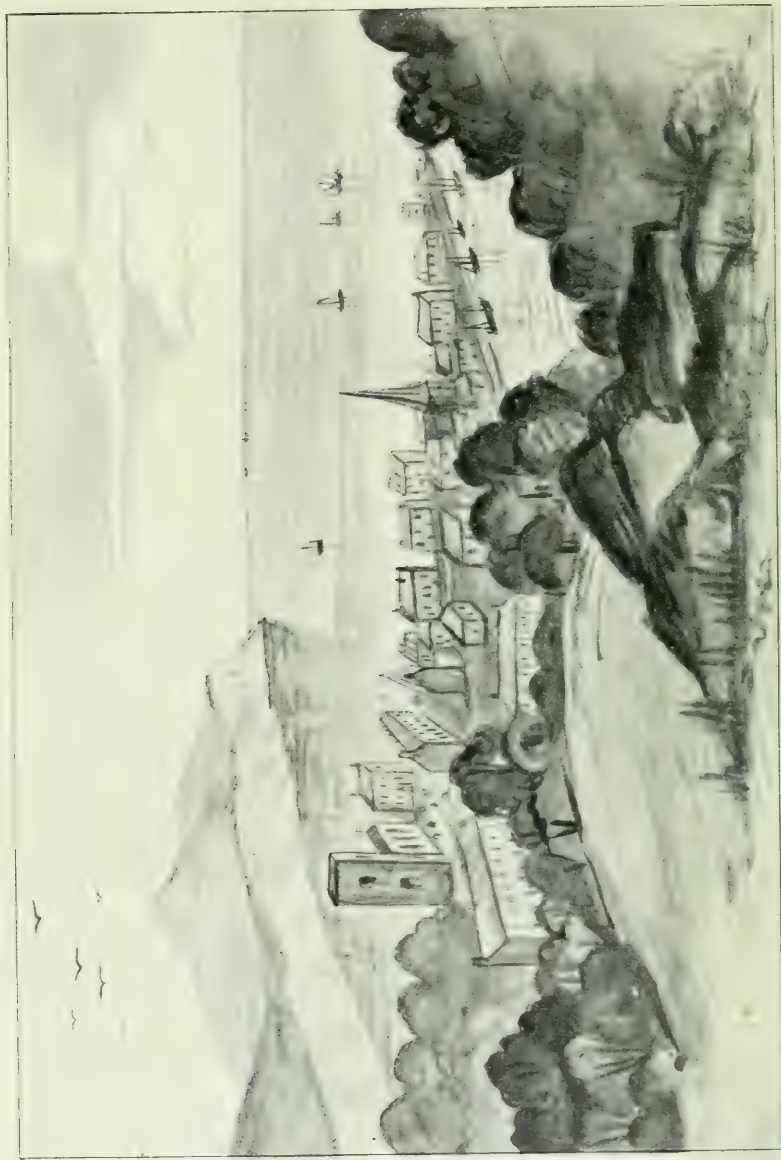
of this appointment, for after all jobs and nepotism were the order of that day. But this injudicious young man, not appreciating the limited income of the See—about £1,000 a year I think—attempted to raise the sum of £6,000 a year out of the green crops. There was some old right of this kind that if only a technical one nevertheless entitled the bishop to a tithe of all the green and growing crops in the island. That on potatoes, which was a most important local crop, was brought to the judgment of the King in Council who pronounced in favour of the bishop.

But this decision only promoted riots and tumults in all quarters. The local garrison and volunteers were called out but not proving effective, troops were brought over from England. The resistance, however, was so strong that it produced a deadlock, which apparently decided the Government to buy out all the remaining rights of the Athol family and relieve the island and themselves of the constant friction they occasioned. The large price agreed upon has been already mentioned. The Bishop, according to the Philpot MS., though the writer of it was ignorant of all this till his arrival, had been compelled by the threats and behaviour of the mob to leave Bishop's Court in a hurry and was now living at the Duke's seat of Castle Mona, on the shore near Douglas, with his relatives Lord and Lady Strathallan. This was the bishop who had

applied to my grandfather to come up and act as his spiritual henchman and ally, and such was the state of things that the unsuspecting East Anglian enthusiast found awaiting him. He was longing for active work of a pioneering kind, flavoured with, no doubt, some touch of adventure and romance, while opposition his theologically combative soul was quite prepared for.

But he had hardly reckoned on making a start under quite such unpropitious and adverse conditions, for Bishop Murray was not at loggerheads with the people only, but was unpopular with most of the clergy of the seventeen historical parishes which constituted the little diocese, chiefly it appears from a certain haughtiness of manner, which wounded their susceptibilities by a suggestion of social contempt. Indeed the bishop had actually expressed something of this in his invitation to my grandfather by implying that there was not a gentleman with a white tie in the island. This was not fair, as the Manx, whatever their standard may have been, rather prided themselves on their parsons. A good many of them were doubtless at that time of day pretty rough, and few I think were University men. All of them farmed their glebes and an admiring native chronicler says that they were always the best farmers on the island. That, however, would hardly have commended them to the supercilious prelate! My grandfather was so

absolutely free from any arrogance of this kind that he sheds no light on their breeding. He was wholly taken up with their character and efficiency in their duties or their lack of it. From his point of view, though it must be admitted to be an exacting one, he found the latter vastly in the ascendant. But he found himself confronted at once with a Duke's party and a Manx party at bitter feud with one another, the former in a deplorable minority, while he was an importation, branded beforehand not merely as an alien but as a Duke's man, that is to say a Bishop's man. It was assuredly an unpleasant position. But the greater the difficulties the more he seemed to enjoy taking off his coat to tackle them. He spent some days soon after landing with his Bishop at Castle Mona and took his measure fairly accurately and much more reasonably than the heated Manxmen. He had great difficulty in finding a suitable house in Douglas which was a small place in those days, though he ultimately succeeded in securing one that served his purpose till he moved into the country. His church, St. George's, was the only one of the Establishment in the town, the parish church in fact, save for a small Manx church where services were conducted in the Manx tongue that had not then died out among the lower classes. Here is a specimen of it in verse 21 of Isaiah XIII from the Manx Bible beginning: "The wild beasts of the desert shall lie there, &c."



DOUGLAS IN 1828.

Facing p. 143.

From a sketch by R. Philpot.

*Agh beishtyn oaldey yn aasagh nee cammal ayn,
as bee nyn dhieyn lane dy chree toom agglagh; nee
hulladyn baghey ayn as blynodderree dawsin ayus
shew.*

The living of St. George's, Douglas, being one of the most important in the island, had been held vacant by the Bishop for some time. He was waiting, apparently, to find a man to suit him, and his views upon that subject we already know. This prolonged vacancy was another pin-prick to the Manx, and it proved a good deal more than this when an alien and a stranger was brought in to fill it. The prospect was not cheerful! Many a man, independent of his profession, as was the case here, and with the world to choose from, would have declined to face such odds at the eleventh hour. For the new appointee had not even an acquaintance, but his newly-made one with the bishop, in the island, much less a friend, and the whole population very naturally regarded him as an intruder, and yet more, a supporter of the regime they hated. But I do not think this disturbed him much. He knew no fear either physical or moral, and he had a quiet conviction that he had work to do according to his lights, and his lights certainly shone very brightly.

The more difficult the task and the stronger the opposition, the more resolutely and the more cheerfully he faced it. He had neither vanity nor self-

consciousness. He was quiet, but ready in speech and courteous in demeanour to a fault, though when occasion demanded, he could speak his mind with uncompromising directness, and could occasionally do more than speak it, as will be seen. In any line he took he was persistent, and nearly always got his way in the end, whether the end was a religious or a practical one. He had no personal ambition or desire for place or preferment whatever, and I am sure at this apparently forlorn moment he would have been surprised if told that in a few years he would be Archdeacon and Vicar-general of the Island, and for a long period acting as its bishop, with the full approval of all the best elements in the country.

He spent about eighteen months in Douglas before he found a house more adapted to his needs in the near neighbourhood. Everything parochial was in a state of abeyance. There had not merely been a long hiatus occasioned by the bishop, but the previous administration of the most difficult charge in the island appears to have been slack and negligent. The new rector soon made friends with the few educated residents of leisure, that even in those days were settled in Douglas, and enlisted not only their sympathy and support, but in some cases their active help. He started Sunday schools and lectures to young men, and open-air addresses at outlying places, which drew increasing numbers,

and no little animadversion from the local clergy. He regularly visited the poorest parts of the town, then miserable slums "often inhabited by rough ignorant Irish, many of whom were refugees from the law in their own country." He used to lay down brief rules for his own conduct in writing at this time, some of which remain among his notes, and as I am quite sure he acted on them to the letter, not merely then, but for the last sixty years of his life, at any rate, I feel almost tempted to reproduce some of them, and break the rule I had laid down for myself in extracting from these memoirs only such as would seem to me of general interest as pictures of the past. I may say at once, however, that his religious and spiritual reflections and notes as to individuals whose lives he had redeemed from wreckage, "converts," to use his own phraseology, would in themselves half fill a moderate book. But the channels through which some of the best of men laboured in those days were not the methods of these. The rigid views of life and conduct for which some would have laid down their lives have passed away, or at any rate, are rarely met with in the more liberal outlook of the Church to-day.

"There was a great deal of poverty in Douglas, and there were no poor laws in the island. In the country districts the family considered it a point of honour, and the neighbours an obligation of charity

to help their more unfortunate brethren. But here it was different. There was a half alien population, too, in the low parts of the town, Irish and others, besides the fishing people, who were often in trouble from the accidents and misfortunes incidental to the sea. There was a household of Campbells from Scotland, of the Oban family living in the town, and a Miss G—— who helped my wife and myself nobly in this early work. We opened a weekly soup kitchen, and laboured to relieve the destitution. The congregations at St. George's greatly increased, and the collections for the poor grew in proportion. I soon opened a room for receiving applications and distributing relief. Dear old Mr. H—— stood bravely by me every Tuesday. Indeed, we were after a time compelled to lock the door and open communications through the window! Drink was the curse of the place, and indeed of most of the island, for there were no excise duties, and it was dirt cheap."

"There lived with me as servants at this time one John Lang and his wife. Captain Bacon had recommended him to me without mentioning the fact that a very little liquor affected his brain and drove him absolutely mad. He had been a soldier, served at Waterloo, and been there shot in the head. On one or two occasions I suspected he was drunk in the house but was shielded by Margaret his wife. I at length detected him issuing from

a low public house quite drunk and told him he must leave my service. However, Margaret pleaded so hard for him that I consented to give him one more chance. Soon after this Captain Bacon and I rode over the mountains to his place near Sulby Glen and on the way the Captain told me that there were times when John was dangerous and that he once pulled up in the middle of a deep stream which crossed the road and threatened to throw him in if he didn't accede to some request which had been refused him. This made me a little anxious to get home that night, and on doing so I found poor John had gone to the tavern as soon as I was out of the house and when he got back had been asking some men how to tie a hangman's knot. Contrary to custom I locked our bedroom door that night. About one in the morning an attempt to open it was made which woke up and alarmed my wife. I was very tired after a long day and John did not occur to me in connection with that sort of thing and indeed I thought it was probably fancy. But to assure my wife who was very positive about it I got up and took my sword stick and searched the house, finding nothing as I expected. But Margaret told me afterwards that John had tried our door and was concealed behind the drawing room screen when I passed through the room. In the morning he was absent from prayers and his poor wife

looked like a ghost. Immediately after breakfast I set out to hunt for him, going at once to the stables a little distance from the house. I there found the door locked and no key in evidence. On looking through the key hole to my horror I could see John's legs apparently hanging. Taking a run at the door I succeeded in kicking it open and there was the unfortunate maniac suspended from the roof beam quite dead. I instantly cut the rope but it was all long over. His feet were so near the ground he could have saved his life at any time. There was then a sudden noise in the lane. It was Margaret who had looked in and discovered the situation, screaming 'Oh, his poor soul' over and over again. I picked her up and carried her bodily into the house, and the usual coroner's inquest followed. I have not the slightest doubt but that the unfortunate man meant to murder me before he hung himself but the sight of my naked sword checked him when he had the chance. Poor Margaret was taken home to her parents who lived at the north of the island at the edge of the Curragh between Bishop's Court and Ramsey. She remained in a shocking state of semi-aberration for two or three years, wandering over the Curragh by night and day. At length I went after her myself and by persuasion and kind words, for she was much attached to us, got her into a quieter mood. When we moved to Andreas she came

back to us as cook and remained our faithful and efficient servant till we left the island."

The orgy of smuggling combined with its isolation from the mainland through the eighteenth century one can well believe had left its mark on the lower classes in the island. It was not merely cheap drink which still prevailed, but a poisonous spirit far worse than brandy or gin that used periodically to be shipped there from Spain. "During this year (1828) there had been brought to Douglas by Mr. B— a cargo of that Spanish spirit Aqua Ardente, called in the island 'aquardent.' It was frightfully strong and exciting. Drinking was much encouraged by the cheapness of spirit but it became so fatal by the introduction of this Spanish liquor that in many cases it led to insanity. Such a thing had never occurred to me with our beer drinking Suffolk people, but the only alleviation for the trouble seemed to me a Temperance society; I believe the first started in the island. I got the splendid Vicar of Braddan, Mr. Howard, to join me and we held meetings and gave addresses and got a fair number of members. But the native clergy and gentry looked coldly on it. We tried the 'moderation' system but that after a time proved futile and we were obliged to extend the pledge to total abstinence. We did I think some good, but I soon came to realize the only effective plan was to reduce the inordinate number of public

houses to which I bent my later efforts. Apropos of our endeavour, Mr. Drinkwater (of a well-known Manx family) wrote me a jesting letter saying we ought to change names 'for you evidently intend to drink water while I continue to fill my pot!'"

The organizer of the movement of course felt it incumbent on him to set an example of total abstinence and manfully stuck to it. But it didn't agree with him or at least with the hardworking life he was leading and further urged by his family, he felt himself compelled to return to a moderate use of wine. He proposed to resign from the society on this account but they wouldn't accept his resignation and he still preached for them occasionally, a perfectly reasonable procedure in the eyes of any but fanatics. I don't think the most rigid Evangelicals ever made mortification of the flesh in these respects a part of their creed. Most of them would doubtless have regarded it very much as equivalent to castigating themselves or wearing a hair shirt. The most vociferous Pussyfoot could hardly claim that a moderate use of the good wine they drank in those days could either shorten or embitter life. But self denial in order to prevent the Manx proletariat from poisoning and maddening themselves was a very different matter. As the great age my grandfather achieved with so little inconvenience makes him an interesting physical illustration, it may be worth noting that all

his life he was a small eater which is much more to the point, and what is rather curious, he was accustomed to say that five hours, since his early years at any rate, had been his regular modicum of sleep. As an instance of the Manx craving for fire-water he writes :

“ I was one morning in the shop of Mr. Lewin on the quay when a rough-looking man came in and asked for a glass of *his* rum which he tossed off and handing it back said : ‘ Come, old man that’s nothing but water, give me a glass of the real thing,’ on which Lewin went to the corner of his shop and brought him a glass of dirty-looking liquid, which the man was obliged to drink slowly. Then laying down his coppers he said : ‘ That’s the stuff, keep some of it till I come back, which won’t be long.’ I asked Lewin what he gave the man at first. ‘ Oh,’ he replied, ‘ a glass of good Jamaica rum, too good for a fellow like that.’ ‘ And how about the second glass?’ ‘ I will tell you, Sir, if you will not split on me.’ The other nodded and the publican replied : ‘ You remember the storm last month. I had a keg of cayenne pepper on board the boat which the water got into and spoiled. Knowing the taste of these people I mixed it up with the rinsings of some spirit casks and these aquadente drinkers come for it from all over the island.’ ”

Alluding to a lady in Douglas who stood by him

in his church work from the first, my grandfather writes that he also probably owed her his life. "I sometimes rode my mare out to sea opposite our house and that of the C——'s and getting out of the saddle would swim back beside her holding the reins. On one such occasion, I found myself rather further out than usual. This would not have mattered in general, but something or other had slipped in my dress and I found I couldn't strike out and what was worse had lost the reins and was in imminent danger of sinking. Mrs. C——luckily saw my situation from her window and rushing down to the shore got some men to put out in a boat for me. The mare went ashore among the large boulders under the Orchan cliffs, injured but not seriously damaged."

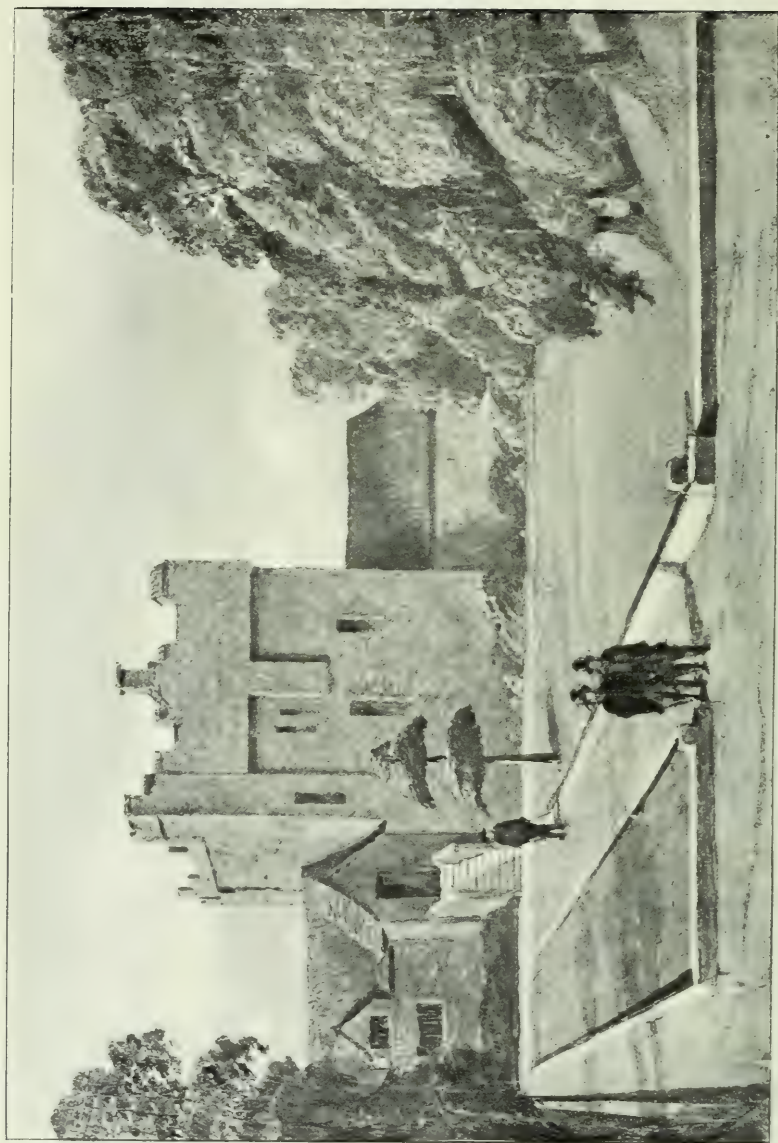
In connection with temperance meetings an amusing episode occurred at a parish gathering a little later on in the north of the island in which the narrator was in the chair. "A Scotchman of loose religious opinions appeared as an advocate of the cause. I only said a few words but supported my point of view by quoting certain texts. But the Scotchman was bent on insulting some of us, myself especially. 'We don't want any college men,' he said, 'and them old books, I'll defy them to show that the wine or any drink mentioned in Scripture contained alcohol.' I replied, 'I am a college man and happen to have an old book in

my pocket and I will read you a passage from it,' and I gave him Genesis ix, 21 and xix, 33. 'Perhaps now you will explain how Noah and Lot became intoxicated?' He then began to be still more rude and abusive. 'These Manxmen,' I replied, 'are plain straightforward people and require an explanation of what you asserted and if you don't give it civilly I shall turn you out.' On this he blustered still louder. I gave a glance to my coachman, William Christian, who was 6 ft. 3 in. and of great strength, very useful at times, and he at once took the man by the collar and shot him out of the door." The chairman did not always depend alone on his redoubtable and faithful henchman for direct action, as will appear later.

But while still occupying the house in Douglas in 1828, a great calamity fell on that corner of the island. "A heavy gale of wind from the S.E. had blown for some weeks and an immense depth of sea-weed had accumulated on the beach, from below Douglas to the rocks under Orchan and Bank-How. It was a valuable manure for potatoes which were the main green crop of the island. From all quarters came carts to haul it away. But in doing so much was left on the shore in a crushed condition and I believe it was from this that the fatal fever arose which raged through the summer months. It was like the judgment of Pharaoh. Every family on the wide bay (except

thank God my own) had one or more dead. The Deemster Christian lost his eldest son. Major P——, near us, lost six of his children. On all sides was lamentation, weeping and woe. Nor did our own household escape the fever. William (eldest son) lay for days all but dead; I could only detect life by holding a glass to his mouth. L—— lay in nearly the same state. C—— and G—— not quite so bad. I admit at this time I was sorely tried.”

One may well think so, and my grandfather determined not to stay in the town another summer, but take a house in the neighbouring country, which he did in the following year. Before shifting, however, he took his entire family to Suffolk for a change of air, an enterprise at that time almost equivalent, only much more difficult, than a trip to Canada to-day. It was the year too before the first railroad was opened, that from Liverpool to Manchester, which ceremony he went over to witness.



BISHOP'S COURT, ISLE OF MAN.

Facing p. 155.

From a sketch by B. Philpot (1830).

CHAPTER X.

ISLE OF MAN.

BISHOP MURRAY left the island this year, being translated, no doubt to his own relief and certainly to that of most Manxmen, to the See of Rochester where, free from the traditional family feud he seems to have been a reasonable success. Indeed, one of his foremost Manx detractors admits that he became rather a popular bishop. Probably his failings were exaggerated by the islanders, so prejudiced as they were against his family, and his appointment had certainly been a job, though recognized as a quite venial one among the circles that jobbed. To be a tutor to a great nobleman was the royal road to a bishopric in those days. Murray had been a duke's nephew, which was still better. But he was obviously a round peg in a square hole, though his attempt to make a big income out of tithe for a small bishopric would seem on the face of it to have been a fatuous move. The author of the MS. is almost silent about him, save for briefly noting his unpopularity and its causes. He certainly had no falling out with his bishop, who indeed was anxious that he should go on with him to Rochester. But that sort of tame work

did not recommend itself to his ardent lieutenant who, moreover, soon discovered that his lordship by no means saw eye to eye with him in his views of spreading the Word, which one may well imagine, and that "he had obviously a contempt," writes my grandfather, "for the Gospel truth." Murray was the last nominee of the Athol family as the clerical appointments of the island henceforward lay with the Crown. The immediately preceding one, that of Bishop Claudius Cregan in 1784 is made a cause of tremendous scandal by the Manx chroniclers. How far it is accurate I do not know, but here is their story which is perhaps worth recording in brief for the humour of it.

Dr. Cregan was a person of humble origin, being the son of a tailor in Omagh, co. Tyrone. He became, however, chaplain to an infantry regiment and while quartered in the West Indies married the daughter of a rich planter, who brought him a fair dowry. So he resigned the Army and settled in Liverpool where he took charge of a church in the outskirts, a wholly praiseworthy proceeding. Now it would appear that the nomination to the See of Sodor and Man had in some way been devised on the Lady of the House of Athol. At any rate the Duchess of that day regarded it as her perquisite. The unfitness, or at least unpopularity of two successive bishops had not acted apparently as a deterrent, for the

Duchess, like Queen Elizabeth, decided to make some money out of her bishop this time, small as was the stipend, about a £1,000 a year, I believe. Now there was a certain Mrs. Calcraft, formerly in her employ and much in her confidence, as house-keeper, then residing in Liverpool. Her Grace seems to have communicated her intentions to this lady and requested her to keep an open eye for any cleric who might be trusted to meet the Duchess half way in the ticklish transaction. Mrs. Calcraft happened to enjoy some acquaintance with the Reverend Cregan, whose wife she knew had money if only she could be prevailed upon to part with some of it. So she put the question direct to the surprised parson, whether in short he would like to be Bishop of Man and if so would he prove grateful to her Grace for his appointment. Cregan bowed and hoped that in such case the Duchess would never have cause to alter her good opinion of him. "O hang your morals and religious character," said in effect though more discretely this rather candid ambassadress, but will you be *grateful*?"

The Irishman, whether ingenuous or astute, assured the lady that she need have no fear on that score, and the business went through without a hitch. When the bishop designate was starting for Bath to express his verbal gratitude to his Patroness, Mrs. Calcraft appeared upon the scene

again and hoped that he understood that his gratitude would have to be expressed in something solid.

“Madam!” said Cregan, “Do you come to insult me?”

“Sir,” said the lady, “if you fail to settle this matter and that too right quickly, the Duchess desires me to inform you that she will never confirm her appointment.”

But the Rev. Claudius was quite a match for the Duchess. He sent her a copy of the Consecration Oath of a Bishop, together with several direct passages he had culled from her correspondence with Mrs. Calcraft (for the negotiations have been much curtailed here) and threatened to publish the whole matter and lay it before His Majesty’s Privy Council. There was nothing more to be said! The new bishop, the method of whose appointment became known, suffered much obliquy for a long time. But he was really an honest and excellent cleric, made a passably good bishop and in time became quite popular in the island with everyone but the Duchess. Forty seems to have been the prescribed minimum age for this particular bishopric at any rate. In Dr. Murray’s case the law had been ignored.

In the summer of 1829 the Philpot family moved out of Douglas to Oak Hill, two miles away, near the sea and the little cove of Port Laudrie. “A

roomy and charming house with wooded grounds and enclosed on the land side by folding hills. I had a trammel net, a trawl, a boat and lobster pots in the cove which kept us abundantly supplied with all sorts of fish, among them fine cod and lobsters. My nets were often broken by large fish and conger eels. I remember Cowle, my gardener, coming up the road to the house one day with a huge conger's head over his shoulder and the tail trailing far on the ground. I had a clever mountain pony, too, in my stable who used regularly to bruise his own gorse with his fore feet." Gorse was and doubtless still is used for cattle and horse feed, not only in Man but in South Wales and North Devon. In the last named, at any rate when I was young, it was cultivated in patches for the purpose and cut while young and tender, and the prickles either bruised or more usually put through the chaff cutter and made "chop" of often mixed with meal. It was good strong food, cost nothing to grow and was independent of weather. I have often wondered why it is not more generally made use of.

That my grandfather had made some way with the Manx people, even by the time the bishop left, may be judged by the following letter from J. Christian, the chief Deemster at that time. He had just been appointed to the Barrow Professorship, a chair founded in the preceding century by

one of the Island's best bishops for giving lectures to young Manxmen intended for the Church. He never, however, touched the stipend but let it accumulate, and it formed a nucleus of the fund raised for founding King William's College. This was work after his own heart. In a letter from the Deemster congratulating him and warmly commending all his past endeavours he adds: "Whatever complaints we might make against the late Bishop, he has well-nigh redeemed them all by leaving behind one zealous and sound minister."

But another cause of offence arose soon after this that awoke, and perhaps not unnaturally, all the old jealousies that were in a fair way to disappear. Now it was some time before the next bishop, Dr. Ward, was appointed. He was an Irishman and had been tutor to Lord Goderich, and held the living of Great Horksley, near Colchester, which he continued to hold until he died there, dividing his time between his English living and Bishop's Court. When he arrived, however, it became necessary to appoint a new Vicar-General, an important position in the island, and carrying a seat in the Upper House of Keys, otherwise on the Council of eight or nine members. The present holder was a layman and barrister, which was unusual, and an Irishman withal. He had been appointed by Dr. Murray and had been such a violent partisan of the Athol faction that it was impossible to retain him.

“ On Dr. Ward’s arrival he expressed himself so well pleased with what I had been doing that he asked me to accept the office of Vicar-General, as he dared not re-appoint R——. I had done a good deal of magisterial work in Suffolk which in some measure fitted me to become an ecclesiastical judge. But at first I declined it, feeling that I had quite enough to do in my present work. The office, till the late Bishop’s time, had been held for centuries by a Manx clergyman, and in general rather loosely administered. So when it was rumoured that the post had been offered to me, whose election to St. George’s had already been viewed with much jealousy, there was great indignation among the clergy and their lay friends. I had really not intended to accept the Bishop’s offer, but when I reflected on the number of good posts Manxmen held in England, together with the number of anonymous letters I received, the agitation seemed unjust. My combative spirit was aroused and I went straight to the Bishop and accepted his offer. I immediately proceeded to master the Manx code of laws and opened my first Court at Douglas with a carefully prepared address, setting forth my position clearly, which I think made a considerable impression on the local bar and was printed and discussed throughout the island. At this first court R—— (the ex-Vicar-General) came in, flung his umbrella noisily on the table, and defiantly con-

tinued to wear his hat. I appealed to him quietly as a gentleman and a barrister to show proper respect to the Court and remove it. As he refused to do this I reminded him of my power to enforce the order which I should certainly use. At this he bounced out of Court in a rage and never entered it in Session again."

Only one judgment in all the new Vicar-General's years of office was reversed on appeal to the Court of Chancery. The business of the Court increased and an annual dinner at Douglas, given alternately by himself and the Bar, was instituted, "where all sharp practice was forgotten and brotherly love prevailed."

"By degrees I abolished many old superstitious customs, such as swearing to the amount of the debts claimed on the grave of the deceased debtor, while standing at its east end, also the custom of doing penance in a white sheet in the chancel. Many of the cases dealt with were clerical delinquents who had misbehaved themselves. Some concerned those who had been suspended, praying for restitution. My predecessor in office, R——, who had been so violent against me, lay on his dying bed two years' later and sent me a message of reconciliation to come and give him the last consolations, which I was glad to do. The affair which led to the abolishing of penance was this. Three bad characters at Ballaugh, in scorn of Church rites,

led a horse into the porch of the Church on a moonlight night and, tying a white sheet upon its head, made game of baptizing it. The case came before me and I passed the sentence of full excommunication, which included penance in white sheets in Ballaugh chancel. I charged the Sumner to place himself in the rood loft within sight of the penitents and report on their behaviour at the next Consistory Court at Ramsey. The Sumner reported that they passed the time in dancing Scotch reels. After that, I made a general appeal to put an end to these old Popish relics which was ultimately successful, though the new bishop for some reason did not like it." The Vicar-General did not seem to realize to what extent his friends the Scottish Presbyterians just across the water cherished this humiliating practice. But then it would have taken a bold man to dance a reel in a kirk! A kirk elder was altogether another sort of functionary to an Anglican churchwarden and a stiff-lipped minister backed by a bodyguard of uncompromising Calvinists to a free and easy parson.

Of all former bishops in the island, the memory of Wilson easily overshadowed the rest. He had been dead over sixty years by our Vicar-General's time, but his name constantly crops up in his MS. in connection with this or that institution or tradition. He had been a power in the island for fifty-eight years, and resided in it all the time, a

prodigious contrast to nearly all those who came before and some who came after him—often men awaiting better preferment or others whose chief object was to evade residence and see how long they could occupy the second benefice they usually held in England, before some warning note was sounded. Wilson held principles unique in his day. The lords of the island, whether Stanleys or Murrays, were almost contemptuously casual about the appointment of their bishops; or it would be more correct to say that the Stanleys were, while the others were inclined to make a “job” of it. There was frequently a hiatus of several years in which the fact that the island was without a head shepherd seems to have been overlooked. When Wilson, as a young man, was chaplain to the Lord Derby of his day, at Lathom, in Cheshire, he undertook to risk his bread and butter and wrote the Earl a lecture on his debts and other goings-on, which his Lordship happily took in a generous and contrite spirit. In due course he offered his chaplain the bishopric which had been vacant for five years. But the latter established what must have been something like a record for his period and generation by refusing it as being unworthy of such responsibility. So the Earl was still more imbued with respect for his chaplain but forgot all about the spiritual needs of the island.

Two years later, however, the Archbishop of

York protested and took the matter up. Seven years of absent-mindedness was too much even for those days, and the King informed Lord Derby that if he didn't fill the vacant See at once he would do so himself. This of course brought matters to a head and that too in a hurry. The chaplain was told by His Lordship that he must be bishop whether he liked it or not. So Wilson was consecrated in London in 1697, and repairing to his diocese created another record by remaining in it for fifty-eight years till his death in his ninety-fourth year, when he was followed to his grave in Kirk-Michael churchyard by the whole population of the island, and a plain tablet by his express desire marks the spot. The stipend in these early days was only about £300 a year, but this modest sum sufficed this good prelate excellently, for he not only gave regularly to charities, but half rebuilt Bishop's Court and kept a sort of theological college within it. He learnt Manx, of course, and preached regularly in the language to a population demoralized by wrecking, smuggling and drink. One of the Governors, a Mr. Horne, came to be jealous of his power and undertook to dispute his authority in one or two cases. The Governor's dame, however, got herself into a really bad scrape by tittle-tattle concerning a local lady of her circle and a certain baronet, who were driven to make oath before the Bishop, that they were innocent of

all offence. The scandal-mongering lady then found herself forced according to Manx law to prove the truth of her accusations, which she failed to do, upon which the Bishop excommunicated her.

But the Archdeacon of that day was persuaded by the Governor to administer the sacrament to his wife, and then the Bishop suspended the Archdeacon. The fat was now in the fire! But the Bishop instead of appealing as he should have done to the Archbishop of York, made the mistake of going to the Civil Court of the island of which the Governor was head. The latter, of course, misused his powers, fined the Bishop and Vicars-General, of which there seem then to have been two, heavily, and on their refusal to pay, imprisoned all three clerics in Castle Rushen, the chief prison of the island. Here they languished for more than two months, to the injury for a long time of the good Bishop's health. The people were furious and went in crowds to the Governor's house in Castletown, and would have destroyed it with the Governor inside, but for the pleading of Dr. Wilson from his prison windows. On the latter's release he appealed to the King-in-Council. The decision of the Governor's Court was reversed, the fines repaid, and the King was so much impressed by the reputation of the Bishop that he offered him the important See of Exeter. Once again this

single-minded prelate belied his generation and refused to desert his people and his work in the poor island diocese. It is said that the Queen and people of the Court were quite staggered at discovering such a man. His toleration endeared him not merely to the dissenters and Quakers, but even to the Irish papists on the island. While his fame being noised abroad, Cardinal Fleury conceived such a high regard for him that in the French wars, French ships were instructed to leave the Isle of Man alone. But it would be no place here to record all the benefactions wrought upon the island by this remarkable man.

I have ventured on the above incidents as evidence that there were some single-minded bishops in those days, even in obscure Sees, and further that things ecclesiastical were often quite lively even in that remote little kingdom. It was further blessed, too, in having as Wilson's successor for nearly twenty years, a man who followed in his steps, Dr. Hildersley. It was he who had the translation of the Bible into Manx completed, a hundred and fifty years after Bishop Morgan had done the same for the Welsh. A famous story tells how one, Dr. Kelly, the bearer, of the last portion of the translation across the water to the printers in England was wrecked. The ship was lost, and the only thing except the passengers and crew saved, were the precious manuscripts which

the devoted custodian standing waist deep upon a rock, held above water for five hours. A slump in Episcopal effort now followed into which I need not enter, but it terminated with the haughty Bishop Murray as we have seen, and his endeavours to get £6,000 a year in tithe out of the indignant islanders.

“The dear good Bishop Ward,” as his Vicar-General calls him, used to come over periodically to the island from his Essex living. An amusing passage at arms took place between the two anent my grandfather’s out-door services. By this time he had extended them to many of the remoter parts of the island where circumstances were against the weaker members of the populace at any rate, getting to church. It was a rough country then, and the roads leading over its mountainous and wilder parts were in a primitive condition. He had a wonderful saddle horse named “Captain” that he used to talk of to the end of his life for its extraordinary endurance and activity. For the mileages he had to cover in pursuit, both of his normal and self-imposed duties by night as well as day, were excessive.

Open-air services in those days were of course looked at askance by the orthodox. In fact they were uncanonical, and technically illegal. The Vicar-General had still plenty of enemies besides the negative hostility of all the slacker parsons.

He had tried to institute monthly meetings of the clergy for mutual encouragement and discussion, so general everywhere in later days. Only two had so far joined, but those two, Parsons Howard and Gill, are the couple most eulogized of their day in the local chronicles, and they supported all these things heartily and insisted that the trio should meet regularly till better times came. Later on the Vicar-General while living as Archdeacon at the north end of the island, had to fill the passages of his rectory with temporary beds to accommodate the numbers which came from afar to these gatherings. But with regard to the open-air services, Dr. Ward rallied him not a little on his unorthodox enterprises, the noise of which had spread to the mainland. In short, the Bishop remonstrated in a kindly way and declared that the canons forbade a clergyman to preach or expound except in the family circle. "What limit in number," said the other, "would you put to a family circle?" "Well, perhaps about twenty," replied the Bishop. Said the obstinate Vicar-General, "I leave here tomorrow and I intend to stop at Ballacony on my way home and expect to find at least 150 people waiting there to hear me and pray with me. There will be aged men, and sick people and mothers with little children, none of whom can get to church." "Oh, go your way," said the Bishop laughing, "and do as you will; you are a rebel and always will be."

“These particular meetings eventually brought about the building of St. Jude’s church. I never shall forget the storm of thunder, lightning and hail, which rent the heavens as I was kneeling on the foundation stone in a prayer of consecration in the midst of a great crowd of Manxmen, numbers of whom, tradesmen, farmers and carpenters, had contributed their gratuitous labour towards its erection, sometimes by night.”

The little unpleasantness that occurred at the opening of the Vicar-General’s first court at Douglas was a mere trifle to the uproar which some months later distinguished his first session at Kirk Michael, though it must be admitted that he took an active part in promoting it himself. Here it is in his own words.

“Some ill-conditioned laymen at the north of the island, nursing their grievance, as they imagined, in the matter of my appointment, had for long waited an opportunity to annoy me. There was at that time a certain Manxman, Robert Cannon, commonly called ‘Big Bob,’ living in a lonely cottage in Glen Willan. He was of gigantic frame and herculean strength and dissolute habits. He was so feared in his neighbourhood for the many acts of violence he had committed in his drunken bouts, that it was said forty men had bound themselves together jointly to revenge any injury done by him to one of their number. This was the ruffian who

entered my first Court at Kirk Michael, instigated, it was believed, by some of those who had objected to my appointment. He came rudely into the Court and seated himself with his hat on just under me as I sat on the Bench. I could see the top of the hat, and leaning over told him to take it off. My request was met by a scoffing laugh. I then called on the constables who were in Court, but not one of them dare come forward.

“At this moment Mr. Brown, the registrar, came up to me and said in an undertone, ‘Perhaps, your reverence does not know who that man is?’ ‘I do not,’ said I, ‘and it matters nothing who he is, he shall not insult this Court.’ I again called on the officers of the Court, but not one of them stirred. ‘If this be the Isle of *Man*,’ I called out, ‘and not of *woman*, this ruffian must be removed,’ but there was still no sign of action. I then hastily and, I admit, improperly, threw off my gown, jumped down from the Bench, and seized Cannon by the collar, and we had a fearful struggle, in which I should soon have been worsted had not Mr. Corlett of Ramsey, and five or six of the other lawyers, come to my rescue. After a furious scuffle, scattering benches and chairs in all directions, we at last dragged him out of Court. I shall never forget the manly but formidable appearance of that Manx giant as he shook off his assailants, and stood in the middle of the road in an attitude of defiance, with

his fine countenance, broad chest, and herculean limbs.

“I then returned to my seat, apologized to the Court for the part I had inconsiderately but unavoidably taken in the fray, and informed the constables that I should present them to the Governor for their cowardice. I had not resumed the business of the Court many minutes before little Gee, an Englishman who kept the adjacent hotel, came in to speak to me, and when I leaned down to him, he said: ‘Will your reverence give me an order to arrest Big Bob, and lend me your coachman, William Christian, and I think with half a dozen more we might take him. ‘Why, Gee,’ said I, ‘what has he done now?’ ‘He has gone upstairs, sir, into the large room where the lawyers dine, and is sitting in the chair at the top of the table, with his legs on each side of the round of beef, brandishing the carving knife, and swearing that the lawyers shall go home to-day without their dinner.’ So I sent for William, who was a most powerful man. He held back a bit at first, but at length went upstairs, followed by five stout fellows who remained just outside the door. William then entered the room, and going up to Cannon whom he knew, in a cheery way held out his hand, which the other dropped the knife to shake. William then fell upon him, and the other five rushing in, after a tremendous struggle and upsetting everything, they got

the handcuffs on Cannon, and locked him up in the little prison till a conveyance could be brought to take him to Castle Rushen, the State prison of the island."

Big Bob came out of prison three months later, vowing vengeance against the Vicar-General, who had been the means of thus humbling him to the dust in the face of the community he had been accustomed to flout and bully. Of course, these threats came to my grandfather's ears through acquaintances and anonymous letters, but quite characteristically he paid little attention to them beyond carrying a swordstick—when he remembered to. One April evening, just as he was starting to walk into Douglas for his weekly lecture, a man whose affection he had won by some acts of kindness, rode rapidly up to the door crying out, "Thank God, sir, I am in time." He had been watching Big Bob pretty closely for some time on the Vicar-General's account, and had just seen him settle down in an empty shed commanding the lonely lane leading to Douglas with a double-barrelled gun. He also knew that he had sworn in his cups to blow out my grandfather's brains. Indeed, the latter had received an anonymous letter that very morning warning him not to walk into Douglas that day, but had disregarded it. There was no overlooking this, however, and he sent his visitor at best pace to the mayor with instructions

to send out some soldiers for Cannon's arrest. Being found still in the shed with the gun and a bottle of brandy, he was again arrested, and the evidence being good enough for the place and the period, he was recommitted to Castle Rushen.

But the opportunity of saving such a lost soul as this far overmastered the Vicar-General's fears for his own safety. So when called upon to swear that he went in fear of his life for Cannon, he refused to do so, which resulted in the prisoner being liberated. This forbearance does not seem to have softened the ruffian's heart as the faithful coachman, Christian, made means to discover, and despite his master's protests, insisted on accompanying him on all his excursions. In due course, however, my grandfather learned that Cannon was haunting a low underground dram shop on the quay at Douglas, and straightway made up his mind to tackle him. Slipping quietly off there one night, when he was told he would find him, and inquiring of the landlady who emerged from the depths, whether Cannon was in the house, she replied he was not. The Vicar-General disputed her assertion with assumed confidence, whereupon she admitted her inexactitude. Pointing down some stairs she intimated that her amiable friend was below, but strongly recommended his being left alone—as indeed he actually had been, his quarrelsome condition having emptied her house of customers that evening. But

this stout-hearted wrestler with the devil and his works was not to be baffled. He descended to the drinking cellar, and confronting the surly and astonished giant, asked him what he meant by cherishing these wicked revengeful intentions against a man who had done him no harm, but merely executed his duty.

"What! Aren't you afraid of me?" snarled the ruffian.

"I fear God only, and no man living," was the reply.

There is no need here for the full interview, enough that the eloquence of the Vicar-General reduced his savage antagonist to a reasonable measure of repentance. He promised to reform his ways and his war against his fellow-creatures, to return to his wheelwright's work at which he was an adept, and accepted there and then an order for a farm cart, which he faithfully executed. His reformation, to be sure, did not last long, but his respect for the parson—he seems to have been critical of parsons—who had bearded him in his lair, was permanently established. Some years afterwards when the latter was re-visiting the island from Norfolk, and was standing on the quay at Douglas recalling the story of Big Bob to one or two of his children who were with him, an old man standing by, who overheard it, stepped forward and asked my grandfather if he had ever

heard the end of the giant. On getting a reply in the negative, he went on to relate that the offensive conduct of this turbulent soul got at last so unbearable that a number of men made a secret agreement to get rid of him on the first opportunity, and he was found one morning at the fall of the tide with his head in the mud, and his legs sticking up in the water—a fate so reasonably probable for a confirmed drunkard as to excite no particular comment. “But there were those,” continued the veteran, “who could have told another story at the inquest if they had been so minded.”

CHAPTER XI.

ISLE OF MAN.

THERE were only three rectors in the island, all with stipends of a little over £300 a year, and fourteen vicars receiving about £130. This, however, seems to have been exclusive of their glebe land. But living must have been amazingly cheap in those good old times. Some of the habits even among the clergy were primitive. “While spending a summer day, on one occasion, with dear old Mr. —— at his rectory, I had written a letter just before leaving, and asked my host for a candle in order to seal it. After some hesitation he replied: “I am very sorry, Archdeacon, but I never allow a candle in the house between Ladyday and Michaelmas. We should all be sitting up too late if we had lights.” Another time, in my earlier days on the Island, I dropped into a farmhouse about seven o'clock to pay a parochial visit. The sun had hardly sunk, and there being nobody about, I assumed they had not come in from their outside duties. So I entered the house and sat down on a stool by the embers of the peat fire in the kitchen to await them. After sitting some time in solitude, a suspicion of the truth began to dawn on me, and

at the same moment the situation was unmistakably announced by a long-drawn snore issuing from the dark recesses of the room where there was a locker bed. In short, the whole household were in bed and asleep!"

That there was superstition in the island in those days is a matter of course. Manxmen declare there is a great deal still existing. Of course there is, and almost everywhere else in the kingdom, despite railroads, tourists and trippers save perhaps in the home counties, which represent all rural England, to so many writers of country articles. If they have not been exorcised from Devon and Cornwall, too, by the hordes of strangers that within my memory have literally transformed those counties, and almost vulgarized them, thanks to the great enterprise of the Great Western Railway, one might almost fancy they had been written out of existence in the miles of printer's ink concentrated upon the south-western peninsula. But there are still regions, and well-known to me, where the tourist goes not, and that the novelist, male or female, has not exploited, where strange things go forward even still. In the wild mountain and moorland solitudes of central and South Wales, for instance, there are men here and there, owning several thousand sheep, who not only believe in witches, but who pay substantially for their charms and incantations. And there are certain families

among them in which these mystic powers are hereditary. But these things are spoken of in a whisper and never to the outsider. The other day, however, a witch from this mountain country was sentenced to six months' imprisonment at Cardiff Assizes. A hill farmer, concerned about his health, had paid her in instalments £300. The English judge who sentenced her, spoke to me of the case a few months afterwards, as unique in his long experience. He had not imagined such things could be! It did not surprise me in the least, for I knew well they were always smouldering in that country. But what did surprise me was that the victim had the hardihood to take the case into Court!

And again I knew quite well a mountain ash tree at the corner of a wood in Herefordshire. Its silvery bark on one side had been nearly all chipped away in the course of years, and in each chip a gash had been made, and in each gash was or had been a human hair. An adjoining ash had just been started upon in like fashion the year the war broke out. The first cuts on it were quite fresh, and the hairs still in them when I last visited it. This was no playful local custom or joke at all. The slight operation was done when required privately and seriously. It was a spell for the relief of natives of the parish living in distant parts, and suffering from a familiar specific disorder. The parish, which I

knew well, was not a remote one, nor the people ignorant, but just normal country folk.

My grandfather held all superstition in utter scorn, as was natural to his creed and character, though they amused him. When, in his old age, any of the juveniles of his numerous clan expressed a fear of or interest in ghosts in his presence, he had one invariable answer which settled the matter in his opinion, for good and all, though it did not add much to psychological science. "My dears, I shall be (say) 89 next birthday, if I live, and I have never yet seen a ghost, so you may be quite sure you never will, nor yet anyone else." It is quite certain he would have gone for it straight if he had, provided it had been a gentleman. But then he was just one of those people, and perhaps one would not say it of many, whom one feels quite certain no spectre would have the hardihood to approach. But the local superstitions amused him considerably. Hardly anyone in the island would cross a country bridge at nine o'clock at night, as at that hour they were all briefly occupied by the witches. "In one of my visitations round the island, Mr. M——, a Manx parson, and my registrar, was riding with me on his old grey mare. As it was nearing nine o'clock, and we were approaching Sulby bridge, he was evidently in great anxiety, and kept hinting to me that it was time we pushed on. I knew what was in his mind, and out of

mischievousness persisted in our slow pace. As we got close to the haunted spot, he pulled out his watch and so did I. It was just upon the fateful hour, and M——, without more ado, set spurs to his horse and galloped across the bridge as if Satan were at his very heels, leaving me shouting with laughter.”

“The house fires were everywhere extinguished on April 30, and fresh ones laid on May 1, and ignited by rubbing two sticks together. (The Beltane fires are referred to in the first pages of this book.) Gorse, too, was sometimes burnt on the mountains to drive the witches out. The above-mentioned M—— was an old miser and a bachelor, who, out of a living of about £130 a year and a mountain glebe, we were pretty certain had saved a large sum of money by pinching and saving, and rather niggardly practices generally. Stopping at his vicarage one day in passing I said to him: ‘M——, I have a missionary meeting in my schoolroom to-night, you had better come on with me and say a word at it.’ ‘Never attended a missionary meeting, and never made a speech in my life,’ said the horrified registrar. ‘Well, then, it is time you did,’ said I, ‘and I will tell you what to say. “Gentlemen and ladies, I am delighted to be at this meeting to-night, I ought to have subscribed to the society for the past fifty years, and to make up for this neglect of duty, I will put £50

into the plate to-night." The old man gasped : 'Why, Mr. Archdeacon, it would totally ruin me.' 'Well,' said I, 'you are hoarding your money for others to spend probably in folly, possibly in sin, when you will be in your grave. Remember, you must meet your gold again at the Judgment Day, and if it be found with a rust upon it, it will damn your soul.'"

This trenchant denunciation was worth £50 to the Society as, though the old miser shied at the meeting, when he died soon afterwards there was found a codicil to his will of this date, to that effect. Though the sombre prophecies of his Archdeacon with regard to the ultimate dispersion of the handsome little fortune he left were not literally fulfilled, a much worse thing in the eyes of the deceased, if he could have witnessed it, came about. For through the immediate marriage of his next of kin it came into the hands of the man he hated most in the world!

"All our clerks were more or less original characters ; that at Bride, then Mr. Nelson's parish, was a one-armed man having lost his limb at Waterloo. He read the responses in a tremendous voice but would never repeat the sentence in the Creed '*descended into Hell,*' but was always seized with a fit of coughing at the moment. I was taking the service there for a few Sundays and explained to him at great length how the word had not here the

meaning he imputed to it and for what reasons. He seemed fully satisfied but on the next Sunday at the critical moment he had an even louder fit of coughing and choking rather than pronounce the objectionable word, so I gave up the attempt. My own clerk at Andreas was a bit of a character. He controlled the music, such as it was (my grandfather had not a note in him), and one day when a relative whom he hated, but who had made a good deal of money, turned up at church, he gave out the hymn, then in our old version: '*When wicked men grow rich and great.*'"

Sheep stealing was a great trouble in the Isle of Man in those days and it was all the worse, despite the seeming paradox, in that it was a capital offence. Modern writers are continually holding up the terrible penalties, recorded on the statutes in former days as if they were strictly enforced. In the Isle of Man, at any rate, the death penalty acted much more to the injury of the sheep-owners than of the sheep-stealers, for everyone shrank from pressing a case to judgment.

"One day while at Oak Hill Captain Bacon called me out to come and see how one of his sheep during the night had been killed, where the extremity of his land joined mine, and carried away. We sent for Major Tobin, a magistrate who lived near. I detected the thief's footprint on the soft ground where the blood had been spilt and getting

a piece of paper, cut it to the exact shape of the boot, which had an iron heel broken at one end and a nail out on the other side, defects easily marked. There was a man living at the end of my parish I had reason to suspect. So we all repaired in my carriage to his hovel where he was sitting over the peat fire looking dirty and jaded. 'What have you done with that sheep you killed in the night?' I said sharply to him. He roughly denied the accusation. 'Then take off you left boot,' I said, which he refused to do. I called in William Christian (the coachman) from the carriage and said, 'Take that man's boot off!' He now saw there was no help for it and submitted. The proof was ample but there was no prosecution! We shortly afterwards had the law altered and whipping at the cart's tail and imprisonment substituted. Unfortunately, the first offender was a woman. The punishment was inflicted, nevertheless, near Peel, and that was the end of sheep-stealing in the Isle of Man."

The Vicar-General, as I have said, was now by virtue of his office a member of the Upper House of Keys, otherwise the Governor's Council. This was composed as it still is, of the bishop, arch-deacon, attorney-general, receiver-general, the two Deemsters (judges), the vicar-general and the clerk of the Rolls.

The Lower House consisted of twenty-four

members ; five from Douglas, one each from the other three towns, Ramsey, Castletown and Peel, the rest from six electoral districts. In those days there was not much of democracy in Manx politics. The House itself was permanent and when vacancies occurred, two candidates for a division or town were selected by the sitting members submitting their names to the governor, who chose one of them ; a comfortable family sort of affair. There was no voting or any nonsense of that kind !

All this was altered in 1866 and now the local government is run by the counting of noses male and female as in England, and indeed as it had been nominally in ancient times save for the women. The procedure of this diminutive Legislature was precisely the same as that of Westminster.

But when a Bill from the island had received Royal assent it was not valid until it had been passed by a full Court of Tynwald, which consisted of the three estates Governor, Council and Keys. The Vicar-General describes the first Tynwald Court he attended as a member of the Council. "It was held as customary on old Midsummer Day (July 6) near the church of St. John between Douglas and Peel and very nearly in the centre of the island. The meeting place was on the grassy mound which had been raised for the purpose in past ages. On the top of this was pitched a tent

surmounted by the English flag emblazoned with the ancient arms of Man, the familiar three legs. People came to it from all quarters of the island and made it a general holiday. First there was a service in St. John's church. After that all the officials marched in procession to the Tynwald Hill close by, the Commander of the troops, the Governor, the Council and the House of Keys. The two Deemsters from in front of the tent then read out the Acts passed in the preceding year both in Manx and English. I had to speak on this occasion in connection with my Vicar-Generalship and took the opportunity of inserting a few friendly words to the Wesleyan Methodists, who were a strong and respectable element in the island and had not yet quite broken from the church, though the late bishop, (poor Dr. Murray!) had greatly strained the connection. When all this was over the procession was again formed to the church, where the Acts were signed by the members of the two Houses and given over to the custody of the Clerk of the Rolls."

In connection with his Barrow professorship my grandfather was active in preparing young men for the church and recommending them for ordination at Chester or Carlisle, and not only for the Manx ministry. Among these students was one of the young Curwens of the well known Cumbrian family, a fact only worth mentioning as it led to an en-

joyable and longish visit to Workington and also to Bell-isle, their beautiful second place on Windermere, and incidentally to a glimpse of the lake notabilities. "After preaching on Sunday at Ambleside, with Wordsworth in the congregation, he came into the vestry afterwards to thank me for my sermon, and invited me to visit him, which I did the next day, and spent an exceedingly pleasant two hours with him at Rydal Mount." Wordsworth's attitude towards his numerous visitors is always an interesting though not invariably an edifying note in the voluminous pages of Wordsworthian lore. I have forgotten, I regret to say, the Vicar-General's verbal recollections of the incident and the MS. note on it is brief as shown above. This visitor, however, was not one to suffer monologues gladly, nor can I quite imagine him listening with becoming rapture to lengthy recitations from *The Excursion*. They must have had some theological talk—I may state that with certainty. Probably it was got over quickly and quite satisfactorily. But after all, perhaps, they went round the garden and talked flowers and trees, a subject of deep common interest.

"I also visited de Quincey who had not long written his *Confessions of an Opium-eater*. We remained a few minutes in the room before he appeared, and I noticed a silver coffee biggin which stood on the hob. We made free to take a peep into it and it contained his opium which he was

then said to be taking in decreasing doses. I took no notes of my visits to these celebrities, but I did in the case of Southey whom I called upon a little later. He gave the first impression of a very *white* man, white coat and trousers that is to say, white face and white hair, a semicircular profile, very Roman nose and an expression of singular shrewdness, in his quick severe eye under his shaggy eyebrows. We went together into his study, crammed with books, as were two adjoining rooms. He showed me a bust of Wordsworth, beautifully executed by Chantry. Whenever the conversation became animated he rose and rapidly paced the room in various directions so that he was sometimes behind me when I was addressing him. My eye caught *Anuales Sanctorum* in many volumes, many also of *Baronius*. I spoke freely on religious subjects, and found he was rather opposed to my views and alluded to the case of his friend, Channing, who after preaching the doctrine of Calvin, turned first Arian and then Deist. He much disliked all dissenters except the Wesleyan Methodists." They then discussed the merits of the Bishop of Durham's sermons, and those of Robert Hall, Miller and Delious, and the state of religion in America.

The thorny subject of conversion and converts by which the Vicar-General set such store all his life was then introduced, but Southey was sceptical

on that point. His fencing on the subject is rather amusing, till he discreetly switched off on to politics, and both agreed that to rob the boroughs of their vested rights was a shameful thing, and that the King's mind which had already occasioned anxiety on a former question would give way at his surrender, and further that Brougham was not trusted even by his own friends. After a further talk about Southey's own prose work and a great deal about Edward Irvine and Hall, Southey telling many anecdotes about both with great vehemence and action, the ladies appeared; "two daughters, kind, courteous, pretty and lively, and Mrs. Southey, a stout contented lady." The pair parted quite affectionately at the drive gate.

About this time my grandfather had an eccentric but welcome visitor who caused a mild sensation in the island. This was his wife's brother, Harvey Vachell, a young captain of Engineers, just returned from many years service in Van Dieman's land; one of the two boys at Harrow, when his father's house in Cambridgeshire was gutted by the rioters as already told. He had gone on to Woolwich, passed for the Engineers, been inspected with the cadets by the Great Duke, and apparently by his own wish sent at once on duty to the antipodes. It was a common jest long ago in the Army, that Engineer officers when approaching middle life were either "mad, married or metho-

dists." In the slightly hyperbolic sense herein implied, my great uncle was rapidly qualifying for the first and last of these characters. He deferred the middle one till he had had his fling of adventure. He had been stationed now for many years in Tasmania, then known as Van Dieman's land, and a penal colony. His job had been to take gangs of convicts into the remote wilderness, road making, surveying and the like, with a full measure of hardship and isolation, and for weeks together on "a mixed diet of kangaroo and parrot." He brought home some gruesome stories of his convicts. One told of how a couple in attempting to escape lost themselves in the bush. One alone in emaciated condition after many weeks of wandering found his way back to headquarters, having been compelled to kill and eat a portion of his friend! The penalty for attempted escape was not very severe, particularly when it brought its own punishment as it generally did; while the confession of manslaughter and cannibalism was not of course official, but the man's excuse in intimate moments was short and frank. "Well, I was not going to starve!"

The captain brought a good sized monkey with him whose exploits in and around Oakwood made the house and neighbourhood in the end too hot to hold it, and brought it to an enforced and untimely end. He had conveyed this too enter-

prising beast all the way from Southampton on top of the coach, after a long preliminary struggle with the various drivers and guards, who had insisted on charging a full passenger's fare for him as presumably he would occupy a seat. His master however, denied this and compromised for half-fare as the ape would sit quietly on his shoulder the whole way, a feat for both man and monkey, which was actually achieved to the dismay of some passengers, and the entertainment of wayside posting houses innumerable. The captain after a short time began to feel "the call of the wild" irresistible, and used to take to the mountains with gun and rod for days and nights together, sheltering when he felt like it in mountain hovels. This would not have much mattered, but he had brought home with him his bush outfit, consisting of a full equipment including cap, contrived out of kangaroo and other skins. In this he roamed the country and scared some of the natives out of their wits. Incidentally too, he added to the mythical fauna of the island.

For some years afterwards, my grandfather and his brother-in-law were visiting a fisherman's family in a sequestered cove on the north-west coast. The old woman was discussing mermaids, apparently as common objects of the seashore, but had only discovered of late years, she declared, that there were also mer-men, as they had once watched one

for a long time sitting on the rocks at the point of the cove, and it was covered with hair. This was, of course, my eccentric uncle in his fur clothing, though he did not reveal the fact to his entertainers, who lived and died no doubt, under their thrilling conviction. Possibly it abides there yet! He soon qualified for the third attribute of the typical engineer officer and was "converted" by his sister and brother-in-law, for Mrs. Philpot, who had blithely shared all such gaieties as Suffolk afforded in her youth, had before coming to the island adopted her husband's more serious views with a rigidity that never mellowed in old age like his. She also helped in his work so far as was possible for a lady who bore ten living children in seventeen years with more to follow. Her brother gave up the Army, read for the church with my grandfather's other theological students and was ordained in due course by Bishop Ward. But the wild called him again, this time with the added enthusiasm of a missionary, to the ends of the earth. He returned, however, in a few years to Cambridgeshire, married there a Miss Pemberton, settled down in a country living in those parts, and died in his rectory at a ripe old age.

CHAPTER XII.

ISLE OF MAN.

EARLY in 1832 the death occurred at Andreas Rectory of Archdeacon Mybia. "He had been long confined to his room and latterly to his bed, so that the whole ecclesiastical authority in the island and the entire management of church affairs, while the Bishop was at his living in Essex rested on me. On hearing of the Archdeacon's death Bishop Ward at once wrote a most pressing letter to Lord Goderich and through him to Lord Melbourne (of which he sent me a copy) urging him to give me the appointment. This was immediately granted and I was instituted and inducted to the living of Andreas and the Archdeaconry in May, 1832."

The Rectory of Andreas in the north of the island was inseparable by custom from the other office, hence the move. These appointments were the first made by the Crown since the transfer of the island from the partial jurisdiction of the Athol family. In the Bishop's letter to Lord Goderich, a copy of which is before me, he writes: "Mr. Philpot has laboured like five men these last three years and has been hands, feet, eyes and intellect to me since I have been over this diocese.

As therefore you value my poor mind, body and daily comfort, and what is worth more than all besides, the good of the Church of God, you will secure this appointment, and will lose no time in doing so, as Interest is making in another quarter. Your Lordship could never gratify me in a matter which I have more at heart than this. I had selected Mr. Philpot from the very first as my future Archdeacon and he has been assisting in the duties of the diocese most assiduously and effectually for the past three years and is the only man of my acquaintance I should think of appointing."

"It was a severe wrench to leave my most kind people at Douglas. The expression of their regrets was deeply affecting, as were numbers of private letters and among other things requests to have my sermons delivered there, published."

A tray of pure Manx silver from the Laxey mines with an affectionate and grateful inscription, together with the Manx arms of the three legs, remains as a testimony to the good old Archdeacon's labours at Douglas. It is quite a relief, too, to be now able to write of him as "The Archdeacon," for nobody ever called him anything else for the nearly sixty remaining years of his life. Once an Archdeacon to be sure always an Archdeacon in a titular sense. But this one seemed absolutely to demand some title of respect and authority, as his parishioners and friends for two

generations after he had shed all archidiaconal duties seemed to feel. I never recollect hearing him called "Mr. Philpot" in my life and find quite a difficulty even in writing it.

Just before leaving Douglas the Archdeacon had assisted in erecting a second church and instituting to it a man who proved to be after his own heart. He was also succeeded in his own parish by a parson who came up to his rather critical standard. So things were getting on! In the same year too he took a prominent part in mitigating the dangers of a great rock in the centre of Douglas Bay. An English baronet at Fort Anne, whose domicile in the island had originated, like probably many others, in the freedom from arrest for debt, compounded with his conscience, if indeed it pricked (though perhaps he had paid his debts!), in forwarding the work. Vessels entering the harbour often foundered on this dangerous obstacle. Quite recently a ship's crew had been stranded there and left for days before food could be got to them. The fund now raised went to building a tower of refuge on the rock, which was always to contain a store of sea-biscuit ready for any sailors that might be shipwrecked there. "The opening was a grand day and long remembered in the island. Sir W— H— laid the foundation stone while I offered up the prayers. We were joined in by as many as the rock would hold and hundreds of others in boats around with uncovered heads."

Three years before, the Archdeacon, as will be remembered, had carried his household bodily off to Suffolk on a holiday jaunt. He now decided before moving to the north of the island to repeat the adventure and though he had now six children instead of three to include in it, he doesn't seem to have thought any more of the undertaking than on the other occasion. So with the six children, their nurses, his wife and maid and a manservant and his roomy carriage he sailed gaily away for Liverpool. Here he hired a second conveyance and posted all the way to Suffolk. The children, he declares, enjoyed themselves immensely. I should think they did and I am quite sure he did! They travelled by easy day stages, stopping the night at all the inns, by this time quite familiar to him, and devoting the long summer evenings at each place to a personally conducted tour of such of the company as were up to it round the sights of the town and neighbourhood.

“After spending a joyous time with our old friends at Huntingfield, Walpole and Southwold, we posted back in the same manner, spending a few days with my wife's uncle, George Jenyns, Prebendary of Ely, at Bottisham Hall.* We then

* Formerly the seat of the well known Soame Jenyns, contemporary of Horace Walpole, M.P. for Cambridge, a Lord of the Board of Trade, author and man of fashion, now owned by R. B. Jenyns, Esq.

went on to Calke Abbey, the seat of my old friend, and for long tenant of my Southwold house, Sir George Crewe, where we had a charming visit." Just think of it, ye modern hosts and hostesses of even pre-war memories! Even in your intimate circles, what a flock—toddling infants, nurses and all! Did kinship or affection bear the strain? I think it must have in those leisurely and peaceful days. And so back northwards, careering across England by the same cosy inns, the calvacade embarked again at Liverpool in the packet, and were comfortably deposited, this time on Douglas quay in the daylight among welcoming friends, not dumped by boats in the dark on a rainy, friendless and almost hostile shore, as on the first memorable arrival. Four years had in truth wrought a wondrous change!

The Rectory of Kirk Andreas was far too small for the Archdeacon's needs. So he rented Branst, in the heart of the parish, a roomy double house with large garden and outbuildings, "the front entirely covered with the sweet-scented verbena, the stem of which was nearly a foot round." Almost in fact a replica, as shown in the Archdeacon's sketches, of the house at Oakhill, it was only some four miles from the Point of Ayre, the northern extremity of the island and about the same distance above Ramsey; the large parish of Kirk Andreas covering most of the sharp northern

angle. Behind Oakhill the mountains rose tier above tier till they culminated in Snaefel, 2,050 feet, the monarch of the island. Here at Kirk Andreas they all lay to the south and a comparatively level country stretched towards the low northern cape, where the great lighthouse stood.

“ Though the atmosphere of this northern end was pure and bracing, like the rest of the island, it was subject to constant showers, but so generally beneficial that there was an old Manx saying: ‘ Rain every day was too much, every other day not enough.’ The character and even appearance of the people here differed somewhat from those of the more mixed and more educated people of the south. The intercourse with the mainland was very limited, though by degrees boats began to ply regularly and take off our fish. I used to buy large turbot for a shilling! At first my new parishioners were shy and distant, but when they found that honest kindness was felt and practised towards them their affections were gained and became very warm. Their English had been so much acquired through the Manx and English bibles that their ordinary converse was curiously full of biblical expressions. My congregations at first were small, but on the Good Friday and Easter Sunday following my arrival the church was crammed from all quarters with intending communicants. The people had been accustomed to regard the Holy



BRANST, ISLE OF MAN.

Facing p. 199.

From a sketch by B. Philpot (1833).

Communion as a saving ordinance which cleared off their sins and gave them a fresh start for another career of carelessness or sin. At Christmas Eve, called 'Eel Varrey,' the church presented an extraordinary appearance. Crowds came with candles stuck in hollow turnips and holly boughs which they held before them. They sung carols of their *own* composition and kept watch till midnight."

The Archdeacon lost no time in correcting his people on their distorted views of the Sacrament, which produced a wholesale thinning out of the sheep from the goats. He found the Wesleyans a little shy under the impression that he was a Calvinist. He soon, however, disabused their minds of this and attracted them back to the service of a church they had completely broken with. The most prominent of their number proved, secularly and morally, a tower of strength to him. This was one Captain Kneale, a member of the House of Keys and "Captain" of the parish. His title was a curious survival of old days when the duty of that official was to rouse the people when the Scots, Irish or Danes were threatening the coasts. Its former dignity had now sunk to keeping an eye on the public-houses and with the Archdeacon and High Bailiff of the district to sign conjointly the applications, if approved, for a renewal of licences. There were now thirty-three

public-houses and fourteen fairs in the parish of Kirk Andreas alone, which all kept *aquadente* on tap. The drunkenness was terrible, and the temperance society had not been able to cross the boundaries of the parish. The Archdeacon now took off his coat and prepared to grapple with the curse. When he put it on again thirty-one of the taverns had been closed! It was not merely by temperance meetings, and exhortations, public and private, that he brought about this transformation, but he and the doughty Captain above mentioned arranged to visit the public-houses in person on every fair night. "It was intensely laborious and sometimes dangerous work. On one occasion at a public-house near the Bride hills we were very roughly handled by strangers to the parish. The lights were extinguished and a rush was made at us. I was thrown under a table against the wall and thus escaped further injury. By this constant visiting and the knowledge acquired and our consequent refusal to sign the licences we brought about the suppression of thirty-one of these taverns and the land had peace.

"I had a right of fishing for some miles along the coast, which was here very shallow, with smooth sand running far out to sea, and I kept a trawl net and boat for the purpose. It took nine men to work the net, four in the boat and five on shore, and we caught large quantities of choice fish, soles,

salmon, cod, etc. The fishing ceased when day began to dawn. The fish were then all spread on the shore and divided into twelve parts, I had two for the net and one for the boat and the nine men had a share each. Their method of allotment was for one man to turn his back while another pointed with a stick to the successive heaps, calling on the other to name the owner, who promptly then took possession. Sometimes after my weekly lecture at Corkills on the Cliff I took a man's place in the boat or at the net. Those were truly most enjoyable nights. One I remember in particular, though the reason that took me out in it was of anything but happy memory. My dear wife's health was then beginning to give way and the condition of her nerves was deplorable. She couldn't bear a servant in her room and for several successive nights I sat up with her and got practically no sleep.

“At length worn out I threw myself into bed but my brain was so strained, sleep was impossible. So I rose, dressed and went across to the sea-shore where my net was at work. After a vain attempt to help, I left them and wandered slowly along the shore in the most perfect solitude. I imagined that I could hear the igneous gases under my feet escaping from one strata of rock to another. The lighthouses on the distant shores of England, Scotland and Ireland shone like large stars. The

luminous phosphoric waves of the sea breaking in liquid fire caused a strange light, and the shrieking of the sea-birds seemed to give intensity to the solitude. I travelled on till I reached the noble lighthouse at the Point of Ayre just as Scott was trimming his lamps for the last time. He had been reading his great namesake's poems and was greatly startled at first but soon recognized me. We chatted quietly for an hour or so, he talking of the numbers of wild birds, migrants particularly, that dashed themselves against the lantern and fell dead on the shore. I then walked home by Bride, having compassed some sixteen miles. I got to bed before the family were up and slept soundly for nearly two days."

The Archdeacon, being the handy, all-round man he was, did as may be supposed a great deal of amateur but necessary doctoring in that out of the way district. He had a great belief in herbs and administered tinctures made from them to all and sundry. Mistletoe for epilepsy, meadow-saffron for rheumatic gout, dwarf-hypericum for heart trouble, are entered among the prescriptions in his notes. The name of one disease, however, recorded constantly in the parish registers as the cause of death completely baffled him on his first arrival in this northern parish. This was the "stitches."

"I was told it visited the parish at certain periods and people dated events by the last year

of 'the Stitches.' In some years the registers had marked fourfold deaths with an S against the names of the victims. No cases of this mysterious ailment occurred during my first year at Andreas, and I had an intense curiosity to learn its nature. I had, however, more than a suspicion that it was pleurisy. At length on one of the parish fair nights when I had returned home very late in consequence of a bad case of stabbing and had just got to sleep, the tramp of a horse under the window woke me up. On lifting the sash a voice called up: 'It is I, Sir, Phil-of-the-Loch, pray come to my poor boy Tom, he can't last long, he's got stitches.' Even if a better impulse had not urged me I could not have withstood that! So I hastily dressed and jumped on Phil's horse behind him and we galloped off to the Bride hills. (This picture of the chief ecclesiastical dignitary and at the moment deputy bishop of the island hanging on to the coat tails of a galloping farmer is rather nice!) I found the whole family gathered on each side of a great fire and Tom in front of it. They lighted a candle and I found him as I expected suffering from an attack of pleurisy. I had brought what I believed to be the best remedy for it before it extends to the lung, which doubtless accounted for the extraordinary mortality it caused in this undoctored district, namely tartar emetic (I omit the Arch-deacon's scientific arguments for its action). I

administered it and left strict injunctions for further treatment and in a few days Tom was well. But on a second visit I had noticed a long rough box set up at the end of the room and asked Phil what it was. 'Why, it is Tom's coffin, Sir, to be sure.' There had been no cure for stitches till you came along, and I just knocked it up out of some loose boards that were lying about."

With a shoal of excited and suppressed publicans in the north end of the island, to say nothing of their thirsting clientele, the Archdeacon had enemies enough to daunt even his fearless soul. He had threatening letters and warnings no end, but as he did not care a snap for these, as often happens, nothing eventually came of the threats. He was constantly out alone by night and day. He had meetings of some sort every night in the week to which he usually rode, and frequent trips on horseback on his Archdeacon's work to various parts of the island including Douglas itself. This last was nearly twenty miles off, the way there lying over roughish tracks through mountain passes. He carried no weapon but a leaded butt to his riding whip. After all Man wasn't Ireland. A murderer would not have found it easy to get away and would have got short shrift, if arrested, from the Deemster's Court. Moreover he was making friends fast among the more respectable people and on the only occasion on which he was

“Iain for” he got warning. That the people were simple goes without saying. They were also extraordinarily honest. Locks and keys, bolts and bars were unknown. An Englishman who came over and rented a house in the parish fitted it up inside and out with every precaution against thieves. “I’m thinking the people must be very dishonest where you come from,” said a freespoken old Manxman one day over his front gate.

There were several idiots, too, in the parish, who were of course at large and enjoyed all the privileges, usual in primitive and superstitious communities. Bishop Ward wanted to build an asylum for them but the Island took great offence at the suggestion. One of them, Chalse-a-Kelley, had a strange passion for death-beds and offering up his own prayers for departing souls, a supplementary item to death-bed scenes which seems in his case to have been welcomed. The Archdeacon had a room attached to his stables with a bedstead and washing apparatus in it which was at the temporary disposal of any homeless wanderers that came along. Chalse occasionally made use of it and would slip in to morning prayers behind the servants and add his peculiar contribution to the ceremony. He was an idiot in everything except religious exposition, but a quite celebrated character in the island. T. E. Brown of Port Erin and of familiar literary renown wrote a charming poem to

Chalse in Heaven with which his host of readers are no doubt familiar.

The Archdeacon's first acquaintance with him was in his youth, while visiting a dying woman in the Curragh. "I had commended her to God in prayer when a loud voice arose at the back of the room in fluent supplication. It was Chalse-a-Kelley." Another local idiot but with less intelligence had an equal passion for religious ceremony. He was regular at church, till on one occasion he gave an exhibition of so formidable a character that the Archdeacon had to order his confinement during services, which durance he used to pass in hideous moans. But it cured him of indecent outbreaks and his restoration to church privileges was successful. "Every morning Billy Tear used to come to a stone stile behind Branst and after scrubbing the steps used to put an old rag of some sort over his shoulders for a surplice and then kneel and pray aloud so vigorously that he could be heard a quarter of a mile off. He would then rise and preach. Once after Mr. Carpenter had been preaching for me, Billy, on Monday morning had caught his tone and action to a nicety. He stood leaning on one side, his right hand up in the air, an exact imitation of Carpenter, who with myself stood watching the performance through the garden fence with much amusement."

These Andreas people expected a few long words that they could not understand from their parson. The Archdeacon got a hint as to this quite early and found a bit of Latin now and again most acceptable. It reminded him of a story of his Cambridge days when the Master of Trinity occasionally took duty at Trumpington, and of the old clerk's verdict that though he was "a pretty good preacher he wasn't much of a Latiner." If the parenthesis will be pardoned a still better story current in Wales tells how an English and a Welsh parson from a bi-lingual parish exchanged cures one summer holidays for their mutual benefit. The English parson strongly advised his *locum tenens* to put in a bit of Greek now and again because the people liked it. The Welshman, a bit staggered at the prospect of holding forth to so erudite a congregation replied, "But surely they don't understand it?" "Not a word of course," said the other, "but that is why they like it." "But I'm afraid I've forgotten my Greek." "Oh, never mind, Welsh will do just as well." And so it did till one Sunday, when the not over friendly tenant of his own glebe, attending a big cattle sale in Shropshire, dropped in at the far end of the church to see how his vicar was faring. He was just in time to hear him finish up his sermon with a line from the Welsh version of "Men of Harlech" as a quotation from one of the "Early Fathers!"

He cornered his vicar it is said in the vestry afterwards and got the £5 off his rent he had been long striving for, as the price of his silence! Tear was a quite common name in those parts; one Daniel Tear died about this time aged a hundred and ten according to the best local evidence, and here is an epigram that was written on him:—

Here, friend, is little Daniel's tomb,
At Joseph's age he did arrive,
Sloth killing thousands in their bloom,
While labour kept poor Dan alive.
'Tis strange, yet true, full seventy years,
His wife was happy in her Tears.

If the Archdeacon had little use for ghosts it did not follow that his abounding young family regarded the weird romancing of Manx servants and nurses with the same indifference. Cut off as they were in their remote country house of Branst from much association with the outside world, if such a goodly company had in truth felt any such need, their infant minds were well primed with all the phantasies of this outlandish neighbourhood. That it made for their present and future enjoyment I can state with some certainty and brought about none of those morbid results which have sometimes accrued to nurseries dominated by superstitious rustics. For they were a bright and clever group. Besides the Archdeacon had his infallible receipt against the existence of spooks already noted! These Manx stories lived long

in the family. As the first grandchild of several dozen more or less nurtured on them I can speak to this with some confidence. But alas! they are but vague shadows now. The celebrated ghost dog of Peel Castle I do remember made an enormous impression on my infant fancy, but that is almost public property. There was another, however, which was amazingly popular in our circle, and even the Archdeacon was given to it and repeated it at length in his MS. But I have a suspicion that his partiality for this one lay partly in the fact that it exposed the ghost!

Here it is at any rate: Now St. Trinions Chapel, of which the ruin still stands, lies near the road between Douglas and St. John's, and the story is recorded, as were most of these parochial incidents, in the register of the parish. Parson More, a famous old character, was at the time Vicar of Marvum. A widow living in a lonely cottage by the side of Glen Greba sent for him one day to read the service for exorcising ghosts, stating that a figure dressed in white and clanking chains had come twice to her door about midnight and pushing it open appeared at the foot of her bed and struck her faint and speechless with terror. The parson, though his vicarage was a long way off, went to the woman's cottage for two or three nights, but the ghost failed to put in an appearance and it was presumably laid. However,

it turned up again soon afterwards as fearsome as ever. So the parson determined on more elaborate tactics. Enlisting the help of a friend, a certain Captain Whiteside, who incidentally had greatly distinguished himself at sea in the American War, the two arranged to get into the cottage unobserved just before midnight, where they secreted themselves in the old woman's room, the captain having put a loaded pistol in his pocket. There was this time no disappointment. The old woman's practised ear heard the distant rattle of the chain and she began to quake in her bed and in due course the spectre presented itself. The pair sprang out at once, but the nimble ghost got the start of them. After a sharp chase, for it was a moonlight night, the captain came up with the quarry, and shouted to him to stop, and as he failed to, fired his pistol at him point blank at a few yards. This was at the ruins of St. Trinions.

When the smoke lifted there was nothing whatever to be seen or found search as they would and the Captain at any rate went home a firm believer in ghosts for the rest of his life. The poor woman soon afterwards died and her son, who had quarrelled with her, came in to her "intack," where he lived for a long space of years. When Parson More was a very old man he was urgently sent for to the same cottage, where he found the owner on his death bed, anxious to unburden his soul and make

a confession. This last was to the effect that he himself had been the ghost and his object had been to frighten his mother out of the cottage in order to get occupation of it. "But what became of you when the Captain, who was a practised shot, fired at such close quarters; he wasn't the man to miss!" "Nor did he," replied the other, "the ball went through my cheek and I pitched head foremost into the old open vault at the end of the aisle in the chapel and remained there till morning when I just managed to crawl home, and stuck there pretty close till my wound healed."

King William's College was founded about this time. There seem to have been certain funds available from an old school more or less derelict. The Archdeacon contributed his untouched salary during the years he was Barrow Professor. He and the Clerk-of-the-Rolls, Mr. Aitchin, circulated a printed appeal both in the island and in England, and in due course the college was built, which has certainly been a success and made a modest name for itself in the north. It has acquired moreover a little fortuitous fame as the scene of that once familiar school boy tale, "Eric," which captured the fancy of mothers and small boys and their sisters and a certain portion of the outside public. But the public-school boy would have none of it, neither then nor since. That however was no fault of the Manx school! At its inception the

Archdeacon sent his two eldest sons there who afterwards went on to Rugby.

“I had gone over in September, 1830, to Liverpool to see the first experiment of travelling on land by steam. Clement Chevalier, an old Cambridge friend, was with me at the time and we crossed together, but were too late to see the first start. Some particulars were told us by an eye-witness. The draught power of the engine was ludicrously underrated but one engine started with carriages from Liverpool and the other from Manchester, intending to meet at Newton. Mr. Huskisson and the Duke of Wellington were passengers. The Liverpool party arrived first and alighted on the platform but on the approach of the carriages from Manchester the passengers were all urged to get into their carriages immediately. Huskisson had just entered, but thinking he had mistaken the order, descended again just as the approaching engine came alongside. He was knocked down and his thigh fearfully smashed. The Duke came up to him as he lay and lifting up the cloth saw the broken bone sticking out from his trousers. He seemed greatly shocked, and turning round put the back of his hand to his eyes.”

Before the Archdeacon had been long at Kirk Andreas he had accomplished one of the wishes of his heart: a full monthly meeting of clergy.

He held them all, however, at his own house at Branst, fed them, and many of them who came from a distance he kept for the night, setting up beds in the hall way and passages. "It was about the year 1833, too, when the dreaded Asiatic cholera broke upon the island. A fishing boat landed with eight men more or less infected with it; two of them were my parishioners. An awful alarm spread through the whole parish. Dr. —— wouldn't go near them. One died before any remedy could be applied, but I went to the other at once. He lived on the Upper Jurby road and to avoid passing near his cottage, people climbed over the bank a long way short of it and came down again into the road as far beyond it. It was a strange sight to my experience and rather an awful one, cramps, vomiting, deadly paleness and a terrified expression. I gave the poor man gruel and sherry continually, thinking to support life while the disease was working through him, for to arrest it I thought would be fatal. My simple remedies were successful and he recovered. I told his wife to burn all the bed-linen on the windward side of the house and that I would give her more. But her instinctive thrift prevailed and the next day she washed it. She caught the disease and died so rapidly that I never even heard of it till too late. Captain Kneale and the clerk helped the coffin in and out of the cart but I had to carry one

end of it from the church gates and poor Jack (the clerk) stumbled in his nervousness with the other and all but fell down.

At Douglas and Peel the havoc and alarm were dreadful. One poor girl of about twenty years old who lived at Peel with her grandparents lost them both and as nobody would admit her into their house, she wandered away into the fields and mountains. A few days later some one passing along the old road to Kirk Michael saw her leaning out of the upper window of a deserted and roofless house. On going up she was found to be dead—starved—her arms stretched out as if imploring help. The butcher at Peel was employed to get her buried. A hole was dug under the window and the butcher on horseback flung a rope up and dragged the body down into the hole and burned it. I severely reproached the magistrate and others concerned at Peel, but the dread of cholera absorbed all human feelings.”

In 1836 the island was threatened with a disaster which touched its pride to the quick and stirred the gall of every Manxman. This was a measure to abolish the Bishopric and attach the island to the See of Carlisle. This too the oldest Bishopric in Britain! in the world some Manxmen maintained! Such an outrage had never been contemplated in history and in truth as Church and State in the island were linked together with something of a

stronger tie than elsewhere, the tradition of it was stronger. If the Manx didn't like all their bishops in person they were proud of them in the abstract. They were one of the pillars of the island ceremonial and symbols of its independence. Even the seventeen parsons, whatever their individual merits, were regarded in virtue of their office with a certain unquestioning and even affectionate respect, as indispensable institutions, though some, perhaps, might well have been dispensed with! In short, they were part of the Constitution of the island of which its inhabitants were proud and jealous. But to lop off their bishop whose episcopal succession came straight from St. Germanicus ordained by St. Patrick himself long before St. Augustine landed in Kent: the very suggestion was preposterous! Unfortunately it was more than a little obscure how far the business had actually gone, but that matters nothing here. True, the island had appeared to get along pretty well in the prolonged absences of its spiritual shepherds; better indeed than when basking in the rather chilly presence of some of them, as will have been noticed. The Government may possibly have observed this and reflected that a thousand or so a year might be saved or applied to some other purpose—but not added to Carlisle let us hope! The very activity of our Archdeacon in representing the Bishop so long may have unconsciously contributed to this vandal and sordid

proposition. He himself opposed it as strongly as any Manxman, though I doubt if he worried much about St. Patrick or St. Germanicus! And if his admiration for two or three of the eighteenth century Manx bishops was unbounded he chiefly foresaw in event of this catastrophe happening, a general slacking off in religious activity, of which he was such an ardent exponent and shining example. A half or even quarter-time bishop was better than none at all, and there had been nothing like the absenteeism in the Manx Episcopate that had disgraced the Sees of Wales and worse still of Ireland, though the last was rather a different story.

Old Bishop Watson, of Llandaff, was only recently dead. He had spent the whole of a long well-endowed life in absenteeism, sometimes hiring a proxy cheap, and sometimes not at all. He had held the richest professorship in Europe, that of divinity at Cambridge as an absentee, though a youngish man, for years in the period previous to my grandfather's time there, and put in a substitute at £200 a year. Having thus earned his promotion to the See of Llandaff, holding both posts I think for a time, he objected to the climate and settled in Cumberland with a rich wife where he spent some thirty peaceful years, planting trees and improving an acquired estate, paying but two flying visits to his South Welsh flock during his whole lifetime.

When the Archbishopric of York fell vacant, late in his laborious career, he complained bitterly that he was not given it, considering how he had regularly toiled up from Windermere to vote for the Whigs. Wordsworth, who naturally knew him well, has stated positively that he would have had it had the ministry of the day lasted another week! What times those were* for a really enterprising cleric with brains, worldly wisdom and a thick hide! For Watson was no aristocrat; he had come up from the North as a friendless and humble sizar to Trinity.

Bishop Ward was in Essex at this critical moment. Better so, perhaps, as he was nearer the seat of judgment. The House of Lords were responsible for this alarming measure and he was of course strongly opposed to it.

“I was written to at this time,” says the Archdeacon, “by Bishop Kaye, my old friend and Master at Christ’s, urging me to go to London and state my objections before the Committee of the Lords then considering the measure. I did so, and was subjected to a most lengthy examination as to my reasons for opposition. When this was finished I was asked a great number of intimate questions about the laws, practices and religious sects of the island, till at length I refused to answer them unless Mr. G——, the reporter at the table, put down his pen, which he did. [This was

thoroughly characteristic.] I was then questioned minutely as to the points of Manx law, my own practices as Vicar-General and work as Archdeacon, and so forth. They seemed interested in the customs of the island so I went on to tell them of the creditor's oath over the grave, the penance in a white sheet for immorality at which Lord——, whose character had suffered lately from his intimacy with Lady ——, looked uneasy! [This is a delightfully characteristic touch.] I pointed out the remote position of some of the mountain parishes and related the fact of Bishop Wilson one Sunday morning having found his way over the mountains to Lonan Church after the service had begun and hearing the old clergyman reading the prayer for William and Mary out of a belated prayer book. Further, that I was persuaded the size of the island, the extent of many parishes, and want of education in many of the clergy, rendered intelligent Episcopal overseership necessary to sustain and uphold them; that it would be long before the deep-rooted superstition of the island and the solitary position of the clergy would make it safe to leave it without the help of a resident bishop."

If only the Archdeacon could see the island now with tea gardens in its once lonely glens, trains and charabancs chasing one another all over its broken surface! But at any rate the abolition of its

Episcopate was abandoned and the little diocese got a succession of bishops that not merely resided in it but did so I think to its profit. They had had, I take it, a thorough scare!

Body-snatching was at this time everywhere rife in the interests of the dissecting rooms, particularly across the water in the South of Scotland by or for enterprising Edinburgh students of medicine. Newly filled graves were regularly guarded by friends or relatives of the dead. It so happened that a man died in the parish of Andreas of ossification, which created a good deal of medical interest, the throat ultimately succumbing to it with death by starvation. "By putting the hands at the back of the head as he lay," says the Archdeacon, "he might be lifted on to his heels like a wooden post. I told the Wardens and John, the clerk, to keep a sharp eye on his grave. But it was of no use; the body was quickly stolen by a young Scotchman who had recently come into the parish. I insisted on its being returned to earth. It was taken up, however, again, and feeling that anatomical science might perhaps be beneficially aided by so rare a specimen, I ceased to interfere, and I believe the skeleton is now in the museum of surgical cases in —— and much valued." This sounds rather casual nowadays!

CHAPTER XIII.

ISLE OF MAN (1832-1838).

IN the year '36 Mrs. Philpot became so ill that she went over to Leamington and remained there on and off under the care of the then well-known Dr. Jephson till her husband left the island. The latter paid her flying visits when he could. But his brief adventures at Warwick and Leamington, as here related, were mainly concerned with the local clergy and the occasional sermons he preached for them and those he heard them preach. In plain black and white, without knowledge of the sweetness of his character and his overmastering sense of duty as he unswervingly regarded it, certain passages of arms he had with one or two of his brother parsons in Warwickshire would give an unfair impression of him. He was now, however, about forty-five, quite elderly as things went then, and warranted by the privilege of age for putting in a word in season when he considered his juniors to be evincing any errors of doctrine, as he conceived it, in the pulpit. Not that disparity in years was always indispensable when he felt called to uphold the faith that was in him! He tackled on one occasion the then youthful Montague Villiers, at the time Rector,

I think, of Kenilworth, after lunch one Sunday on some heresies in the morning sermon, and the eloquent young divine, naturally perhaps, did not like it. However, he wrote the Archdeacon a letter a few days later which quite altered the strained relations and in later years the two became fast friends and remained so. Strange as it may sound for a man who enjoyed health and strength for nearly a century the Archdeacon had his third severe attack of brain fever in this year.

The second had occurred in 1833. For at that time, while wearied no little by his constant and arduous labours, he was suddenly called to Suffolk by the elopement and marriage at Gretna Green of his only daughter by his first wife with a young man he objected to and wrongly or rightly regarded as a fortune hunter. Over-work, and worry on this other account, a bad cold and a long tedious journey to London, combined to lay him suddenly low in rooms at Blackheath where his solicitor lived. Nursing homes were not yet, and blood-letters still on the war-path. Indeed the Archdeacon was a convinced one himself. So a surgeon was called in who bled him ruthlessly, and the fever was mastered in a shorter space than on other occasions but left him helplessly weak for some time. But his wife sent over Miller, the children's head nurse, to look after him, and in due course he was on his super-active legs again.

The last and third attack at Branst was much worse. The fever raged with great fury and for some days his life was despaired of. Two local doctors watched him and nursed him sedulously and affectionately, for they were friends as well, and bled him till they daren't bleed him any more. This presumably implied the end of their resources. There was nothing more to be done, and his probably impending demise was announced to his agonized family, who with the two doctors joined in prayer in the drawing room. But the tough Archdeacon was not disposed of so easily. His vitality suddenly asserted itself with a rush, threw off the fever, and calm sleep supervened, the precursor of returning health. To what the patient and his household attributed his apparently miraculous recovery it is needless to state and out of place here to make comment upon. "As I was dozing off," says he, "I was conscious of Dr. C—— peeping through the bed curtain and ejaculating 'wonderful' and Dr. T—— following his action with an 'amazing.'"

The Rectory at Andreas was occupied all this time by the divinity students, a sort of theological college in miniature and known as the Minor Prophet's house. The Archdeacon himself farmed the glebe, kept a flock of sheep which summered on the mountains and wintered on the low pastures, several cows and of course horses and a large stock

of pigs and poultry. "We consumed two sheep a week, worked their wool into blankets and made candles of the fat, while we and our neighbours killed a bullock in turn and shared the meat." The Sabbatarianism of the more godly in the parish was too much even for the Archdeacon and almost outdid that of their Scottish neighbours. One, Teare, who did their butchering, was usually a sober man and always a religious one. But not turning up in church one Sunday the curate asked him the reason. "Well, your Reverence, I'll tell you the truth and no lie. I was at Ramsey market on Saturday and took a drop too much and couldn't shave that night and I hope I know myself too well to shave on Sunday morning." This was not a mere lame excuse, for the redoubtable Captain Kneale, who shared the perils of the tavern warfare with the Archdeacon, came to the latter one day with a long face regretting that he had to report something bad about Mr. M——, one of the most zealous of the Minor Prophets, who had left the Rectory for church work in Ramsey. The Archdeacon braced himself for the shock. "Well," said the Captain, "I was in Ramsey on Sunday morning and I grieve to say I saw Mr. M—— shaving himself at the window so that everyone in the street could see him breaking the Sabbath." The Major Prophet breathed again!

"The hovels in which the poorer sort lived had

something the appearance of a sleeping walrus, the rough branches which constituted the roof were covered with the course bent which grew on the Curragh. At one end it was carried up and tied round some rough stakes to form a chimney for the peat smoke to escape. At the opposite end it was brought down to a long tail and kept tight by a large stone swinging dependent from it. The walls were built of sods. The interior was shared with pigs and poultry and sometimes railed off at the end for a cow if the intack could support one. They parcelled off the latter too among their married children, raising turf hovels for each so that they lived in small clans. Their nomenclature was hopelessly confounding, the surname getting quite lost in the ordinary intercourse of life. Robert Kissack's son William for example would be Billy-Bob and William's son Richard would be Dick-Billy-Bob. I never knew the names of many with whom I was quite familiar till I came to marry or bury them. Among the local surnames were those of Cormode, Brew, Camaish, Christian (of course), Quirk, Whane, Teare and Kaynon."

The island was naturally exposed to storms from whichever quarter the wind blew and there were many wrecks on the coasts of this northern parish in the Archdeacon's time there. After a night of storm it was his custom to start at daybreak on horse-back for the more exposed shore and there

are several notes in the MSS. of disasters of which he was a witness. I cannot resist one of these, as to our more frivolous generation it may appeal in rather a different sense from that in which it was written. An American vessel getting quite out of hand, after many perilous escapes among rocks and reefs ran by good luck right up on to a sandy beach. As the skipper dropped from the bows by a rope on to terra firma and safety he signalized the joyful moment by "a most fearful imprecation." Being an old-fashioned American skipper he naturally expressed his gratitude with one of those full-mouthed oaths on which his type prided themselves; it was inevitable. But unfortunately he alighted plumb under the nose of the Archdeacon and the yet more rigid Captain Kneale, who knew nothing about Americans or their vocabulary and both were vastly scandalized. It was the Captain who on this occasion up and spoke the word in season and expressed his horror that a man just snatched from the jaws of death should celebrate the moment "in such a fearful manner." I do not suppose the skipper thought he had done anything of the kind! He might even have considered that he had hardly done justice to such a unique occasion.*

* Even wrecking had not died out, with the occasional lighting of fires to lure ships to their destruction. My grandfather would sometimes ride out on stormy nights on this account, and kick out any fire that had a sinister object.

It was in January of the Archdeacon's last year that the worst hurricane within living memory struck the island and his parish. "I heard it gathering the greater part of the night and early in the morning we secured our doors and windows so far as possible. Only one of our windows was in fact blown in, but everything in that particular room was wrecked. While I was reading prayers [the Archdeacon would not have missed them for an earthquake and would have read them with composure all through one] the gale with added impetus struck the house like the buffet of a huge bolster and though the walls were of thick stone, it seemed for a moment or two to sway. But the destruction of the poorer dwellings in the parish was complete, hundreds were left houseless and my barns and coach-house were thronged with them. Stacks were blown away wholesale. My tithe stacks were lifted up and thirty or forty tons of good hay disappeared into space. The Rectory, the Minor Prophet's house, on account of a recent ordination, only contained at the moment a married candidate from London with his wife and two children. He, Mr. H——, paid a man 5s. to crawl his way to me at Branst and ask me to come to them as they were in extreme danger. [Even the Archdeacon was a little roused by this.] "I paid the man to go back again and assure Mr. H—— that when the safety of my own ten children and

their mother were secured I would go to him if I could. Eventually I reached the Rectory with difficulty and found part of it in ruins. The maid-servants had just got up when a big chimney stack fell through the roof and carried their bed through the floor."

Shortly before this the Archdeacon and part, at any rate, of his family had been in much greater danger than when the hurricane struck the stout old house at Branst and in this case too owing to a storm, though of a different type. He and his wife and two sons were returning one evening in the close carriage from a distant visit when a tremendous thunder-storm came on. "The lightning was so vicious that it set a stack on fire as we were actually passing it. It was quite dark too and torrents of rain were falling. The coachman was blinded for a time by the lightning and consequently drove us into the rapid river at the ford near Balla Salla at the wrong place, where we got entangled among the large boulders which lay in the stream, so that we could move neither backward nor forward. The water was rising rapidly and already nearly up to our waists in the carriage and there seemed no help at hand. I climbed out on to the roof and shouted at the very top of my voice for many minutes. At last the lightning showed us that people were assembling on the bank for there were a good many houses about. I then shouted to them to bring ropes:

this was quickly done and one was hurled to me several times but I could not see to catch it. At last a flash of lightning lit up the rope just as it was above my head and enabled me to seize it. Then getting down the sides of the carriage I managed with great difficulty in the rapid, rising water to get the end round the axle trees and knot it. There were by this time scores of people on the bank and I shouted to them to pull away. There must have been fifty men and women on that rope and between them they succeeded in dragging us by main force out of the river. One of the horses fell down apparently dead on the bank, but came to after a time. The people told me that when they heard the shouting they merely thought it was a drunken man, but when they heard a boy's voice, for William had contributed his shriller note, they knew there was something wrong."

A tombstone may be seen to-day in Andreas churchyard which commemorates one William Cooke and his wife who died there after forty-seven years service in the Archdeacon's family. Something of pathos attaches to its simple story. For "poor old Will Cooke had lived many years with my uncle in Suffolk and continued with me till I went to the Isle of Man. He was then very old and I advised him and his wife to go to their son-in-law promising to give him a pension. On my first return visit to Walpole afterwards I found him very unhappy and

he kept on repeating, 'I want to go with you to the Isle of Man.' After another flying visit a year later I was stopping at Barrack's hotel in Cockspur Street. The Liverpool coach called for me in the morning and who should I see sitting in the front but old Will. 'Hullo, William, where are you going?' I called out. 'I'm going to the Isle of Man,' he replied, and sure enough he did. I sent for his wife later. For some years he did little jobs about the yard and then one morning, as he didn't turn up at prayers, I sent one of the maids to see what was the matter. She returned pale and speechless, but signed to me to follow her, which I did to the cow house where poor old Will lay dead on a bundle of hay he was taking to the cows."

Bishop Ward paid his last visit to the island, a brief one, in 1837, when the Archdeacon stayed with him at Bishop's Court and preached in the Chapel, feeling convinced he would never see his chief again. Nor did he, as he died a few months later at his Essex rectory. There was a long interlude before his successor was appointed—though there was nothing new in that! But this delay was probably occasioned by some lingering chance of the diocese being absorbed by Carlisle. And the reminder here may be timely that there was no dean and chapter, nor any endowment for it, no canons, minor canons nor precentor, nor

as yet even any cathedral. The latter was erected much later. A bishop, archdeacon, vicar general, registrar, three rectors and fourteen vicars, with perhaps a dozen curates, comprised the whole clerical staff of this miniature diocese in those days. Moreover the parish clergy virtually had to be Manxmen to conduct the Manx services that were still maintained alternately in, I think, all districts. The Archdeacon himself mastered the language sufficiently to read the service though he never ventured to preach in it. But then he always kept a Manx curate, a fine example of one, physically and morally, to whom he was devoted, who served him for years at Andreas, became in time bishop of the diocese and finally, as an old man, read the burial service over the beloved old Rector of the days of his youth.

Naturally enough while the appointment to the bishopric was in abeyance, wishes were expressed all over the island that its Archdeacon should fill the vacancy, for as we have seen he had been acting the part for years, even as Vicar-general during the failing health of the late Archdeacon. However the present one gave it out, to save all misunderstanding, that he was in no case a candidate for the honour. Later on Archbishop Howley despatched an emissary to interview him on the subject and ask whether he had definitely made up his mind to refuse the appointment if offered

him and he replied that he had. It was not the office, nor the nature of the work which daunted him. On the contrary he had grown greatly attached both to the island and its people, and the tributes he received on his departure are evidence enough that he gained the affections of the whole element whose affection was worth having. The baser sort, and possibly some of the slacker parsons, were doubtless relieved to see his back. He occasionally intimates in his notes that his constitution was being taxed, not by the normal work of a rector and archdeacon but by the strenuous fashion in which he performed it. He sometimes speaks of being weary, which is not surprising, and he had brain fever as we know three times. It was in truth none of these things, but the fact that his wife could no longer stand the climate, nor live cut off from her own doctors, and furthermore that he had ten children under fifteen whose education and circumstances had to be considered, for which the island at that time offered no satisfactory solution. So he made up his mind to return to England. Dr. Bowstead, fellow and tutor of Corpus College, Cambridge, was eventually appointed and my grandfather remained for another year at the new Bishop's request for the obvious assistance he could render him as a stranger.

“He was a very suitable man, truly an enlightened Christian, of a clear perception and vigorous mind,

but unfortunately a single man. He had while reading in the North of Scotland fallen in love with a minister's daughter, but delayed making an offer till his return in the following year, when it was too late and he found her just married. This disappointment seems to have affected him permanently as regards marriage." For this bishop had come to the island to stay. The Crown were awaking to the fact that bishoprics were sufficient employment for one man and as annexes to college masterships and fat livings were not effective. Dr. Bowstead applied himself at once to his duties. He and his Archdeacon worked together in the most friendly manner and enjoyed one another's society as each had an excellent reason for doing. "He often came over to Branst and stayed a night or two. One day just before I left we rode out together to examine something on the coast near the Point of Ayre. As we were cantering along the Ayre I had forgotten for the moment that the sandy soil was full of rabbit holes and I shouted a warning to the Bishop who was ahead of me to pull up. But before he could do so the fine, big blood horse of mine he was riding put his foot in a burrow and the Bishop flew over his head some yards and alighted on his own.

"I saw at once that he had a slight concussion and when he came to himself I begged him to let me bleed him, for I always carried a lancet. He

consented at first and took his coat off." But the Bishop changed his mind. His host believed in bleeding as we know he had apparently some cause to, and was longing to get his knife in. They rode slowly home to Branst and after administering some refreshment the Archdeacon again handled his lancet persuasively. But Dr. Bowstead would have none of it. So he was despatched in the carriage to Bishop's Court and to the professional advice he was obviously hankering for. He was very soon afterwards, as was the misfortune of these minor sees, transferred to Lichfield, where after a brief tenure he died of some brain affection, and my grandfather was convinced to the end of his life that the premature death of this "good and able man" was due to his having refused to be bled on the Point of Ayre. "At my departure in August, 1839, he took over my whole stock of carriages, horses, wines, etc. We had no valuer. We each put down on a piece of paper what we thought each article was worth and in almost every case the bishop wrote down a higher value than I did." This happened I fear in most of the Archdeacon's transactions of the kind throughout his life and he hadn't always conscientious ecclesiastics to deal with!

All this last year my grandfather had of course been planning for his future. His light had not been entirely hid under a bushel in this remote

diocese. He had kept in personal touch with the Bishops of Chester and Carlisle, preaching for both occasionally on his trips to England; while Kaye, his old co-fellow at Christ's, was Bishop of Lincoln. His activities in the island had not passed unnoticed, more especially in Evangelical circles, and he was offered among other things the living of Bath, which for various reasons he refused. He finally took that of Great Cressingham and Bodney in Norfolk, for which there seemed no particular reason unless it were a hankering after East Anglia again and incidentally that the rectory was a large house which was a *sine qua non* in his case, though he had seen neither the place nor neighbourhood.

Just before leaving he gave a great picnic to all the school children of the island in the ruins of Peel Castle. His departure was signalized by farewell addresses from all quarters, public and private. "It was a sad parting from a people whom I sincerely loved and they on their part I truly believe felt it deeply. I had wished to leave with as little notice as possible but the deck of the steamer *Tynwald* (there was steam communication by this time) was crowded with old friends and I shall never forget the scene on Douglas pier and the many sad farewells." There was the governess and ten children, two or three Manx servants and an enormous quantity of luggage to be conveyed across England. But the Archdeacon was used to

that and now the railway helped him as far as Weedon. They had nevertheless a couple of mishaps such as had never occurred in all their former long journeys. For the cart conveying their luggage from the steamer to the railway terminus in Liverpool upset and scattered their belongings broadcast in the street. Some stalwart Manxmen, however, who had crossed on the steamer and were following the same route, were able to render their Archdeacon a last service by rushing to the rescue, warding off the rabble and reloading the waggon.

The first experience of a railway was sufficient excitement for all the company but the head of it. At Weedon they posted in three carriages by Northampton to Cambridge and reached Cressingham on the third day. The second adventure was more serious, for coming out of the old George Hotel at Northampton, one of the carriages containing some of the party took the curb stone, tipped over and deposited both passengers and effects on the street in front of All Saints' church, but happily no serious damage was done. During the last stage from Swaffham, East Anglian though he was, the heart of the Archdeacon, his keen country-wise senses alert for everything, began to sink within him. The hills and streams of Man had bitten deeper into his nature than he thought. He loved his own part of Suffolk, undulating and well-wooded. He loved the great fens and

marshes. But this! “‘We are not near Cressingham?’ I said anxiously to the driver. ‘No, sir, not yet,’” and I felt relieved. Still no improvement as we rolled on through the dull unrelieved landscape and again I put the question more fearfully. ‘Yes, sir, this is Cressingham,’ and my heart sank. We soon, however, dipped into a hollow, crossed a nice clear stream, a fine church stood on the ridge above and the large handsome rectory, in well-wooded grounds, confronted us, and my heart leaped up again. I thanked God and asked his blessing.”



CHAPTER XIV.

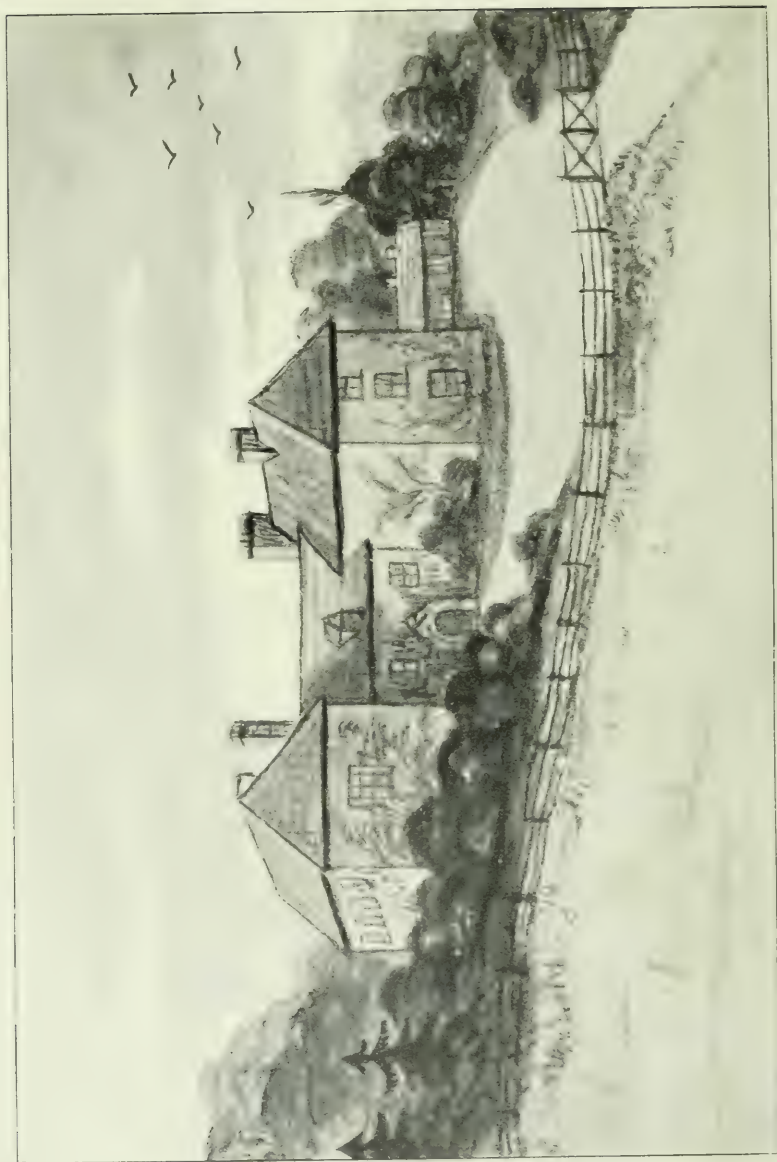
CRESSINGHAM.

THE Archdeacon's more strenuous activities and adventures were now over. At Cressingham he settled down to what might be described as a "middle-aged" existence. He drove more often perhaps than he rode, when not using his legs which he did briskly enough in his own parish. Indeed I had some thoughts of closing this little volume with its subject's return to conventional life and the approach of a period nearer to our own times, though he never himself became conventional. But on consideration it seemed possible that such readers as may have become interested in the man himself, apart from his period and environment, might welcome a brief account of what in a normal case would be called his declining years. For my grandfather at fifty had virtually another half century of health, work and enjoyment of life before him, never clouded for a moment by that fear of death which hangs over so many ageing persons in the full enjoyment of their strength and faculties. He had no more brain fevers or any other maladies. He found in Cressingham at first a dull and rather derelict parish and missed the "raciness," though he might not have called it by

that word, of his Manx surroundings. It consisted wholly of farmers and labourers, save for a family of "bitter Roman Catholics" at its extremity, which must have sounded rather terrible in prospect to this new rector. But he only seems to have run up against this egregious papist on one occasion.

The parochial energies of the Archdeacon in a humdrum Norfolk parish would hardly be of outside interest. But he rebuilt the schools and in course of time filled them with scholars. There was a second parish too, Bodney, with its own small church, which his curate assisted him to serve, the whole of it farmed by one tenant, by name Debenham, progenitor of the famous auctioneering family.

The large church at Cressingham needed re-pewing and at a meeting called by the rector to consider the measure and its cost, the "bitter R.C." turned up and violently denounced spending money on a church. The Archdeacon, who was doing half of it himself, referred him good-humouredly to the mediæval figures on the arches above his head and other works of decoration by his co-religionists of old which seems to have silenced the papist. The demolition, too, of a large square pew under the pulpit, which for lack of a squire had long been occupied by the leading local farmer, caused that worthy bitter anguish and he fought hard but vainly for its retention. But the rectory was in truth a



GREAT CRESSINGHAM RECTORY.

most delightful and spacious house. I remember it vividly as a child, with the little river flowing through its pleasant grounds. And the rector needed it all, as his family almost within the shortest time possible was increased to fourteen, though one of the last died in infancy. But there was room for all and more. As the unconscious object at the baptismal font in Cressingham church of the first family ceremony of the kind, and that too in the Christmas holidays, when the whole tribe were assembled, one can only regret that the longest memory has its limits and that the glory of such a day is lost to it!

To my father, who was one of twenty-two children, one might fancy the Archdeacon's goodly bunch on that occasion may have seemed almost a meagre company had there not in this other case been two marriages and virtually two generations of offspring. It could hardly have been without misgivings and in the teeth probably of much solemn remonstrance, though all so much the more creditable to the Archdeacon's sound sense, that he had begun already to send his sons to the Rugby of Arnold's day. For one knows with what distrust that great man was regarded in many orthodox quarters. His eldest son had already gone there and was making his friends among the generation contemporary with Tom Hughes. Good-looking, high-spirited, a good scholar with a bright turn for

epigram, extraordinarily active and also in the cricket XI of, I think, Tom Hughes' last year as captain, he was the pride of his father's heart and so remained till he died a year before him half a century later. He went up to Trinity, Cambridge, but as a classicist and of a strong poetic temperament the dull dead weight of the mathematical tripos looming ahead, even as a far prospect, intimidated him as it must have done scores of bright intellects before and after him. However, to justify his distaste, he went over and won an open scholarship at Oxford and all was well and continued to be. His next brother followed him to Rugby a little later, rose high in the sixth, showed great promise and had just won a scholarship at Pembroke, Oxford, when he died of a chill at Cressingham, the first break of consequence in an affectionate and united family. A tablet in Rugby School chapel, though, now rather dim and hard to read, recalls his name and virtues and these last were of no ordinary kind. They are more fully set forth in a letter, dated 1846, now before me from G. E. L. Cotton, his housemaster; that "young master" who, in "Tom Brown," it may be remembered, gave the hero such sage advice after the Marylebone match on his future at Oxford, and according to Rugby contemporaries the only actual character reproduced in the book, despite the many claimants! Cotton, afterwards Headmaster of

Marlborough and Bishop of Calcutta, a dry genius, chary of words and not lavish of praise, consoled the sorely smitten Archdeacon with such a tribute to his dead son's character and influence as I should imagine a parent has seldom received. His two remaining sons went on to Rugby in due course. And while on the subject it is worth noting that five of his daughters married old Rugbeians, and that too, with the one exception of a brother's school friendship, quite fortuitously.

So one might almost say that as regards the family a ring fence of the Rugby and Arnold Broad church tradition grew up in course of time around the stout old Evangelical patriarch. For there were no breaches in the clan and gaps by death were few and still remote. The four seas, to be sure, made an occasional severance, but speaking generally, the whole large company gathered round him periodically till his far distant death, his sons and daughters-in-law as affectionately as those of his blood. They all loved him whatever their opinions, on prophecy, the second advent, hell-fire, or politics, though they had to say a text all round after breakfast without shirking, however great in authority they might be in their respective spheres at home! But the more exalted the better provided with material no doubt they were. It was the rank and file, above all those of the third generation who suffered betimes a pious dread lest their slender

stock should be forestalled in the round and leave them speechless, or worse still, in the hurry of a belated toilet should find their memories a blank even at the dining room door. The home circle of course were experts and might be trusted to come to the rescue not merely with the necessary material but with all the vocal skill of prompters behind the scenes! But there were inevitable breakdowns occasionally. A deadly silence, or a silence which seemed deadly to the culprit was the only rebuke, and he was merely passed over to his next neighbour, who generously cut the long pause as short as was seemly with his or her ready contribution. But the thing was done, the disgrace was its own punishment. You felt that you had been morally "sent to the bottom." But it was a long time yet before such companies gathered from all parts of the kingdom or the ends of the earth to pay glad homage to their patriarch and say their after-breakfast text with affectionate alacrity—barring accidents!

For the present the company at the rectory was numerous enough, a bright, intelligent, united and withal handsome family, upon whose spirits and happiness the code pressed I think not at all. There were very few neighbours, young neighbours, at any rate, in that part of the county, and I do not suppose they were greatly missed. In summer holidays they repaired *en masse* to Cromer,

then a primitive place which the Buxton clan already gathering there in force, were making sociable. The Norfolk winters, however, proved too cold for Mrs. Philpot who, with her eldest daughter already developing a life-long spinal complaint (she died at 75) spent them in Leamington, London or Bath, occupying in London one of two houses they at that time owned in Kensington. After he had got his parish into good running order, the Archdeacon paid an occasional visit to the Continent. But more particularly he enjoyed getting into touch, as he frequently did, with leading London Evangelicals. He often preached in their churches, and for one whole winter took charge of a West-end parish for the future Bishop of Durham (Baring). After a time, however, he acquired rather a strange neighbour at Cressingham, though not actually a resident in the parish itself. This was no less a person than the once notorious Sir Francis Holyoake Goodricke, better known, perhaps, by repute to the older generation amongst us as Captain Holyoake, a prominent figure in the fast hard-riding Melton set, with Jack Mytton, Ashton Smith, and other celebrities of the kind. His exploits are chronicled in various forgotten prints, his bets, his horses, his jumps, his moonlight steeplechases, and all the rest of it. He came into the Studley Castle property in Warwickshire in, I fancy, rather unexpected fashion,

though it went at his death with nearly everything else. He now took this Norfolk place, Cleremont, for the shooting, and as being handy for Newmarket, where he had a racing stable in partnership with George Payne. He was undoubtedly a worldling at this time, and most emphatically not of the Archdeacon's sort! But they struck up, nevertheless, a curious friendship, and in the end the Archdeacon converted him. I should say it was one of his greatest triumphs.

It should be noted, however, that Lady Goodricke, even then (the family are extinct) was herself a little inclined to be "serious." She came regularly with her young daughters to Cressingham Church, and naturally a friendship arose with the rectory people. But the "wicked baronet" was another matter altogether. He began his acquaintance in asking for trouble, and suggesting to the Archdeacon that the elder Rectory girls should accompany them to a ball at Swaffham! A ball! Good gracious! For dancing was, of course, absolutely taboo with my grandparents, as, indeed, with most of the stricter circles in those old days. And then Sir Francis and the Archdeacon went at it! The encounter is given in some detail in the manuscript, and may readily be imagined between such divergently minded souls. But the Archdeacon, as always, kept his temper, and they morally shook hands at the end of the round, the baronet little

dreaming what it was to lead to. For after this the two used to have frequent discussions and arguments, in which the Archdeacon must have made good progress. For a year or so later, while there was a large shooting party at Cleremont, the dinner bell suddenly rang about ten o'clock at night. "Oh, Franky has got one of his mad surprises for us," said a gay old lady among the guests. He had, indeed, from her point of view! For when they all trooped into the library, to their amazement they found Sir Francis and the Archdeacon with the room arranged for family prayers! Sir Francis gave out that he intended to make it a daily fixture, but that the Archdeacon would lead off on this the first occasion. None of them, however, says the latter, left the room till it was over, and from that day forward the bell rang for family worship every night, and no one ventured to ignore it.

It should be added that Lady Goodricke was in full sympathy with this reformation of the baronet, as one might imagine, but the sensational steps to it were characteristically his own. The Archdeacon was one day urging him to get rid of his racing establishment, as in truth any sane man with ordinary prudence who had any knowledge of his affairs would have done. "He declared that he could not leave his partners in the lurch, but a short time after he came up to me rubbing his hands with glee. 'I have got rid of all my horses.'"

A stranger scene than either of these, however, was arranged by the baronet on his progress along the narrow way. He more than once asked my grandfather if he thought shooting was sinful. "No, of course not," said the other. "Besides, I shouldn't eat your game if I thought so." But soon afterwards when a big day's covert shooting was coming on at Cleremont, Sir Francis came over and asked his friend if he would do him the great favour of accompanying him and standing with him during the day or part of it. The Archdeacon, though a bit mystified, offered no objection. There was a heavy bag, to which Sir Francis contributed, under his friend's appreciative eye, rather more than his share, as usual.

At the end of the day, when the game was all laid out on the grass and the shooting party, with the keepers and beaters standing round it, the baronet called out to the head-keeper. "Johnson, take my gun and put it in its case." "It's not clean, Sir Francis." "Never mind that, do as I tell you. I shall never look at it or use it again." And he never did. The surprise of the company, gentle and simple, need not be enlarged upon! "I wanted you with me, Archdeacon, to bear witness that I could shoot as straight as ever, otherwise my friends here might have put it about that I gave up shooting because my skill was failing." But eventually his health failed and

after a long and painful illness, "borne with great patience and fortitude," he died at Malvern. His spiritual condition through his last years is no concern of ours, but as it quite satisfied the Archdeacon that should be enough. But there is a death-bed scene at which the latter was present that for other reasons is curious. "His remarkable habits of coolness and punctuality were rather strangely exhibited. He called for a Bradshaw and looked out the trains for the station near Studley where he was to be buried and noted down the one which would allow Lady Goodricke to return in good time to Malvern. He also gave exact orders for his funeral procession and the precise hour at which it was to start."

The Archdeacon's sermons and lectures, which he delivered from time to time in London were mostly concerned with the subject of prophecy. It was always his favourite study and he published two volumes on it besides many small religious books. Montague Villiers had never forgotten, but had more than forgiven, as is obvious from this note, the rating the Archdeacon had given him years before at Warwick. Writing to Cressingham he entreats him to preach in a series of lectures on prophecy at Bloomsbury. "I have a bed and food and parson's fare for my dear Father-in-the-Lord, Philpot."

Tracts, as everyone knows, were in those days

very widely used, and generally recognized as effective instruments by the Evangelicals. The poor, who had no penny dreadfuls nor halfpenny papers, accepted them gladly as literature. And whatever our modern prejudices, no sane individual could say that the stuff upon which our masters are now largely nourished is an improvement on the simple if quaint appeals to the reader to practise the virtues rather than the vices of life. We may smile at the simplicity of the guise under which some of these exhortations are served up. But what can be said of much of the stuff that forms the light literature provided for the masses for whose education we are now so heavily bled. The mentality that can be amused or edified by even the more innocuous description of this carrion, must before its exploitation have been almost thrilled by the average tract, and occasionally perhaps thrilled to some purpose! Besides it cost them nothing. Now they are dealt with as a commercial asset, and fortunes made out of their mental sterilisation.

Offering tracts to the educated, though it was constantly done, even then required some nerve. The Archdeacon always had some in his pocket and was fond of telling humorous stories of the rebuffs he sometimes met with, as he was no respecter of persons. But he used to declare that he was seldom treated with rudeness. His

personality, I fancy, saved him a good deal. On his Continental tours he carried a little store of French and German tracts and pious books. He most thoroughly enjoyed, I think, handing them out when there were Roman Catholic priests around! One story against himself, however, he was particularly fond of: "I was coming down the Rhine by steamer with my old friends Sir Edward and Lady Parry, and I went round the deck offering French tracts to any that would have them. One gentleman in a blue frock coat looked so much out of temper that I passed him by. I was speaking of this jokingly to Lady Parry in the cabin when a slight shower brought many of the passengers down and among them the frock-coated gentleman who took a seat near me. I was glad of the opportunity and offered him a tract called 'Les deux Chemins' with some little apology. He received it courteously, and taking a pencil from his pocket he proceeded to fill up the initials on the title page with the full name, which was his own! I said to myself, Horace is right. '*Fronti nulla fides!*' He was the President of the Evangelical Society at Vevay and the author of the tract!"

On one occasion the Archdeacon was asked to address a meeting at Norwich, against a proposed fresh grant to Maynooth, which was then causing much contention. The radicals and

dissenters with curious inconsistency were loud in their demand for subsidizing a close corporation of Irish peasant-bred priests. Why the Baptists and Wesleyans were so intent on thus bolstering up their bugbear, the Scarlet Woman, belongs to the mysteries of democracy. Formerly the Irish priests had been educated abroad, with the advantage of a higher education, and a knowledge of some other country or countries outside their own, as well as an opportunity of acquiring breeding and manners which numbers of them did as we all know. But it was not, I am afraid, the loss of this to the Catholic Irish community that made the Archdeacon so fiery against Maynooth. Nor yet that the scheme of taking a lad from a cabin in one Irish county, bottling him up with his kind for some years in the next one and turning him loose as a leader in a third Irish county hardly made for a civilizing influence! Statesmen had a notion that this foreign residence encouraged anti-British tendencies. Possibly it may have had some slight influence that way. But what of the close Corporation they were encouraging, which came to make that very cult a part of their educational curriculum, minus the polish and wordly knowledge! But it was the subsidizing of the Roman Church that the Archdeacon and his friends opposed, and if he were alive to-day he would see how positively right he had been, though for more reasons than he had suspected.

The meeting was at St. Andrew's Hall, and John H. Gurney was in the chair. There was a great uproar by these fatuous Maynooth enthusiasts, and the Archdeacon shouted himself hoarse in vain. "After the closing time of the shops the populace poured in, and there was a regular riot all about a popish seminary, away in a country these people knew nothing whatever about." At any rate these enlightened agitators turned the meeting into a pandemonium, in the middle of which the gas was suddenly extinguished, and every one stampeded for the door. The Archdeacon, as he would do, stayed precisely where he was, on the platform, and after a time found himself alone in the hall with one single policeman trying to light a gas jet!

The Archdeacon used still occasionally to take the chair at temperance meetings in the country, though what is known as a moderate drinker himself. There was a hale old man of 95 in the parish, whom he rather rashly took for granted had been something of an abstainer, and would serve as a useful advertisement for the cause at one of their entertainments. On going over to see him, the following dialogue took place.

"Well, Baker, I don't doubt that you have always lived a temperate and regular life?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I live very reg'lar."

"Ah! I thought as much," said his visitor.

"Yes, sir, I does. About six in the morning I

generally feel a bit dry so I takes what we call 'a morning,' a glass of brandy about half-an-half. Then about eleven I takes a quart of the treble X" (and so on through a fairly generous daily programme). "And this I do, sir, reg'lar every day, reg'lar, very reg'lar."

The services of Mr. Baker were not required!

My grandfather continued to practise his herbal remedies in Norfolk as zealously as in the Isle of Man. Tincture of mistletoe for epilepsy was with him a regular prescription. "On one occasion a woman who had a son subject to 'the falling sickness,' came and asked for 'a half-crown taken at the Holy Table,' bringing the equivalent in small change. She wanted it to make a ring out of for her son's little finger. I told her I could give her something better than that, though I let her try this at least harmless charm, but when satisfied of its failure she returned to me, I tried my usual remedy with the usual measure of relief. I always kept a number of simple remedies, chiefly the tinctures of herbs, but I was sometimes puzzled at the names they gave to their complaints. Will Green came to me one day, full of pain with his hand on his stomach. 'Please, sir, I've got the flickers.' Being at a loss I tried four grains of rhubarb, which at any rate proved an effective solution. Brandy and salt was much given in those days and I used it a good deal. On one

occasion I was going out and had no time to mix them, but gave John Coggles the brandy and said, 'Here, John, you can mix the salt with this yourself.' Next day I met him, and hoped he had mixed the ingredients properly. 'Well, sir, they got mixed. I drank the brandy first and eat the salt with my victuals; I was sure they'd come together.'" They had the cholera at Cressingham during its visitation to this country, and the Arch-deacon seems to have taken more or less charge of the few cases there were, with his old Isle of Man remedies. At any rate there were no deaths.



CHAPTER XV.

CRESSINGHAM AND LYDNEY.

THE Archdeacon had always cherished a fancy for Holland, and from now onward he had many opportunities for indulging it. The fens, the marshes, the agriculture and the draining, particularly that of the great mere of Harlem, interested him immensely, and then again the people were staunch Protestants! He made some lifelong friends there too, and in a rather curious way. For once while crossing on the packet from Harwich, he got into a long conversation on farming with an intelligent young Dutchman, who could speak English fluently. The Dutchman remarked on parting that his father was a farmer, and that he hoped the Englishman would come and have a look at his operations if he was ever in their neighbourhood. About a year afterwards the same young man ran across my grandfather accidentally in Amsterdam, recognized him, and reminded him of his former promise not yet fulfilled. His home proved to be within an hour or so by rail from the city, so they arranged an early date and train. When the Archdeacon arrived at the wayside country station he was met by his young friend,

but instead of a farmer's trap in waiting he was conducted to his surprise to a carriage and pair, with liveried servants in attendance. "Why, you told me your father was a farmer," said he banteringly. "Well," said the youth modestly, "we farm quite a bit of our land and rather well, so we flatter ourselves."

The family proved to be that of Baron H——t of G——n. The baron had a handsome house and estate and was himself a fine specimen of an old-fashioned country gentleman. A friendship then began which afterwards extended to the members of both families and lasted to the end of their respective lives. The baron it seems was already rather inclined to a serious turn and influenced, one need hardly say by his English friend, he grew more so. In course of time he made up his mind to have family prayers, a thing unknown in that country, at any rate with his class. He was a little shy about inaugurating such an unprecedented ceremony and went through a rather quaint preliminary, formally asking his wife and children and then the servants in due order whether they had any objection. Henceforward the whole numerous company assembled regularly after breakfast in the spacious hall and in course of time the baron achieved some measure of the archdeacon's eloquence on such occasions.

At one visit to G——n during his Cressingham

time my grandfather brought home some Dutch tobacco seed and setting out the number of plants allowed by law, cured them by the Dutch process and had them rolled into cigars. He forgot that tobacco grown on heavy land is always strong and was, like most people unaware that even mild pipe tobacco rolled into cigars is unsmokeable. Not being much of a smoker at that time he had not sampled these precious specimens himself but as a *pièce-de-resistance* reserved them for his tithing dinner at Cressingham and served them round to his farmer guests, some of whom he relates were compelled to leave the room precipitately. On his last visit to the baron quite in his old age he brought home some pheasants in the last week of September, pheasant shooting beginning in Holland a week or so earlier than with us. The old gentleman vastly enjoyed the looks of surprise and indignation cast on him on his progress home through England.

The then Bishop of Norwich paid them occasional visits and his letters, preserved in the MSS., show how much he appreciated the reformation wrought in the parish. His famous son, Arthur Stanley, afterwards Dean of Westminster, was then, through the Rugby and Oxford connection on terms of intimacy with certain members of the Archdeacon's family, which made the tie with the Bishop something more than a professional one.

Even early in the 'fifties and probably before, Norfolk shooting had developed some modern tendencies though driving was of course not yet. The Barings had a large shoot near Cressingham and the Archdeacon tells how even then the stubbles and pastures were traversed by mounted men and beaters in the early morning and all the partridges and hares driven into the enormous turnip fields which were a feature of the district. He records a day's bag of 610 brace made in the turnips by five sportsmen, each of them having a second gun carried by an attendant: this it will be remembered was in the days of muzzle loaders, though percussion caps were in use. Needless to say it was not the idea of true sport to a man whose shooting had been just before and after Waterloo, with a flint lock and pointers or spaniels. Sir Francis Goodricke's ambitions were not on quite so vast a scale but it might interest some readers curious in the history of sport to quote his total bag as set down by the Archdeacon from the game-book for the four years, 1847-51. Pheasants 6,581, partridges 5,713, hares 5,705, rabbits 13,825 and etceteras unimportant. A keeper I knew well myself in Shropshire in the eighties, who had been with the Barings in youth, used to tell me that if there were not 1,000 hares in the game cart on a big day there was a row! What edification these people found in shooting hares to such an extent

few sportsmen of later generations have been able to understand.

Curiously enough the great Continental festivals of the Roman church seem to have had a sort of attraction for this very Protestant Englishman, though they invariably stirred him up on actual contact, to feelings of contempt or indignation. In 1844 he started off with his eldest son, then at Oxford, to Treves to see the holy robe (professing to be the seamless garment of our Lord) exhibited with splendid ceremony every thirty-third year, of which he has left a long account.

The new railway was then built as far as Spa. After that the passengers were packed into diligences of the oldest and craziest description. The Archdeacon, however, began to hand some of his tracts around, which must have taken some nerve in the thick of a Roman Catholic pilgrimage! But a fierce looking man caught sight of him, leaped on the diligence and proved to be a Chief of Police. The tracts were promptly all seized, but having been examined and found innocuous were returned next day. "Crowds of pilgrims on their way to Treves, on foot or in rough covered two-wheeled carts, wound up the zig-zag trails through the beautiful forests which overhung nearly all our course. Their appearance and slow solemn chaunt was very striking. The waggon in which we travelled to Treves was an inconceivably wretched

affair and twenty-five of us were packed into it, all but ourselves, priests. It pelted with rain and a coarse cloth was stretched over us so tightly that we couldn't sit upright. Where the road was rough it was awful! We were permitted, however, to walk for about ten miles. There was a diligence ahead and the conductor allowed William and myself to ride for a time on top of the luggage. This was like old times with Professor Buckland." But the twenty-three priests objected to this favour being shown aliens and heretics, upon which the pair were put into a box strapped to the boot behind.

They were twelve hours reaching Treves, and then, at midnight, with no bed to be had at the hotel, they were sent off to a crowded house some distance away. Pilgrims were arriving all through the night and day at the rate of 1,200 an hour, bringing their own provisions and outfit. However, the Archdeacon procured tickets to see the robe, and they found themselves marshalled in a convent garden, and sent forward in the procession two by two. "Superstition reigned triumphant," writes our traveller, but still he marched on in this, for him, amazing company, till his feelings could stand it no longer, and not wishing to offend, put his handkerchief to his nose as if it were bleeding, and fell out of the ranks. His son, however, was not to be denied, and brought his father a full

description of the precious relic. They went to hear the ensuing sermon at the Church of Notre Dame, and there are many comments in the manuscript on it, nor could my grandfather deny himself the luxury of asking a priest how it came about that there were seven of these robes exhibited in different places.

The pair then descended the Rhine, still accompanied on board by troops of returning priests. The Archdeacon braved them by distributing half a dozen French and German Testaments under their noses to likely-looking passengers. One of the priests, who spoke good English, eventually challenged him to a controversy, and the two champions of their respective faiths stood out on the deck before the company and wrestled for half an hour. The encounter, however, was not altogether unfriendly, the points of it being here set down, and when his antagonist went ashore soon after at Bonn, the two shook hands cordially, but, "I could not resist," says the Archdeacon, "on feeling in my pocket and finding that I had one little book left, the Epistle of the Galatians, slipping it into his hands." At Aix, on the way home, he preached on Sunday to an English congregation in the Lutheran Church, and after his late experiences must have breathed the fresh air of Protestantism with relish!

These are but scraps from a journey that had a

special object. In another one, also with an object, he went to Berlin to the Evangelical Conference of 1857. The Chevalier de Bunsen, whom he had formerly met in England, introduced him to the King, with whom he had apparently a satisfactory discussion, and he afterwards preached to this exalted person in the Embassy Church. His son, by that time in Holy Orders, was there too, and spoke at the Conference. He happened to be dining at de Bunsen's one night when Humbolt was a guest. On leaving, the old man fell down stairs, or rather halfway down, for my uncle caught him in mid-career, and believed he saved his life.

With all his earnestness and serious views there was nothing in the Archdeacon's family life even suggestive of that domestic tyranny which so many heads of families, lay and clerical, in those days practised, under the delusion that they were insuring a place in the Kingdom of Heaven for their offspring. That they were often merely gratifying an arbitrary nature was no doubt more evident to their acquaintances than to themselves. All of us to-day of the older generation must remember many instances of the deadly after-effect of such training. The Archdeacon saw plenty of this around him, and indeed writes of it with censure. Apart from certain conventions of his school, anent dancing and cards, Sunday observance and the like, none of which probably irked a large and happy family brought up in such beliefs in a rather

out-of-the-way country, the head of it was an indulgent and even easy-going parent. At any rate, he had never any cause to regret his methods, which is saying a good deal with such a numerous progeny. As a husband he was consideration itself, and never uttered a murmur at the long journeys he had so constantly to make about England in all weathers to visit an invalid wife.

He was always fond of rustic folk, their humours and superstitions, and knew the East Anglian vernacular well. There was an old woman in the parish, who was a good deal of a character, and was given to expressing her opinion on all events, past and current, with amusing candour and originality. She had naturally enough never seen a train, and my grandfather, curious to witness its effect on her, drove her over one day to see the express pass. He sat her down upon a bank about twenty yards from the line, just before the train was due. When it thundered past her with all the uproar of those early days, she gave a shout and fell backwards terrified into a gorse bush. When he picked her up she protested that the whole train had gone over her, and held that conviction to her dying day. It was about this time that he was rather badly, though indirectly, hit by the failure of Overend and Gurney's bank, which caused such widespread misery. He had, among other things, to reduce his stable to bare necessities, which grieved him much, as he was passionately fond of horses.

After twenty years at Cressingham, its climatic impossibilities for his invalid wife and crippled daughter turned the Archdeacon's thoughts towards some more genial spot, and in 1860 he exchanged for the living of Lydney, a large and populous parish in Gloucestershire on the Severn and at the edge of the Forest of Dean. But I do not think he had any objection to a move as such. Indeed he held the opinion, common enough in these days but rare in his, that when a parson had done all he could for a parish his energies might be better utilized elsewhere, and he thought the church did not sufficiently recognize this. He had been happy, successful and well-beloved at Cressingham as in truth he was during his ten succeeding years at Lydney. Even then, though it has vastly developed since, Lydney had no little concern with coal mining and kindred industries though reckoned only as a large village. In truth it was not lovely! though the fine church and comfortable vicarage stood apart in bowery seclusion and the country round was of course beautiful.

He was fortunate in his neighbours and in his squire, Mr. Bathurst of Lydney Park (father of the present Lord Bleddesloe), who added a wing to the vicarage for him. The people were, of course, of a vastly different race and type from the Norfolk country folk and of more varied class and

education. It was as soft an atmosphere too as Cressingham had been cold and bracing, but climate never made the slightest difference to the Archdeacon. Manx mountains, East Anglian rigours, West country valleys or London smoke were all the same to him. Nor did any people come amiss to him. He held on his own way just the same and invariably ended by conciliating and winning the respect and liking even of his opponents. I do not know that he had any such element at Lydney. But I do know that he came to be held in great affection there. Besides agricultural labourers and farmers, there were miners and artisans, managers and owners of mines and works. He was no longer the father of a small rural and squireless flock. It was altogether more in the world than the scenes of his former labours. He was not called upon, at any rate as a matter of course, to physic and bleed his people, though he still did a bit of amateur practice. He had certainly not lost his nerve, for a poor man whose arm had been crushed on the line, absolutely refused the necessary amputation unless my grandfather would hold him through the operation. He did this with much interest in the proceedings which he describes minutely.

There was no such spacious rectory here as at Cressingham, but the family had vastly decreased. The sons were this long time out in the world.

Some of the daughters were already married, others in due course followed their example. There was room and more for all that were left. The Archdeacon, though he kept always one and often two curates, laboured as assiduously as ever in his parish. He always had the respect of the dissenters which made infinitely for peace in all his parishes. He was now approaching eighty, but still managed to pay occasional visits to his married sons and daughters in various parts and to preach for his Evangelical friends or their societies in London. The church at Lydney is a large one and its tall spire, soaring heavenwards in the flat of the Severn valley is visible over half the county.

But we are now getting into modern times. The days of the 'sixties are hardly remote enough to add much value of themselves to an otherwise purely personal record. But in 1864 my grandfather went alone overland to Turkey. This was not precisely a pleasure trip, though it interested him immensely and he has left an account of it. He was naturally much interested in foreign missions and the husband of one of his elder daughters, a clergyman and profound oriental scholar had been engaged for many years in such work in the East, mostly in the Holy Land. The Sultan for some reason had fallen foul of the Missions to an extent sufficiently acute to cause the Archdeacon a good deal of anxiety for his daughter and her family and off he

set for the East. Having seen his Dutch friends and preached at Amsterdam as he always seems to have done when he went abroad, he went on by Frankfurt, Munich and Saltzburg, stopping a day or two at each place, till at Liwy he took boat down the Danube to Vienna where he spent several days. Thence to Bazias by train and again down the Danube to Tchernavoda, where he took the Odessa steamer, crowded with Circassian emigrants, on the Black Sea and entered the Bosphorus after a three weeks' journey, often travelling by slow and mixed trains to get a better view of the country. In Constantinople he gave up his intended "further journeys" as the English and American Missions were in great trouble with the Turks and prevailed on him to stay and act in some sort as a witness on their behalf to the public and Home Authorities to whom they were appealing. He kept a journal of this trip and these Turkish troubles and his passing share in them which has apparently been lost. His letters appeared subsequently in *The Times* and in the Blue Books of the House of Lords. He reached home again safely in the autumn after a fairly enterprising journey for an old gentleman in his seventy-fifth year travelling alone!

He has some amusing notes of the marriage ceremonies of miners from the Forest of Dean in his Lydney church. "On one occasion the bride-

groom, a rough fellow, was inclined to make fun of it. I stopped the ceremony and said, 'If you don't behave yourself I shall not proceed. You will find this job a much more serious matter than you think.' I knew the woman to have a violent temper, and sure enough a few weeks after the marriage she turned him out of the house." On another occasion a miner's bride refused to utter the word *obey* and a serious hitch in the service ensued. However, the objection referred to some form of dirty work he expected her to do about the house. A compromise was come to on this matter before the altar rails and the service duly proceeded with. The Archdeacon's kindness of heart was continually causing him financial losses throughout life and nobody ever knew how much, as he was chary of speaking ill of even those who had deceived him. But he was always fond of one story in which the laugh was on his side, though his triumph unfortunately involved but a mere trifle.

He was travelling down one day from London to Gloucester and he heard a lady in the carriage complaining to her daughter that from some mischance she had not sufficient money to pay for their ticket on to Newport from that place. Their appearance inviting confidence the Archdeacon offered his assistance; the sum required was 19s. He gave the lady a sovereign and she with some particularity handed him back a shilling change, after

which addresses were duly exchanged. The incident being alluded to in the family circle that evening there was some banter as to what would happen, and as the days passed and no letter arrived from the fair debtor, there was nothing for the family to say but "Done again, father." But he wouldn't have it, insisting that the lady must have lost his address. Weeks, however, passed away and the incident was almost forgotten when one day in the following February a noble salmon arrived with no apparent clue to the donor. Some time before dinner the cook emerged from the back regions with a small hard substance tied up in a rag, which she had found in the salmon's mouth. It proved to be 19s. in silver. The perpetrator of this grateful practical joke, however, remained a mystery, but she would seem to have waited for the opening of the Usk salmon fishing and lost no time in sending one of the best fish she could procure.

CHAPTER XVI.

DENNINGTON.

MY grandfather was destined to make yet one more change before he went out of harness. A railway had been built along the very fringe of his garden, at Lydney, which made a house with two nervous invalids frequently in it no longer habitable. His twelve years at Lydney he notes upon the whole as one of the happiest periods of his life, which is saying a good deal. He and his family had made friends everywhere in the surrounding neighbourhood. Numerous and congenial marriages in his family had introduced new elements which, whether lay or clerical, respected rather than shared the Archdeacon's strict views. This was inevitable though, as I have said, it never made for a moment's friction. The old happy, rather secluded, juvenile life at Cressingham had naturally given way to a maturer and more worldly and sociable state of things around the patriarch. It would be fair to say, perhaps, that circumstances became too much for him in what are generally regarded as the unessentials of life. In all these things he began insensibly to mellow as regards others. As regards himself, however, he did not yet consider that he had completed his labours in

the Lord's vineyard. The very few people who at four-score years of age are capable of doing full and responsible work would consider that they had earned their repose and take it. Perhaps there is hardly another case on record of an octogenarian cheerfully undertaking the duties of a fresh parish and doing them efficiently. For it so happened that Lord Stradbroke, who was a Suffolk man and an old friend, offered him the living of Dennington, near his old Suffolk home. The call of his youth may have had some attraction, but I do not think the fact of its possessing one of the finest rectories in England had any at this time. For his home circle had now dwindled to small proportions though for the few years he was at Dennington it afforded fine harbourage for the frequent gatherings about him of his large connection.

The farewell at Lydney was a wrench from many and wide interests and varied ties with all manner of people. Cressingham had been but a rustic parish of farmers and labourers. Dennington was much the same; a few large farmers and a proportionate number of labourers. The former in the early seventies, and I am now alluding to a time and conditions of which I can speak with some confidence from memory and personal associations, were everywhere at the zenith of prosperity, with agricultural wages still (in East Anglia) almost at zero. Parishes of this kind, particularly where there

was no squire, had certain difficulties for the clergy familiar enough to that generation. The Archdeacon found something of this at Dennington, as well as a rather neglected parish, but soon tackled it in his imperturbable fashion, and moreover kept a first-rate curate for the few years he was there. We need not dwell longer over these three years as they were quite uneventful. The activity of the patriarch remained unimpaired. He preached, visited and lectured, planted and pruned in his garden, and pleased at getting back again to a glebe, which Lydney lacked, kept a huge wood pile on the premises at which he swung an axe himself with all the vigour of a Gladstone with whom otherwise, I need hardly say, he had small sympathy.

At eighty-three, however, he decided to retire and the patron of the living had already decided to sell the advowson. It was of considerable value and the residential advantages as I have noted were exceptional for a Rector in a position to take advantage of them. It was in connection with the sale of Dennington that a humorous incident occurred which gave the Archdeacon unbounded satisfaction in the telling for the rest of his life. I don't think he had fully decided at this moment on immediate resignation and the sale of the living as usual in such cases was the next presentation, at death, or subject to retirement. Now the upper

class Irish, using the term in its rather generous expansive Irish sense contain as we all know some of the most delightful people in the world. The greivous manner in which they have been recently abandoned by the British Government and their lawless persecution by the ruffianly and controlling section of their proletariat, may not blind us to the fact that snobbery of a rather naïve and ingenuous kind was not infrequently encountered among them. This was partly due no doubt to provincialism and certain social conditions, partly too, perhaps, because the Irish snob is less skilful in concealing his or her weakness than his English prototype.

At any rate, on the occasion recorded, an Irish clergyman, suffering very badly from this complaint, came to inspect the living of Dennington with a view to purchasing the next presentation. He had been informed that the present occupant was well over eighty and made up his mind that he had "one foot in the grave" and that possession would speedily ensue for no word of retirement had then been spoken. His proposing successor did not commend himself from any point of view to my grandfather. He was a good deal of a dandy and wore patent leather boots among other things which annoyed the old gentleman. Worse than this, however, he was still more of a snob. Having apparently married a peer's daughter, he brought up the name of "Lady Alicia" (as we will call

her) at every second sentence with the clumsy naïveté of his particular type. The old gentleman didn't like him at all but received him and showed him round the house with his always unflinching courtesy. When this was finished and "Lady Alicia's" likes and dislikes had been descanted upon with unnecessary elaboration at every turn, my grandfather's attention was again drawn towards the unfortunate patent leathers, and a bit of the old Adam entered into his soul. He suggested that they should see the curate and his house and that by a short cut it was quite close, while, at the same time they could have a look at the glebe woodland, the mention of which had brought out the fact of "Lady Alicia's love of timber."

When leaving the garden the visitor had offered my grandfather his arm to support his tottering steps, begging him not to hurry himself. He managed, however, to do without this, and when the patent leathers had picked their way through the wood—I am almost afraid the Archdeacon had missed the path!—there was a briary gap in a fence to be negotiated. My grandfather laid hold of the overhanging branch of a tree, skipped on to the top, removed the briars and holding out his hand, hauled the astonished visitor over. And so through roughish and briary ways they reached the curatage. By this time, however, the Irishman's mind was fully made up. He had no par-

ticle of further interest either in the curate or his house. If he had to wait as it seemed to him for the decline of his host's powers, he and Lady Alicia, already middle-aged, would be old people before they settled down in that spacious Rectory. So he returned to the local solicitors who had the affair in hand considerably dishevelled and still more annoyed. "Why the old fellow up there," he said, "bucks over his fences like an antelope. I'm not going to wait for a life like that."

The Archdeacon gave up Dennington in 1874, and this will be a fitting place for the following sympathetic picture of him drawn for these pages by my sister, Lady Birchenough, who as a young girl was for a long time an inmate of the rectory.

There is little that another grandchild can add to these records of a life which so nearly covered the century following the French Revolution, for how can one convey the charm of a delightful personality? The cinema of early memories shows him most vividly to me as Squarson, The Rector and a good deal more, of a Suffolk village, "Venerable" in fact as well as in the title by which the parishioners called him, an active, upright man, already in his eighties, with flying hair and the brightest of blue eyes, striding rapidly down the long shrubberies Miss Austen would have loved, towards the old church and village, generally pursued by eager grandchildren. For to walk with this

grandfather was to move in a constant atmosphere of happy adventure past or present, material or spiritual, all equally real and present. We loved to hear of his lonely childhood at the old Hall within a drive of this fine old Queen Anne Rectory (Dennington), when his wanderings far afield were checked with the threat that "Bony would have him," a menace lying darkly indeed over all that countryside and not confined to truant children; of the nights when a glare on the blinds would awake him to hear the rattle of accoutrements and stamping horses, of words of command in the courtyard below, whenever a false alarm that the enemy had landed had been flashed by the beacon fires throughout East Anglia and further still. Such memories and many others of real enough adventures on walking tours in later youth through Italy, Switzerland and other foreign countries, would be varied by sudden excursions into the present, only adding to the pleasures of the day. A slow labourer, hewing unskilfully at a tree in the little park beyond the deep sunk ha-ha, would fail to grasp the stentorian directions of his master. Down would go the tall hat on the bank, a few steps and a clean leap would land "The Venerable" on the other side, followed helter-skelter by the more valiant of his small companions. An object lesson by an expert in the use of the axe followed and a tranquil resumption of our progress. There

were pauses at every cottage door, invitations to enter, friendly talks and greetings exchanged with him to whom all the troubles of those hard lives were confided and whose necessities he so bounteously relieved; always a gathering tail of village children followed in his wake; often a sudden simple prayer on the brick floor beside some sufferer or mourning woman would bring the Invisible Presence always so near him, closer to all. Wherever he went the same radiant atmosphere of loving kindness moved with him, while his sturdy common sense made his advice sought for in all difficulties.

All the more impressive were our grandfather's rare outbursts of righteous wrath, when some big bully shrank in consternation at his approach and found his arm seized in a firm grip while he had to listen to scathing denunciations. Such scenes belong to a past which seems to young people now as remote as "The Venerable's" own youth. The impersonal dole falls coldly upon the just as upon the unjust, and institutional relief constantly banishes the homely neighbourliness of such a patriarchal rural community. The unmarried aunts at the rectory played their parts in the village life with quiet efficiency. The elder one, always lovely and beloved, was a helpless invalid, confined to bed or sofa. Her influence nevertheless was a potent one, and I think she represented an element

of beauty and romance tinged with awe to her simple neighbours. Her advice was constantly sought by mothers of erring or simply rebellious daughters, who, after all, are no original product of the latest generation. An invitation to some notoriously turbulent girl would follow on a visit from a worried parent under cover of darkness. A new stitch in knitting, or valued "pieces" for patchwork offered special inducements if any were needed, and I can see before me now one specially notorious young termagant standing flushed, handsome and defiant on her door mat hesitating before accepting the quiet invitation to come and sit beside her sofa. After a long interview from which we were all banished, even the younger aunt, who hovered uneasily about the landing until the girl came out, slipping quickly out of the house with moist eyes, but returning often of her own accord to leave some little offering at the garden door, the first primroses, an egg laid by her own hen, with a shy entreaty to be allowed to come and see the "invalided lady" again in her quiet sunny room. This last was always filled with flowers and books, pieces of delicate handiwork and curious objects brought home to her by brothers and sisters from all parts of the world.

"Successive losses of fortune and changes of scale in material surroundings had little effect upon the serene and happy spirit of 'The Venerable.'

His daughters were cheerful and contented, faithful old servants followed him into his final retirement, the tribes of his children and grandchildren contrived to gather round him on all possible occasions, while friends old and new greeted him everywhere. He occupied himself in writing, publishing and distributing innumerable tracts and leaflets of the 'awakening' nature demanded by his devout Evangelical followers. It was impossible to escape from the house without a shower of them, and grandsons would resort to flight over the garden railings but were usually discovered and brought back to have their reluctant hands filled with coloured pages of 'warnings.' The publisher resorted to by authors of this school must have profited substantially by this one extravagance of the dear old man's last years; the expression of a simple and childlike vanity which persuaded him that he was a powerful writer and an excellent business man—unfortunate convictions both of them in their results to his finances!

“Just occasionally one caught a thrilling glimpse of his unregenerate youth before his renunciation of the world and its unhallowed pursuits. There is a remote slope on the lonelier side of Wimbledon Common down which I was walking with him one afternoon as a young school-girl, when I became aware that he had fallen suddenly silent, and was absorbed in gazing at a dull stretch of sunk ground

with a clump of trees and brushwood at either end. Presently he strode down the bank and began rapidly pacing it out, with a murmured comment. 'Yes, yes, just here it must have been; the hackney coaches were left away over there; the surgeon and his tools stationed behind those trees; the seconds on that side.' A fire of questions interrupted his reminiscences but broke their spell, and very little more could be drawn from him of those days when gentlemen drove out in the chilly hours of dawn to settle their quarrels before breakfast in this lonely place. A fine groan extinguished the story, the true historic Puritan groan, with which Mr. Praise-God Barebones and his friends used to punctuate their worship; the worship of a God of strange vengeance, and little enough of the goodness and mercy with which a later inheritor of certain of their formulas was so conscious of being surrounded all his days. Never to the very end did the beautiful old-world courtesy of his manners fail. No weakness or fatigue could ever prevent him from rising to open the door each time a daughter, granddaughter or any other woman left the room in which he was sitting. One of my last recollections of him is an agonized endeavour to steer his reckless course safely over the crossing of Broad Sanctuary, Westminster, and of being nearly brought to shipwreck by his sudden retreat midway to offer his arm for the

escort of a dirty old woman whom he espied hesitating on the kerb. The police as always were prompt to rescue and 'The Venerable' hat-in-hand landed his bewildered charge safely and ceremoniously on the further side of that maelstrom of converging traffic. Space has already failed me but here it is impossible to turn away from the brief but pregnant record of a great spiritual adventure contained in a little birthday book such as the children of my day pursued their elders with. 'Benjamin Philpot' is entered under the date of January 9, in his clear handwriting, and the year when he was born, followed by the words, 'born again' in a year of his still young manhood, when desperate with grief after the death of his first wife, he went through the process of conversion and was received into the strictest sect of the Evangelical fold. Hence that anomaly which often vaguely perplexed a child and school-girl, when terrifying threats of the fiery doom awaiting the unconverted were uttered from pulpit or at family prayers in strangest contrast to the radiant benevolence of the preacher and his love to all mankind. That he, who would certainly have risked his life to save a kitten from perdition, should cheerfully consign all of us miserable sinners to a lurid doom was bewildering. The complete composure of his grown-up audience appeared equally strange but was reassuring, and

these utterances soon ceased to bear other than a remote ceremonial significance, as surely they must have done even for the sincere soul of that dear and wonderful man."

After an interval on Putney Hill the Archdeacon bought a house on Oak Hill at Surbiton, which was appropriately named *Mona Lodge*. Surbiton was a good deal fancied in those days as a retiring place for old people who wished to be near town. Its air was supposed to be favourable to their period, though I don't suppose this particular old gentleman took much heed of that. It has increased immensely since those days and altered its character no little. *Mona Lodge* stood among quite umbrageous surroundings, being more or less encircled by four good sized places occupied by various members of the Bryant family with whom my grandfather became and remained till his death on very friendly terms. The trees in his own garden he found too thick, and set to work thinning them himself, thereby swelling his beloved wood pile, where he contrived to swing an axe well on into his nineties.

His household had for long been reduced to two daughters, one of them a life-long invalid, with the addition for many years of a granddaughter. Mrs. Philpot had already passed away in a house taken for her near Chepstow, and had been buried at Lydney. The patriarch's birthdays,

in such an accessible situation as Surbiton were now celebrated with renewed zest by large gatherings of the clan, as well as by messages and offerings from his wide acquaintance. He had by now descendants in all parts of the world and took the deepest interest in the doings and surroundings of each and all of them. The mantel and the wall over his study fireplace was literally plastered with sheaves of unframed photographs of three generations of his progeny from infants in arms to grey-haired men, sent him from all parts of the island and the globe. He had a host of friends too, among the leading Evangelical sets, such as the Parrys, Gurneys, Buxtons, Hoares, Cootes, Hankeys, Bickersteths, Freemantles, &c. Even now he couldn't get out of harness. Between his 84th and 87th years he thrice took charge of country parishes for several weeks for clerical friends away on their holidays, lecturing at each on his favourite subject of *Prophecy*, besides doing the full church services.

In his 88th year he made a trip to the Isle of Man with two of his daughters and stopped at the Castle Mona hotel where, fifty years previously, when it was the ducal residence, on first arriving as a stranger at Douglas, he had stayed, it may be remembered, with his bishop. He now made a tour all over the much transformed island, visiting the scenes of his early days and adventures, and

renewing acquaintance with such survivors as he could discover of his ancient friends. In or about his ninetieth year he spent a long and cheery day in Cambridge, hunting up his old rooms and haunts and going round colleges that had altered in character since his own undergraduate days of seventy years back, even more than the Isle of Man. A little later he went down to Southwold and as a stranger with all ties long severed and half a century of absence behind, looked in vain for an old acquaintance, till at last the aged clerk in the church where he had so often preached in youth looked at him curiously. The recognition here was on the clerk's side. "Yes, sir, I remember you well and how you put me in the stocks for flinging a dead cat through old Mrs. Slater's door." The two veterans then foregathered on this genial memory under the shadow of the fine old parish church. Sixty years before the one had been High Bailiff of the town and the other a mischievous urchin. The Archdeacon preached on this occasion at Walderswick before a large congregation (during the tourist season), attracted by the fact of his great age and ancient connection with the place. After this he spent several summers at Southwold.

Through most of his nineties he paid frequent visits to London, walking about by himself like anyone else on his shopping or other missions.

When any of his family accompanied him they had to be careful to control any inclination to touch his arm at bad crossings. For almost to the last he resented the idea of any such assistance. Naturally he had numerous relatives as well as friends in London. His son-in-law too, the first to make a gap in the family by marriage in the old Cressingham household, was during all this time Dean of Westminster, and the old Archdeacon's venerable figure and gentle cheery talk was familiar at many social gatherings at the Deanery, a whole generation senior to the Church dignitaries, accounted as themselves old men, whom he often met there. He himself had mellowed vastly, not in the robust principles of his faith, but in the unessentials of it as we should call them, he had grown extraordinarily tolerant. Time and change had been in that particular too much for him. So much he had conceded to extreme old age. He silently recognized the world had changed, perhaps for the worse, but he accepted it in a way with one of his old traditional sighs that were not really a bit melancholy. Dances, theatres, and all the rest of it in his own clan had long passed out of his control and he never attempted to interfere or even to criticize their action. He simply behaved to all with his old affection, sweetness and courtesy as if such things didn't exist. It is just possible that the sight of two generations of his numerous

offspring indulging in these vanities without any apparent injury, really in a measure changed his views. I cannot say, nor does it concern these pages.

When he had passed ninety his exploits began to attract from time to time the attention of the press, and when he neared the century there were frequent little paragraphs about him in the papers which pleased the old gentleman not a little, as of course he was proud of his age, and furthermore most anxious to reach his century.

No wedding or christening within the wide range of relationship and reasonable distance was regarded as complete without the patriarch's official assistance and blessing. But more than this, as his age increased and his vitality remained unimpaired, his numerous friends began to urge his attendance at their various ceremonies of a like kind and his good nature was in danger of being overtaxed. While on this subject, however, I must refer once more to an incident alluded to earlier in this book, as it had a humorous side to it which took the fancy of the patriarch himself, so greatly had he mellowed.

The occasion was the first marriage in the second generation, that of his eldest grandson. For reasons chiefly of convenience, one of the then most advanced West-end churches was the scene of the ceremony. The Archdeacon was of course

to be one of the officiating clergy, but the arrangements being naturally in the hands of the bride's friends, the patriarch merely had information as to the hour and the church, of which last he knew nothing. So he experienced no little of a shock in the vestry, where he had counted on being provided with the ordinary sober garb, then usual. But there was nothing of the sort forthcoming. He had to choose between vestments that his soul abhorred or throwing up his part in the ceremony. He most nobly braved the former. The proffered cassock he did absolutely reject, so the short surplice associated with it and embroidered in this case around the bottom, was donned under mute protest and reached a little below his waist, while in the hurry of the moment, a white stole heavily gilded was cast about him which depending far below his surplice and against his trousers presented a most uncanny appearance. There in the very trappings, as he would have said, of the Scarlet Woman he confronted the congregation, to the amazement and, I am afraid, prodigious amusement of his friends, relatives and descendants. Beside him, blazing in the decorative garments of the most advanced ritual and happy in them was his old Cambridge contemporary, the once fellow of Queen's already alluded to, and two other clergy suitably attired for their environment. He behaved beautifully afterwards and only uttered one

FOUR GENERATIONS 1885.



ARCHDEACON PHILPOT (aged 94).

Rev. W. B. PHILPOT,
Son.
Vicar of Bersted.

CUTHBERT WILLS,
Great Grandson by 1st Marriage.
Harrow School.

H. S. PHILPOT,
Grandson.
Trin. Coll., Oxford.

brief and gentle sigh of regret, but a shadow of his traditional one, in the vestry to the relative most concerned that the event had not been celebrated in a more Protestant atmosphere. Time, however, so softened the memory of the event that it became one of the jokes of his later years that he had married his first grandson in the "garb of a Popish priest!"

He officiated frequently and occasionally preached throughout the last decade of his life. His last official act was in his ninety-eighth year when he baptized a great grandson. A well-intentioned Bishop who was assisting, and apparently nervous as to the safety of the infant, begged to relieve his venerable friend of the responsibility of holding it, much to the amusement of the latter and his friends. He fell down stairs when he was about ninety-six, but recovered entirely from the accident. His only ailment was a little gout occasionally in his great toe, and like people unaccustomed to illness, though rather out of keeping with his character, he used to make quite a to-do about it. His well-shaped small feet, even at that age, were white and smooth as those of a boy, and the little red patch on his toe was just discernible to his nearest and dearest! However, he resented it keenly, put his foot up and liked his friends to drop in and ask how he was getting on. Another granddaughter, Mrs. Robert Noel, who lived with him her whole unmarried life thus writes of his later years.

“The religion I was brought up in by my grandfather and his eldest daughter [the invalid] was very genuine. It was the real part of his life and was so much made part of mine that I have never lost nor mislaid it. It always remains a power and a living help to me, and if to me to how many scores of others! For he never missed the chance of saying ‘the word in season.’ Often when travelling or walking with him as a young girl, I have felt embarrassed by the way he used to talk to strangers, but there was never any cause to feel so, because of the charming way he put things and his winning smile as he said, ‘May I give you this text to remember? “Acknowledge God in all thy ways and He shall direct thy paths.”’ Constantly in after years people have written to him or called upon him to tell him what a help and often a turning point his words had proved to them. His consistent and beautiful example, his muscular christianity, charity and forbearance and unswerving faith through all the troubles of life have been of infinite service to numberless people. He was always athletic and strong and would climb a tree to saw off a branch long after he was ninety. He was a most fascinating companion, full of jokes, anecdotes and amusing reminiscences up to the last. So tactful cheery and *good*, that all in the parish [Lydney and Dennington] loved and revered him, even the dissenters who constantly attended his services.

“I subjoin a few jottings from my own journal as illustrating the quite remarkable standard of activity and health maintained till his latest years. In his 93rd year he broke a rib falling out of a tree at Surbiton, but was quite well and fit again in two months for the usual celebration of his birthday. The next year he went in March to Tavistock to stay with my aunt for ten days. In April he and I went to a meeting at the Mansion House. In the same month we went for two days to the Fuller-Maitlands and did a great deal of running about town. In June I find we went to Lord Kinnaird's for the week-end and he preached at Plaistow. In August to Southwold where he addressed meetings and went to several large parties, besides going twice to church every Sunday, and taking long walks and drives and making many calls. On one day he took a funeral by himself; on another attended a bazaar, a large luncheon party and a tea. Another day he took a large class of boys in the rectory garden. In short he attended social or official gatherings almost every day for a fortnight besides receiving any number of callers. He also preached in the large parish church at Southwold to over 1,000 people. Incidentally I note an entry in October that I went to town with him from Surbiton, and that he trotted about from 10.30 to 5 p.m. I was

quite worn out but he was as fresh as paint. He still reads without glasses."

He was now nearly ninety-four but this sort of thing went on with only slight modification till his ninety-eighth year. He was proud of his age and fully expected, with the reservations that he of all men would have emphasized, that he would pass the century as he undoubtedly would have done, and perhaps by a good deal, but for the grievous blow caused by the comparatively untimely "death of his beloved eldest son. For to the very last he was absolutely sound, and in his ninety-eighth year he went for a fortnight to Southwold. Though he had a bad fall that spring through missing his chair in sitting down he came to stay with us afterwards and also with Aunt E — — at Southsea, visited the Soldiers' Institute, went all over it, and paid a good many friendly calls".

One of the most touching things connected with the last two decades of his life was the relationship between himself and his eldest son William Philpot, then Vicar of Berstead, otherwise the old parish church of Bognor. One of the most lovable of men, handsome, scholarly and whimsical, with a pretty turn for epigrams and verse grave and gay, he wrote to his father every single day for a long term of years and often in this playful style, till his own death, just before that of the Archdeacon. I fancy this epistolatory filial devotion would be

hard to match. Here is a specimen, among the latter's papers, written on the old gentleman's ninetieth birthday. It relates obviously to some instance of confusion between them, though the son was singularly fresh and handsome for his years, having inherited, like many of the family, his mother's beauty :—

So lightly do you wear your years
You cause a sad confusion,
For you and I, it oft appears,
Are topics of delusion.
Pray how's your boy ? folks not a few
Will stop me to enquire,
While just as many ask of you
How goes it with your sire ?
Nor till they peer with closer eyes
Break into smiles—or else—apologise.

Here is another replying to a query from his father concerning the competency of a new school-master at Berstead, the size of whose head had amused them both :—

A schoolmaster there was, a man of note,
Of whom, with fond regard, the poet wrote :
“ The wonder was and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.”

Methinks had Goldsmith known this village school
He would have said of him, who here bears rule :
“ The wonder is and waxeth every minute,
A head so big hath got so little in it ! ”

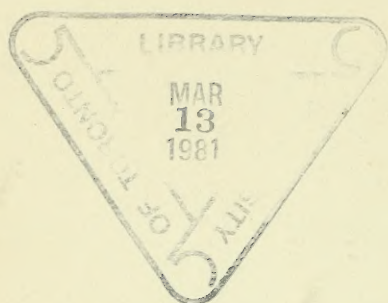
The death of this beloved son, well under seventy, while in full health and vigour, was a terrible shock to his aged father. In short it killed him.

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